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ON THE BOULEVARDS;

OR

MEMORABLE MEN AND THINGS DRAWN ON THE SPOT, 1853—1866.

TOGETHER WITH

TRIPS TO NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

60695
a.c.

BY

W. BLANCHARD JERROLD,

AUTHOR OF "AT HOME IN PARIS," ETC., ETC.

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VOL. I.

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THE BOULEVARDS.

THE STORY-TELLERS' GROAT.

As our neighbours can serve up a little *plat*, hardly enough in quantity to satisfy the appetite of a humming-bird, but so rare and delicate in flavour that a feather's weight more would annihilate its charms,—so they can array trifles for the dainty reader, with a grace and becomingness we cannot equal. They have an intellectual alertness and aptness that are peculiar to themselves. These qualities shine as much in the composition of an advertisement as in the delivery of a speech. The sentiment may be, and often is, false and flimsy; the incidents may be improbable almost to impossibility; the hero and

heroine may be very questionable company,—yet shall the story be pleasant, piquant reading. French writers are never at a loss for a new way of introducing a story. "It was an autumnal evening, in the month of October, when a horseman, closely enveloped in an ample cloak, was seen descending," &c.,—and "Once upon a time," are poverties in fiction nowhere discoverable in the thousands of romances which pour—not a clear nor healthy stream in the main—from the French press every year. The pretty volume of tales before me admirably illustrates the excellences and defects of modern French story-telling; since it includes contributions from twenty-four authors, all of whom are well known among their own countrymen, and many of whom are familiar to English readers. The Dumas, father and son, and Edmond About are not in the list; but here are Méry, Léon, Gozlan, Elie Berthet, X. B. Saintine, Amédeé Achard, Aurélien Scholl, Emmanuel Gonzalès, Paul Féval, Albéric Second, Etienne Enault, Michel Masson, Ponson du Terrail, and others of less note. Theophile Gautier is in the list, but his contribution is not a *conte*. He offers two short and weak poems as his subscription to the fund.

The fund, in aid of which twenty-four authors

put themselves into one volume, is that of the *Société des Gens de Lettres*. M. Jules Simon's offering is in the shape of an explanatory Preface. He tells the reader that it is in reality the subscription of French story-tellers to the fund for the relief of the unemployed cotton operatives,—and in this way:—

"When in the beginning of 1863 we found that we had our Lancashire in France, and that entire populations were perishing uncomplainingly close to us—at the gates of Paris, a thrill of pity and a glow of generosity spread over France. The rich and the poor gave with one heart. Enough was not given, but more was given than could be well afforded. The proverb says, 'to give, you must have:' this is a false proverb, a proverb without truth and without heart. It should not be current in the country of St. Vincent de Paul. To give, love only is wanted. Perhaps one must have suffered to know how to give. The *Société des Gens de Lettres*, which held its annual meeting in 1863, at the height of the emotion produced by the cotton famine, wished to give without reckoning up its resources. Unhappily, societies like ours are not masters of their savings. All who have been members of our committee know how many sick persons and how many widows and orphans

we have on our books. The subscriptions increase apace; but the demands on the funds outstrip the increase. Why should we hide this? Why should we blush? Literary men, often attacked and often misunderstood, need not now be ashamed of themselves. The large majority of writers work hard, worship Art, obey only their own conscience; and live modestly, sometimes meanly, without complaint. We were compelled, then, to be content with an obolus as our offering; and even after the general meeting, when the committee was about to execute the order they had received, they thought of their sick, their orphans and their old folk, and asked themselves anxiously whether they were not about to exhaust, perhaps for a long time, the fund upon which the old and sick rely. It was then that the President, M. Francis Wey, conceived the idea of this book. The Society gave an obolus—a groat—to the cotton operatives, and the committee offers to the Society to cover the deficit, its obolus—*L'Obole des conteurs*. And so our humble book has a history that is somewhat related to the American war; and this proves once again that the smallest things are related to the greatest."

So the Committee of the Society of Men of Letters

set to work. Each was to write according to his humour; and M. Simon took for his share the duty of describing the good intentions that presided at the birth of this volume. Where all come forward to offer a mite to their literary brethren in distress, it is almost ungracious to be critical. We never cast a critical eye into a subscription-plate, nor ring each coin, nor speculate on the donor of the crisp bank-note. These whims, and fancies, and extravagances, and snatches of poetry that lie before us, are so many free and generous offerings, made to fill up a void in a literary cash-box—the void having been caused by an impulsive act of charity. They claim, not our indulgence, but the gentle treatment which is due to things which pious duty tenders. There are few among the four-and-twenty offerings that need indulgence: and many are admirable examples of graceful story-telling. I recommend them all to the reader, however, as I have observed already, because they show the many happy styles our neighbours have of telling a story effectively. "Le Fils de Malherbe," by Frédéric Thomas, is, perhaps, on the whole, the most skilfully wrought, as well as the most picturesque, story in the bulky volume. The old poet Malherbe travels to La Rochelle, which place

King Louis the Thirteenth is besieging. His son is there in the royal service: but the old man is drawn thither chiefly to know whether his last poem has been read by the King. The tragedy that, in a few hours, is enacted under the old man's eyes, is unfolded with great force, and in a few pages. If M. Thomas had spared his reader the picture of the father dragging a corpse into the moonlight, to find whether it was his dead son, he would have improved his work. However, he has drawn even this revolting scene with a masterly hand.

For a pure bit of French sentimentalism, told with the customary flow of highly-wrought sentences, I commend the reader to Paul Juillerat's "Mysterious Marriage"; and for a thrilling story of sleep-walking in bridal attire, I would direct him to "The Phantom of the Rue de Tournon." This story, by the way, I have seen before.

Méry's contribution is called "Une Légende en Action." We have a model couple, enjoying an interminable honeymoon. The husband goes for a day's shooting in the Black Forest; falls in with forest folk during a storm, who believe him to be the terrible Man of the Waters. They will not accept money for their hospitality; so, finding that there is

a couple in the humble family waiting until fortune will permit them to marry, the mysterious visitor plays a trick upon them, and sends them a fortune through the agency of a dressed-up water-nymph. The trifle is a graceful one: and the *couleur locale* is given in Méry's happiest manner.

Edouard Fournier, the sketcher of the Streets of Paris, presents his poor *confrères* with no story, but with two figures, viz., Doctor Bouvard and the Abbé Blanchet. The two men's opinions are always in violent opposition, but the friends are ever close together. For pretty conceit, and the effective treatment of trifles, "The White Hair" of A. de Bragelonne should be consulted; and for pictures of French life, Amédée Achard's "Mademoiselle du Rosier," and Albéric Second's "Three Separations" may be read.

It would be strange if four-and-twenty French *conteurs* could each exercise his art, and leave the poor climate of England untouched or unlibelled. Gustave Chadeuil appears on this occasion as the painter—at second or tenth hand, I imagine—of English climate and an English man. His story is of the ascent of a "M. Scott" in a balloon with a madman. The story is neither impressive, nor

amusing, nor horrible. It opens with a choice bit:—"M. Scott was very short. He spoke through his nose, as becomes every good Englishman who has inhaled for forty years the fogs of London—the capital of a country where regularly they reckon eight months of winter and four months of bad weather." There are some simplicities, and some descriptive articles,—fair samples of the French manner of treating legend, and fable, and rusticity. Francis Wey has an Arabian story; Emmanuel Gonzales describes his gardens in Monaco; Elie Berthet contributes "The Zizim Tower;" X. B. Saintine sends "Sethos and Cleophas;" Paul Féval introduces "Le Bon-homme Chopine;" and Hippolyte Lucas, "Daniele Manin;" while Eugène Muller relates "The History of the Swallows," as he had it from a holy hermit!

M. Aurélien Scholl, whose manner will be new to many English readers, sends his obolus in the shape of a bit of personal experience, considerably dressed for the public. The scene is near La Rochelle. The following is short enough to afford us an opportunity of giving an extract from this interesting gift to the literary unfortunates of France:—

"I started one morning, before sunrise, in company with Capt. Tailhades, who has just enriched the

Jardin des Plantes by the present of a fine monkey. We had passed the night at the *Port-neuf*, under the hospitable roof of Vice-Admiral Bourdé, and sunrise the following morning found us, with our guns on our shoulders, our pouches at our sides, and our pipes between our teeth. It was in September, and as the sun rose, the autumnal mist cleared off, and displayed the sparkling ocean. The islands of Rhé and Oléron stood out on the horizon like two black points, and a few sloops, with their sails filled, tacked to come into Rochelle. After a weary five hours' march, we found ourselves, tired and hungry, on the coast of La Repentie, that is to say, on the most bare and desert part of this bare and desert spot. 'And now let us see whereabouts we are,' said Tailhades. 'There is the Saut-du-Bouc; the coast-guard's cottage must be somewhere there, and as we have strength on our side, we will go and lay violent hands on the breakfast of that solitary official. Ah! I was right; don't you see the smoke coming up like a corkscrew? Turn to the right; there we shall find our breakfast.' The coast-guard welcomed us with open arms, and displayed in our honour a superb piece of ham. Tailhades opened some very fine oysters, and allowing our dogs to lap up a large bowl of soup, we all did

honour to the *impromptu* breakfast. I shall, perhaps, be accused of over-elaborating the *mis en-scène*, in order to come at the legend of La Repentie, but it seemed to be necessary to transport the reader to the spot on which it was related to me in order that he might excuse the simplicity of the narrative, and that *I* might not be accused of having invented it. You will imagine, then, that the coast-guard speaks. Before the two light-houses were built, which shine like immense stars between Oléron and Rhé, was to to be seen on the top of the Rocher-du-Bouc a post, lined and bound with iron, and surmounted by an enormous lantern. This being lighted every night by the guard, served as an excellent beacon to the ships nearing the rocks. Old father Rébard—who has, himself, I think, forgotten to count his age—has often talked to me about the guard, Kernan, who passed his life in contemplation of the lantern, and who took such care of it, and was so fond of it, that the people round about declared that he was in love with it, and that the *Bélier noir* had crazed him: certainly the lantern was always coquettishly brilliant and clean and smart. When there was a heavy sea on, when the sky was black and stormy, and the waves rolled along the shore with the noise of thunder,

then the lantern shone out on the top of its post, and the sailors who blessed God for having escaped the rocks, at the same time did not forget to thank Kernan's lantern. Father Kernan, indeed, was almost the only one who cared for, and protected it, for it had many enemies, that poor lantern. All the marauders and bad characters of the coast wished harm to it: once upon a time a shipwreck had been a *fête* to them, and after a terrible night, they could go down and make plunder of the treasures the sea cast upon the shore. It was a hellish trade, but they had thriven upon it, and now the lantern ruined them. They had even attempted to break it, and to dig up the post, and were only prevented doing so by the threats of Kernan, who had vowed to send a bullet through the head of him who should succeed. Amongst those who accused the lantern of robbing them of bread was a bad old woman called *La Mouette*. And yet she above all others had cause to love it, for her son Jacques was at sea—a brave sailor lad of twenty, whom every one at Lalen loved for his gay temper and good heart. *La Mouette* blasphemed from morning to night, and one day, called out—shaking her fist at the lantern—'Hellish lantern, they have put you there to ruin poor people, but there shall be an

end of it.' 'You are a wicked woman, *La Mouette,*' answered Kernan, 'and God will punish you.' It was the time of the equinox, and the sea found its bed too narrow for it. One night the waves rose up like giants, the wind howled and shrieked like the cries of the damned, and amidst the roar of the sea boomed the thunder of the distress guns. Kernan filled his lantern with fresh oil, put a new wick in it, and when its beneficent light shone out brightly over the rock, went to bed uttering a prayer for poor souls at sea. But he had been watched by *La Mouette,* who, when he was fast asleep, climbed the rock, and commenced throwing stones at the windows of the lantern. At last she succeeded in breaking a pane, and in another minute the bright light was quenched by the wind and the rain which poured in torrents. And still the guns boomed out at sea. The next morning, Kernan, finding his lantern broken, fell down flat on the rock—dead. *La Mouette* ran to the shore, which was strewn with relics, but there were also corpses! She hurried from one to the other, tearing off rings, emptying pockets, now dragging along a bale of goods, now trundling a barrel. Suddenly she turned pale, staggered, and fell down on her knees on the white pebbles; her eyes were blinded

by the mist, but she turned over and over again one of the bodies, put her hand on its heart, kissed and cried over it like a mad woman, for in it she recognised her boy Jacques, whom she had so loved! She caught up the body, and succeeded in getting it to her hut; she lighted a fire, and covered the corpse with warm wraps; but to no purpose, her calls and lamentations were useless, he quite dead. From that day she never left her hut; day and night she remained there, seated on a stone, from which she never rose. Some kind neighbours brought her food, and the *curé* went to see her, and she prayed so much, that people for ten miles round used to go and see her as a curiosity. One day she was discovered dead on her stone, from which it was found impossible to lift her,—the water running so constantly from the rock had almost petrified her, and there she sat, stricken and livid, like a statue of despair. She did not die penniless, however, for people had been very charitable to her; and the *curé*, by her desire, had a lighthouse constructed, with a fixed light, in the place of Kernan's lantern. This is what is now called the lighthouse of La Repentie."

I take another obolus: it is a graceful gift.

"In my grandfather's château —— you must not

imagine that my grandfather was a great personage; he was only a poor old soldier, whom every one esteemed for his bravery, and whom I dearly loved and venerated for his goodness. His château was as old and as poor as himself; gilding was scarce, and its crumbling walls reminded you of the worn and threadbare mantle in which the Spanish beggar so proudly wraps himself. Happily, Providence, which generally equalises matters, had hidden a few holes under the greenest of ivy and the finest of vines—had surrounded the old house by a meadow, through which flowed a babbling brook—had given it a blue sky for a roof, and the chain of the Alps for its majestic horizon.

"In my grandfather's château, then, there was a large hall, in which burnt, in winter, an enormous fire. At this fireside two old leather *fauteuils* were occupied every evening by an old man and a child. The old man had a young mind, an excellent memory, and a lively manner. He was fond of relating tales of the past, and of telling of noble actions, deeds of heroism, and humble traits of virtue. The child listened with profound attention. That old man was my grandfather, and the child myself. The evening generally lasted from seven till ten o'clock, when my

grandfather called for his stick and his bed-candle, and retired for the night.

"As for me, I sometimes stayed half an hour longer, dreaming as one does dream at twelve years old—my eyes fixed on the glowing wood ashes, which took all sorts of shapes—now a palace, now a hut—throwing out here and there a little bluish flame, which I tried to imagine might be a good fairy, and which threw an indistinct and fantastic reflection on the old and faded tapestry which covered the walls.

"One night—it was Christmas Eve, and intensely cold; snow covered the meadows, the wind howled in the chimneys and amongst the shivering pines, and my grandfather, who suffered from old wounds and from rheumatism, had asked for his large bed with serge curtains to be warmed. The large clock in the hall had just struck eleven, and yet I was still musing and castle-building by the fireside, for I held tight in my hand three gold pieces which my grandfather had just given to me, saying, 'Last Christmas I gave you playthings, but this year I prefer to give you money, so that you may choose for yourself. To-morrow you can go into the town with Pierre, and buy what you like, so take time to reflect.'

"My grandfather had, perhaps, a purpose in what he

said, but, at any rate, I did reflect, and like a Lafontaine's *laitière,* only hesitated between the acquisition of a palace and the purchase of a farm! and all for sixty francs! At first a vision of a gun came across me—a gun with which I might kill rabbits and waterfowl; but then I remembered that I had one already, and I asked myself if it would not be a good thing to invest in fishing paraphernalia; then I thought of a ship—a fine ship, painted green and yellow, which should do wonders in the river close by. And then I remembered that I had seen at the bookseller's some handsome volumes bound in morocco, with gilt leaves, which, no doubt, were storehouses of delight. The gun, fishing-tackle, and ship each received their due share of attention, but the books carried the day, and I had just arrived at a decision in their favour when I espied a little blue flame dancing up out of the wood. The flame while I gazed got larger and larger, and at last lit up the whole hall. I shut my eyes, dazzled and wondering, and when I opened them, there before me I saw a young girl, whose beauty drew from me a cry of admiration. If you wish to know what she was like, think of your youngest sister at fifteen, with dreamy eyes and pure, candid brow; look at the portrait of your mother at eighteen,

the soft melancholy of whose face seems dimly to shadow forth the grief and anxiety you have so often caused her. The young girl had golden hair, blue eyes, and a little white, delicate hand that one would have liked to pass the day in kissing. She was dressed in white, and wore on her head a wreath of corn-flowers and daisies which scented the air around her. She advanced to me smilingly, and put her white hand on my shoulder. 'I am the fairy of Christmas,' said she, 'and I bring to children playthings much more beautiful than any they can buy.' I stared at her in astonishment. 'And, since I am a fairy,' pursued she, 'I know everything. I have seen your hesitation, and I am come to advise you. Will you accompany me?' 'Yes, yes,' cried I, with enthusiasm. 'Come then,' returned she, 'we are going to midnight mass.'

"I took my cap and cloak and followed her across the corridors to the door of the château, which opened noiselessly on its hinges. In the court the big old watch-dog, Ebony, allowed us to pass without a growl.

"As I have said, the ground was covered with a thick layer of snow, and the trees were so loaded that they resembled the crystallised sugar forests made by the confectioners for New-Year's Day.

But it was not cold; the fairy seemed to dispense warmth around her, and the winter wind, no doubt at sight of her, went and hid itself in the thick forests which served it for shelter in fine weather. The snow softened under our feet, and the moon lighted us over head.

"We took the path to the village, which was about half a league off; but we went quickly, and soon arrived at the first few habitations. These were nothing but straw cabins, and in them dwelt poor labourers, who had trouble enough to gain their winter's bread.

"'Mass has not yet begun,' said the little fairy; 'let us go in and see Père Jean. There is a light in his window.'

"Père Jean was an old soldier who had served under my grandfather, and who had but one leg. He was poor, and lived by plaiting willow baskets and mending the rush chairs of the villagers. He had one daughter, a good and amiable young girl, whom God had given him, like the Antigone of Œdipus, or the Malvina of Fingal, to be a prop to his old age. This girl worked in the fields.

"We entered the cabin—the fairy invisible to all but me. Père Jean was in bed and ill. Winter was

a bad time for him, and now the stump of his leg often pained him, and his old wounds opened, and he was sometimes whole months without being able to work. He had now been in bed three weeks. 'Look about you and reflect,' whispered the fairy.

"I did look, and saw that on the table, in place of wine, was a pitcher of cold water; that on the hearth there were but a few sticks, and in the cupboard only two or three crusts of black bread. I had still in my hand my three gold pieces. I looked at them furtively, and saw shine on one the effigy of Napoleon. I put it into the hand of the old soldier, who wept out his thanks and gratitude.

"'Come,' said the fairy.

"I followed her, and we found that mass had not yet begun, and that close by the church was another cabin with a light in it.

"'Knock, and let us go in,' said the fairy.

"It was the hut of Martha, the widow, a poor woman whose husband, a chamois-hunter, had been killed in a ravine the year before, leaving five children, a small field, and a cottage, which seemed to them now very large and very empty. The villagers, pitying the distress of the widow, had agreed amongst them to take it in turns to cultivate her field. But it had been

a bad year, the crop of potatoes had fallen short, and the hemp was very poor. We found Martha seated at her scanty fire, surrounded by her little children, who were all dressed in their now worn-out Sunday frocks in order to do honour to the birth of the child-God. While waiting, they were devouring a black wheaten galette, of which the poor children offered me a slice, just as I shared my bread and jam and my toys with them when they came up to the château.

"'They will have no Christmas playthings,' whispered the fairy.

"I opened my hand once more, and considered my second gold piece. It bore the stamp of Louis the Sixteenth, and, as I looked, a thousand instances of his kingly charity rushed into my mind, having been related to me, during the long winter evenings, by my grandfather, who had been in the household. I let fall my Louis into the lap of Rose, the youngest of the widow's children. At this moment the first stroke of midnight sounded.

"'Let us go to the church,' said the fairy.

"When we entered, the tapers were all alight and the altar was dressed in its whitest and finest cloth. The fairy instead of allowing me to occupy my accustomed place, drew me towards the sacristy,

where the Curé was about putting on the chasuble destined for solemn days. He was a good old priest, acting up to what he preached—the father of the fatherless, the consoler of all. He had christened me, taught me my catechism, and my first Latin. 'Ask him,' said the fairy, in a low voice, 'why, on this Christmas Eve, he wears such an old soutane.'

"'Monsieur le Curé,' said I, 'did not grandfather give you last month a little money, saying it was for a new soutane?'

"'Yes, my child,' answered the pastor with simplicity; 'but the next day, you know, Marguerite —little Marguerite—was to marry Pierre, the shepherd; and as she had no gown in which to be married, I—well, I thought, you know, that my soutane, old as it was, would last me very well till Easter.'

"For the third time I opened my hand and examined my last gold piece. This time it bore the effigy of Charles the Tenth. I remembered that some days before I had seen my grandfather shed tears while reading the *Quotidienne*, and that when I asked him why he cried, he replied, 'I am weeping for my King who has died in exile.' Charles the Tenth was dead.

"'Monsieur le Curé,' said I, in a coaxing tone,

'you know that grandpapa always comes to mass every year on St. Charles's Day in his very best coat. This year there will be a mass for the dead on that day, and I am sure grandpapa would be sorry to see you perform it in an old soutane. Would you, then, let me lend you these twenty francs, and if that is not enough, I will ask for some more, and you can give it me back by-and-by, when your poor people have all that they require.'

"The old priest took me in his arms, and said, 'May God bless you, my child, as I bless you!' I looked round proudly for the little fairy, but she had disappeared.

"When the next Christmas came I was at college, and had bid a reluctant 'Good-bye!' to the happy winter evenings at the château, my grandfather's tales, and the easy lessons of the indulgent old Curé. We had just returned from midnight mass, celebrated in the chapel of the college, and had mounted, sad and cold, into our *dortior*. On my bed I found a little purse, in which were three gold pieces, my grandfather's annual gift. 'Alas!' I said to myself, turning them over in my hand, 'I am far from the village, and, besides, Père Jean is dead, and the Curé's soutane cannot be worn out yet, and grandpapa will

give presents to Martha's children. What am I to do with these golden pieces? I have got a gun, and a ship; and as for books, I have more than I want, and some of them not very interesting ones.' Again I looked at the purse. 'Little fairy,' I murmured, 'why don't you come and help me?' As I spoke, the fairy of Christmas appeared before me. She took me by the hand, and, invisible to my companions, led me through the dormitory and into the school-room. There, at his desk, writing, late as it was, I perceived Armand, my best friend. He was fourteen years old, but grave and rather sad—too much so for his age. He seldom played, and never laughed; but he was very studious, and his comrades both respected and loved him. Our fathers had been friends and comrades in more than one engagement; both were dead, and we boys continued the friendship; Armand, the elder, being my aid and protector in my college difficulties. The fairy led me to his side and pointed to the letter he was writing. 'Read,' said she. I leant over, held my breath, and read:—

"'My dear little Sister,—I write to you very sadly to-day, for it is Christmas, and children always expect nice presents at this time. But, alas! I have nothing to send you, poor little thing! You know that our

mother has had trouble enough since papa's death to pay for my school, and she has been unable to send me any pocket-money this year. My little sister, I am heartbroken when I think that I cannot make you a present such as most brothers are able to make to their sisters. But only have patience, and when I am an officer like our father, I shall have plenty of money, and then'—— I waited to read no more, but threw my arms round Armand. 'Here,' said I, 'a day will come when we shall both be officers, and can share with each other; meantime take the half of my Christmas-box for your little sister.' The tears came into Armand's eyes, and the little fairy took my hand, gave me a kiss on the forehead, and disappeared.

"Many years had passed, and I had never seen the little fairy. My grandfather slept his last sleep under the cypresses of my native village. I was a man, and already had had my share of the world's troubles, when one Christmas Eve found me on the Boulevards of Paris. It was bitterly cold, and the wind and rain struggled for mastery; I was hastening on, wrapped in my paletot, my hand in my pocket, in which were no longer my grandfather's three Louis, but a few gold pieces—my earnings. I arrived at a fashionable

restaurant, all gold and glitter, and brilliantly illumined; sounds of voices and joyous laughter issued from it—it was one of those houses that are kept open all night, from Christmas to the Carnival. At the door was a poor ragged woman, begging, with an infant in her shivering arms. 'In the name of God, Monsieur,' she cried, 'have pity on me, I am starving, and my child is half frozen to death!' I hesitated for a moment—for a moment was tempted to change the poor creature's distress into joy; but, as I have told you, life had not been all sunshine to me; I had found men hard and false, and gradually I had learned to shut my heart. I passed hastily in without noticing the poor beggar woman, went up stairs, and, guided by the laughter, found my way to a salon. 'Here, seated round a splendid supper-table, were various friends and acquaintances—men, like myself, a little saddened by the world, and who, like myself, felt it sometimes necessary to forget. I took my place, and held my glass often and again for the sparkling Aï, which, as it flowed, brought fresh merriment and louder laughter. When we left the restaurant at the dawn of day the woman was no longer at the door, and then I thought of her heart-rending tones, of her thin hand held out to me with

such a beseeching look. Full of remorse, and with a fevered brow, I arrived at home. The lamp had just gone out, but my fire burned still, and my dog was asleep before it. On the hearth, and by the uncertain light of the dying wood-ashes, I saw a form bent, as if in grief. I heard its short and sobbing breath. Nervous and shivering, I asked who was there? The white form rose slowly, and I recognised the fairy of Christmas. Not, however, fresh and beautiful, and candid, as she had appeared to me twice before; but now like a sad and dying young girl. She was in tears, with a pale face and white lips—a phantom! 'Fairy,' cried I, 'is it you?' 'I am the fairy of Christmas no longer,' answered she, sadly; 'you have killed me, Unfortunate; and I will now tell you my real name before I die.' And then I watched her melt, little by little, into a bluish flame, such as that which had originally given her birth. This flame first illumined the chamber, and then gradually sunk and expired. At that moment an agonised and sobbing voice broke the silence and said, 'I *am* no more, and I *was* your youth!'

"Children, who read my story, learn to be open-handed! Give without ceasing and without tiring! Youth only leaves us when we shut our hearts!"

LITERARY FRANCE IN 1864.

We have not in England a careful and complete summary of the literary and artistic and dramatic doings of the year, like that which M. Vapereau has for the last seven years supplied to his countrymen. In a series of well-arranged chapters the reader is put in possession of every noteworthy fact in poetry, fiction, the drama, history, geography, travels, social and moral sciences, together with a comprehensive *chronique* of events. A hundred little facts of the year, that in these busy times would be swept into the limbo of forgotten things if M. Vapereau were not at hand to save them, find an abiding-place in "The Literary and Dramatic Year." Here are four hundred and thirty-nine pages devoted to a brief description of the intellectual activity of France during twelve months. The reader who was in the midst of this activity through-

out 1864 will find a welcome help to his memory in every page of M. Vapereau's Annual, and in many of the chapters some pleasant meetings with old friends of the old year whom the stir and bustle of the present had driven completely out of mind. These are touch-and-go times. "A shake of the hand, hastening on," is all we are to expect. It is of vast importance, then, that some literary inspector should be at hand,—should keep his notes, and print them. Such notes are necessary to remind the busy world where death has been busy also. M. Vapereau's list of deaths in the literary world of France for 1864 is of startling length. Amid a host of names but little known, amid the serried ranks of the humble soldiers of literary France, we light in the alphabetical list upon names that have been long familiar to us, but will never hold pen again. Bouillet, whose two fine Dictionaries of History, Science and Art lie before me, monuments of his scholarship and his industry, and who gave to his countrymen an edition of Bacon; Charles Didier, whose "Visit to the Duc de Bordeaux" made a great sensation years ago; Father Enfantin, the founder of the St.-Simonian creed; Jasmin, the poet in *patois* who made his name known throughout France; Jules

Lecomte, the indefatigable *chroniqueur;* Jean Reboul, the poetical Nimes baker; Scudo, the literary critic; the Count Horace de Vieil-Castel, grand-nephew of Mirabeau; Fiorentino, the musical critic; Louis Hachette, the publisher of the best educational works in his country; Charles Reybaud, editor of the *Constitutionnel:* these are a few I have picked from the closely-packed list of those whom the lean conqueror laid in the dust last year.

M. Vapereau insists, as usual, on opening his annual record with a brief survey of the poetry of the year. He gives poetry the place of honour in his book, he says, albeit it cannot claim the first place in the literary activity of France during 1864. He blames the time in which we live, which is hard and practical, and repels, according to M. Vapereau, poetic aspirations. French poets cling to old forms, and will not endeavour to become interpreters of their epoch. The posthumous and retrospective verses of Alfred de Vigny and M. Aug. Barbier are certainly not destined to be immortal. Last year brought to light some "Poetic Reveries and Conceits' by the gentle-minded author of "Picciola;" who, by the way, only escaped the funereal list of 1864 by a few days. If poetry be on the decline in

France, according to M. Vapereau's showing, at least, there is no lack of poets-laureate of the French Academy; nor has there been since the first prize for poetry was given by the Academy, on the 26th of August, 1761, when Molière and Racine were in all their glory. The Academy laurel crown has found so many inspired heads, that MM. Biré and Grimaud have filled two volumes with the verses which have the glory of academic laurels about them. Originally, the competitors for the laurel crown were bidden to sing the glory of the monarch, and to close with a prayer for his salvation. The wisdom, the magnificence, the faith, the charity, the dignity, and the victories of the king, were sung again and again. For thirty years after the death of Louis the Fourteenth, still the poets sang year after year the virtues of Louis le Grand. These poems were not a little monotonous, so MM. Biré and Grimaud begin their collection with the prize verses of 1801. A few of the crowned poets of the eighteenth century, however, are not quite forgotten, as Marmontel, Lemière, Chamfort, Laharpe (five times crowned), Florian and De Fontanes. A few lines of one or two of the laurelled poems of the latter part of the last century have lingered in the public mind. The modest

Lemière wrote one line, which he called *The* line of the century. It simply said that Neptune's trident was the sceptre of the world. M. Vapereau has disinterred, however, two lines that are assuredly worth more than "the line of the century."—

> "Croire tout découvert, est une erreur profonde;
> C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde."

When Napoleon was Consul the praises of kings had long ceased to be the subject of the Academy's prize poem. Napoleon's Academy gave as themes,—Virtue is the basis of a republic, The death of Routron, The last moments of Bayard, The happiness produced by learning in every situation of life, &c. Since the fall of the First Empire the subjects given out by the Academy have been various, but have generally had some connexion with the movements of the time. French poets-laureate have sung the discovery of vaccination, trial by jury (established only in 1820), the abolition of the Slave-trade, the liberation of the Greeks, the Arc de l'Etoile, the penal colony of Mettray, the Isthmus of Suez, the discovery of steam, civilisation, the conqueror in Algeria, and the Sister of Charity in the nineteenth century. In these poems there are many

graceful things; there are even a few fine things. But, says M. Vapereau justly, how unfair it would be to estimate the poetry of modern France by the be-laurelled poetry to be found in the volumes of verse which have been crowned by the French Academy!

From poetry M. Vapereau turns to fiction. He may well say that, in 1864, fiction was the most abundant, but not the best literary fruit of France. He notes the Dumas, the Ponson du Terrails, the Paul Févals, the Gonzalès, feeding the greedy *feuilleton* columns of the newspaper, and then gathering up these columns into cheap volumes. It would be impossible, within the limits of an ordinary volume, to write even a brief criticism on all the romances which are poured from the French press every year. M. Vapereau skims the surface, rapidly analysing such books as Paul Féval's "Annette Laïs" and his "Roger Bontemps;" M. E. Gonzalès' most extravagant ultra-melo-dramatic "Romance of the Black Forest," through which fire and sword play incessant parts; the historical romance of Charles Deslys, the "Héritage de Charlemagne;" and the capital military fictions of MM. Erkmann and Chatrian. A better class of story-tellers are those whose fictions he de-

scribes as literary and moral studies. The "Paule Méré" of Victor Cherbuliez, which was the hit of last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is an excellent and severe study of austere life in Protestant Geneva, is a work far above the violent melodramas of a Gonzalès; or that unwholesome and dangerous story of French sentiment by M. Louis Enault, called "En Province." True, M. Enault makes Virtue triumphant in the end; but the standard she carries is very soiled and ragged. For the year 1864, M. Ernest Feydeau makes his bow as a painter of good manners and morals; but then to get his models he goes far a-field, as though he despaired of finding such materials in his own country. His first appearance as a moral writer is made among the Arabs. M. Ernest Seret is another novelist who appears with a moral. He takes a poor professor at the College of St.-Omer, gives him "nine daughters and a son," and then proceeds to prove how there is a greater chance of happiness with a family of nine daughters than with only one child, even when there is a mother-in-law to grumble horribly at the appearance of each little female stranger. The mother-in-law's anger is allayed by the sudden appearance of a grandson after twenty years of marriage. The

moral is that there is a blessing on large families. The list of French romances for any year would not be complete without a few on that eternal question, the *dot*—eternal because it is ever in the minds of Frenchmen of a marrying age. Last year M. Charles de Mouy made a hero out of a man of business who resolved not to marry until he could find a lady who could bring him £8,000; and he earned considerable popularity for himself among portionless girls, by wedding his mercenary hero at last to a poor woman with whom he fell in love. M. Vapereau has been much too lenient with MM. de Goncourt. He condemns their realism expended on eccentricities. He says: there are, happily, in orthopœdic collections, plaster casts which have been exactly taken from nature, but their truth to the fact does not make them works of Art. If such a remark may be applied as condemnatory of Renée Mauperin, produced last year, how much more does it not apply to their "Germinie Lacerteux" of the present year.

Let the reader judge:—

The seats of disease are laid bare with an uncompromising knife. Two professors stand over their work, and put their fingers upon the ghastly sores and swellings. You shudder; but they hold your

eyes over the ulcer: not one particle of the hideous whole shall escape you. So shall you learn the ills that flesh is heir to, and be benefitted by being sick! You question whether much good can come of a non-professional man's loafing about a dissecting-room; but you are overruled. Our two professors *will* show you that proud animal, man, at his worst.

It appeared to the two De Goncourts some time since that, "living in the nineteenth century" (an excuse for many liberties and absurdities), in "a time of universal suffrage, democracy and liberalism," they were bound to elaborate a fiction out of the lowest classes of society; to make a show of social wounds, sparing neither the subject nor the spectator. Their dissected subject is before the world—every thew and sinew laid bare, every vein raised to the surface; and the spectacle is called Germinie Lacerteux! It is meant to make the summits of society weep over the woes of the lowest depths; or rather to ascertain whether the boudoir can feel for the cellar and the wine-shop. The authors open the experiment boldly. Germinie Lacerteux is a country girl, who finds a situation as kitchen-maid in a Boulevard *café*. She is seduced by a rascally old man; she becomes a mother clandestinely; she finds her

way among immoral workwomen; she falls to the lot of a retired comic actor; and she solaces herself in the company of "gay ladies." All this is but the elegant prelude to the disasters of her life. These are Germinie's palmy days.

She becomes the servant of a devout, old maiden lady, and subsequently her companion. We need not pause over the life of Germinie's mistress; albeit this episode of the main story is brightly told. Let us look after Germinie; let us keep by the dissecting-table. Germinie enters upon low debaucheries—after a short passage of piety. Jupillon, her new lover, is a figure, drawn with painful truth, of the mocking, heartless, irreverent Parisian *blagueur*. He is a lively, cruel, intelligent, diabolical little rascal. A glazier by trade, he was, we are told, in the habit of throwing himself into *poses* before the public; hence he had "*les grâces canailles de l'ouvrier regardé.*" Not a spot on the little brute escapes the knife. His passion-torn little face, gently pencilled by a moustache, becomes the delight of Germinie's day and night dreams. Jupillon suffers the foolish woman to be his mistress, and despises her. He soon tires of her love; is bored with her jealousy, and amused with her devotion. But he uses her.

She furnishes rooms for him, buys him off when he draws a bad number and is a conscript, and, in short, lavishes all her savings upon him. Then she gets into debt for him; and at last, to satisfy his despicable wants, Germinie robs her mistress. She is now fast sinking to the lowest class, where the MM. de Goncourt will find her, and count the hairs on her hideous head, the rents in her foul robes. She revels in vice, and welcomes its coarsest forms. She takes to drinking, and wanders, stupefied with alcohol, about her kitchen. She is quit of Jupillon—only to find Gautruche, a drunken workman, whose lips are always wet with his last glass. MM. de Goncourt's description of this wretch is couched in terms that sicken the reader. Germinie hates, yet waits for and upon him. They find the mud together. Scenes of the lowest class of society come thick upon the reader. The end is death in a hospital—death with this curse from her old and pious mistress—"*Ah! elle a bien fait de crever, la chienne!*"

There is a view of this story of vice and dirt, however, which will be taken by the honest, industrious population of Paris. We cannot congratulate the authors on the position they will occupy in popular esteem, when the classes whom they vilify and tra-

duce shall have become familiar with their work. A more scandalous libel on the working men of the French capital was never written. Judged by the authors' examples, the Paris workman will be regarded as a drunken, idle, immoral fellow, crammed with heartless slang and bad brandy. The cruel picture of crime and debauchery is not relieved by examples of sobriety, probity and industry. Where virtue enters upon the scene, it is in aristocratic guise, in the austere person of Mdlle. de Varaudeuil. So virtue is of the upper crust, and below are the Germinies and Jupillons!

The authors have been at considerable trouble to master all the varieties of wine-shop slang, and to photograph the dens in which the drunkard and the criminal carouse. Nothing has been spared that could make the reader shudder. He may wonder how it came to pass that Mdlle. de Varaudeuil kept a cook in her service whom she had found lying in a state of profound drunkenness, and of whose immorality there could not be the least doubt. He who is sickened by the description of Germinie's life will not understand how the aristocratic spinster shared it, and held on to its close. Why did mademoiselle allow the drunken servant to break her furniture and

neglect all her domestic duties? How was it that while all the neighbourhood was scandalized with Germinie's depravities and the character of her lovers, the mistress who called her dead servant a "*chienne*" never gave her her *congé?* Above all, why did MM. de Goncourt write a maudlin preface to their memoirs of a drunken and immoral cook, and present the picture as one of French working-class life? The *peuple* will be very angry with them; the educated classes will turn from their pages with loathing. The fumes of bad brandy, *absinthe* and *caporal* are too strong. Germinie is not instructive, for she is not a type; she is a monster.

I have described this work of fiction by two writers of mark to show the excesses men may commit in a desperate search for a new sensation.

M. Vapereau, while he condemns the many sins committed against morals by his countrymen, is severe also with the writers of trashy books of morality, or improving books of the namby-pamby school. One writer of a romance with a purpose, called "Happiness in Marriage," advocates the appointment of a commission for the spread of good works, to which suggestion M. Vapereau makes answer, "What commission has ever produced a good book, or has even

been capable of selecting one? Has an academic contest ever produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, or provoked a scientific discovery?" Libraries of good books, we are told, are generally collections of bad ones. They lack both truth and warmth. The book of last year, which, according to M. Vapereau, was an excellent story, and in the best sense of the word a religious book, that is, a serious work without sermons in it, was one by M. Hippolyte Langlois, called "Un Curé." This touching story is at once a pure idyl and a moving drama of a curate, in that poorest quarter of France, La Sologne. It has a good effect on the reader, and everybody will be glad to hear that it was well received in a country which in one year consumed sixteen editions of an infamous romance, called "Fanny." The most provoking part of the history of the present numerous band of French licentious romance writers is, that they, one and all, pretend to have a moral end in view. M. Feydeau is bold enough to pose himself as a public teacher. He has a large following of young writers, whose motto appears to be, as M. Laurent-Pichat said, Many immoralities and many priests. "L'Homme Noir" is a type of this most harmful and, unfortunately, wide-spread French literature. "Un Prêtre

en Famille" is another. But they are many, these romances of immoral life!

From the world of fiction, in which the harmful predominates wofully over the instructive, or even the harmless, M. Vapereau passes to that interminable series of books of sketches in which French readers delight, and which French writers love to produce. These books are, for the most part, as light as thistledown. "Talk during a Country Dance," by M. Narrey: M. Claretie's "Victims of Paris;" Emile Zola's "Contes à Ninon;" the "Obole des Conteurs," which I have already described at length; these are the collections of trifles, light as air, made chiefly from the literary papers that supply railway libraries, and are to be found lying about boudoir-tables or in artists' studios. The English public will be glad to learn through M. Vapereau that nearly all the works of Charles Dickens are by this time in circulation in nearly every part of the French empire.

From fiction turn we to the theatre. More than a hundred pages are given by M. Vapereau to an analysis of the dramatic doings in France in the year 1864—the memorable year when liberty was given to theatrical managers to play the pieces they chose without let or hindrance. From the critical and his-

torical books of the year, M. Vapereau selects M. Taine's "History of English Literature" as the foremost and most important work, albeit the French Academy refused to crown it with its prize. Next in importance is placed Emile Deschanel's "Physiology of Writers and Artists," being an essay on natural criticism. Victor Hugo's "William Shakspeare" and M. Jules Janin's "Année Littéraire," precede a short chapter on the influence of French masterpieces on foreign letters. Then follow sober and carefully prepared reviews of historical works and books of travel, M. About's "Progress," and other notable works of moral or political science. The articles on literary criticism in religious matters afford the reader a complete view of recent sensational religious books which have appeared in France. All this most useful work is completed by many pages on miscellaneous subjects, such as the illustrations of books, the proceedings of learned societies, lists of French papers and magazines, and a comprehensive *chronique* of literary events. The volume concludes with an excellent index and an alphabetical list of the authors whose names are cited.

THE PICTURES OF 1865.

The Annual Exhibition of the works of Living Artists, which fills the northern galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Élysées, is at any rate a startling illustration of the activity of the French artists. Here are between 3,000 and 4,000 works of art, which have been completed since July, 1864, when Marshal Vaillant announced in the great square *salon* of the Louvre that the Emperor had determined to institute a *Grand Prix de l'Empereur*, of the value of 100,000 francs, to be given every five years to the artist who shall have produced within that period the greatest work in painting, sculpture, or architecture. This imperial prize is to be awarded by a commission (over which the Minister of Fine Arts will preside), composed of thirty members, ten of whom are to be nominated by the Academy of Fine Arts. The announcement of this prize was, it will be easily understood, received with great enthu-

siasm by the assembled body of artists. The French artist looks eagerly forward to win the various state distinctions which are in store for artistic merit. These distinctions are now valued more highly than they were even a few years ago, since the juries who award them are elected by the artists themselves. French art has got free from the trammels of the Academy, and its judges are now appointed every year by the whole artistic community.

The easy access that has been made for the young artist to the spacious walls of the Annual Exhibition in the Champs Élysées, has let in a more than average quantity of poor pictures, and not only poor pictures. There are works upon the walls that provoke—not anger, but pity. They are pictures that leave not a spark of hope for the artist, as the spectator gazes and shrugs his shoulders at them. We say, the man has mistaken his vocation who has spoilt this canvas. Here is no artistic faculty struggling clumsily to express itself. Here is not the stutterer with a great story in his brain, but rather the loose tongue and the addled pate. Then, again, there are the mediocre pictures; and these may be counted by the hundred. The old subjects are present, interpreted in twenty different ways. Our brave

friends the Zouaves are charging across the canvas, or carrying everything before them on the heights. Our old intimate, the heroic subaltern, in his baggy red trousers, is valiantly leading his Piou Pious through a ford. We are at the bivouac fire again, with those sly rascals, the Zouaves, grinning and smoking round the *pot-au-feu* that has not been too honestly come by. A farmer has missed two or three plump capons from his yard, and, pray where are they, *Messieurs les Zouaves?* It would have been impossible to have an exhibition of national art without at least one canvas with the Little Corporal in it. M. Charpentier has this year supplied a figure of young Napoleon Bonaparte, with his arms crossed and his swarthy face sternly set, gazing confidently through the smoke at the *Batterie des Hommes sans Peur*. It is the old conventional figure, fairly copied. There are, moreover, in the spacious galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie, sundry dazzling pictures of triumphs belonging to the Second Empire. M. Félix Philippoteaux has painted the triumphal entry of the French army into Mexico, with General Forey at its head. The flags, the flowers, the dazzling costumes of the Mexicans and the glare of the sun upon the French steel; the children advancing towards the tri-

umphant General with flowers, make up a glaring scene that almost brings water into the spectator's eyes. There is not a cool corner anywhere.—A much finer, a more boldly-drawn, and a soberer bit of military life, is Adolphe Shreyer's *Charge of the Artillery of the Imperial Guard at Traktir.* The dash and confusion of such a charge are given with great skill. The wounded artilleryman in the foreground, falling from his horse, is admirably conceived and executed. —Among the military paintings, Mr. Protais' *Return of the Conquerors to Camp,* covered with dust and almost dead with fatigue, is more than an average example of French skilful drawing. The effect of gloom and dust gives an appropriate atmosphere to the scene.

The most startling picture in the Exhibition is without doubt, M. Théodore Gudin's *Arrival of the Emperor at Genoa.* "Bad Turner!" said an Englishman, passing by the picture. It is not a good Turner. The sea is meant to be sparkling, but it looks like a flat, white-washed surface. The vivid colours are cast together pell-mell; the blues and yellows and reds are crude. Had Napoleon slid into Genoa on the arch of a rainbow, he could not have reached it with more colour than is here thrown about him.

How different is the work of Jean Léon Gérôme. His great subject this year is the reception of the Siamese Ambassadors by the Emperor and Empress, in the palace of Fontainebleau. The Emperor is seated on the throne, with Eugénie at his side, and with his state officers and the Empress's ladies grouped round about. The decorations of the state room are solidly painted in, and get richness from the airy shadows against which they stand. On the right of the picture, in the foreground, are massed in most effective and harmoniously-coloured confusion, the gifts which the barbarian ambassadors have brought to Cæsar. Along almost the entire canvas crawl, on hands and knees, with their Excellencies' noses almost touching the ground, the dusky representatives of the majesty of Siam. They are drawn with a skill that is peculiar to M. Gérôme. The rotundity of the figures, which it was so difficult to give in their recumbent position, and the variety which the artist has contrived to throw into the unattractive spectacle of a row of men on all-fours, are artistic triumphs. Then the spectator must be struck by the rare faculty which the artist shows for preserving the idiosyncrasy of each human subject. The faces of the ambassadors are of one type, but each has a distinct individuality.

The Empress, watching the chief Ambassador presenting his credentials to her consort, albeit full of grace, is not so successful a portrait as we had a right to expect from the master-pencil of Gérôme. But, taken altogether, the picture is the completest work of art in the Exhibition. Next to it in point of completeness, and in degree of merit, I should be disposed to place Alexandre Cabanel's wonderful portrait of the Emperor. This portrait occupies the place of honour in the Exhibition, exactly opposite the entrance, in the square saloon. Twenty years ago, Cabanel was a *Grand Prix de Rome,* and he has justified the honour that was done to him in his youth. He is now an officer of the Legion of Honour and a Member of the Institute. He has represented the Emperor in evening dress, wearing the broad ribbon of the Legion. His Majesty is standing, resting one hand upon a table, and behind him lies, in rich folds, the robe of state; and by his hand glitters the crown. There is no affectation of ease or indifference in the figure. It is a State portrait, and all possible dignity is given to the pose. The Emperor is looking his best. The face is much handsomer than that which caricaturists and artists of pictorial newspapers have vulgarized as that of Napoleon

the Third. To begin with, the Emperor is a fair man, with brown hair and moustache. It betrays, however, to quote Gilbert à Becket,

> "Of grey precocious just an inkling,
> As if the pepper-box of care
> Had given it a little sprinkling."

The brow is broad and solid; and there seems to be thought deep hidden behind the mysterious eyes. It is a grave, powerful face, but kindly withal. It is lit up, and the lips seem to be about to speak some courtesy to subject or ambassador. The drapery, which is black from the neck to the feet, and is relieved only by the red ribbon of the Legion, is managed with extraordinary skill and felicity. Every part of the picture is well and solidly finished, but it is nowhere overworked. No passage of it gives the spectator the painful impression of labour. It is a spontaneous, a bright bit of excellence in art. That this picture is not an accidental success is proved by the portrait of the Vicountess de Ganey, by the same artist. The head and bust and arms are perfect as regards drawing. The portrait is a close and most truthful bit of painting. The luminous eyes have the flash and fire of life—of life that has an inner dream. The

purple velvet robe is a beautiful bit of colour. There are many excellent portraits in the Exhibition, but none that approach the two masterpieces by M. Cabanel.—Madame Henriette Browne has an excellent study of an Israelite scholar of Tangiers. But her portrait of a buxom lady (315) is coarse and harsh. The blue-black background is opaque; and altogether the picture is unworthy of her.

There are the usual nudities in the *salons*. Amaury-Duval has a Daphnis and Chloe that has no classical dignity in it, and the pink drapery thrown against the flesh has a most unpleasant effect. There are the usual number of chaste Susannas, whom few would suspect to be Susannas at all. One, by J. J. Henner, a *Premier Grand Prix de Rome*, albeit well drawn, is utterly without dignity. The nude figure set against orange drapery jars upon the eye, and the background is flat and leaden. In all respects the gem in this department of the Exhibition is M. J. J. Lefebure's *Young Girl Asleep*. It is a study of the back of a figure, and is an exquisite bit of colour from head to foot; but I should advise Mrs. Grundy to pass rapidly by No. 1,290. A French painter in the garden of Eden is apt to startle us. M. Lemud has painted the Fall of Adam. Our first parents as

represented by this artist—well, how shall I describe them? The foliage employed is of the coarse green of the cabbage. The nudity and the harsh and chilly vegetation about it make the spectator shiver. Then, the Avenging Angel in the distance seems to have come up through a trap-door. In short, there is no idealization in the picture. It is repulsively real.

There are a few good, and a great many exceedingly bad, landscapes in the Exhibition. M. Allongé's *Sunset near Rambouillet* is a rich and true bit of colour. M. A. Appian has an excellent study of rocky landscape, full of air and harmonious greys. M. A H. Bonnefoy in his *Environs of Cannes* shows that he is a promising addition to the list of French landscape painters. M. C. F. Daubigny's effect of fleecy clouds (Heaven's lambs as the Germans call them) is at once a daring and successful moonlight effect.—M. J. P. Flandrin exhibits a rich bit of blue sky and burning landscapes from the South.—A Dutch painter named Haas has a good Dutch landscape with some admirably-painted cattle. There is rich, transparent shade (rare among French landscape painters) in M. H. Havoteau's *Corner of a Park*.—M. V. L. Hugues contributes a fresh and

light bit of a valley;—and the *Flanders Pasturage* of Edmond de Pratère, a Belgian artist, is a study of cattle in Rosa Bonheur's manner.

I cannot conclude without drawing the reader's attention to two exquisite little pictures by M. Blaise Desgoffe. These two still-life studies are most exquisitely finished. The fruit and wine-glass are a treat to the sight, so rich and harmonious and bright are the colours brought within the little frame. The companion study of a marble statuette, an agate base, and Indian and Persian shawls, is the perfection of finish. There is not better or sounder painting in the whole Exhibition than is shown in these little cabinet pictures by M. Desgoffe.

A FRENCH DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

PARIS, *May*, 1865.

THE French dream of fair women is by no means "the Legend of Good Women" sung by any "morning star of song." The dream is not of—

> "A queen, with swarthy cheeks, and bold black eyes,
> Brow-bound with burning gold."

Nor, again, is it the dream of "hush'd seraglios." It is the dream neither of Dan Chaucer nor of our Laureate. To-day's dream of fair women in Paris is one where the *coiffeur*, rather than the poet, figures. The fair women of the hour are the women with dull red hair. It cannot be too red to please the weary eye of Fashion. They whose locks are raven-black are on their knees to the artist-in-hair, beseeching him to rid them of the vulgar colour, and set a new glory about their heads. The bright-haired peasant

girls of our Kentish lanes know not the wealth they carry carelessly whipped within the bounds of a horn comb. The red tresses Betty has so long been ashamed of as vulgar "carrots," are now so many *carats* of high price. She may go to the hair-dresser's, and, if she will submit to the scissors, may come away rattling some golden guineas in her pocket.

When Paris Fashion *wills* a change, that change she must have, let the cost be what it may. She has a mind for red hair, and it is extraordinary to see how red hair glows on the heads of her votaries of the *beau-monde*, the *demi-monde*, and the *quart-de-monde*. And now comes M. Ausone de Chancel, to hang a romance on the red head of Fashion.

Count Albert de Revel, an orphan, has been left two thousand a year, by an eccentric uncle, on the condition that, within two years, he shall marry a tall, slim lady, of "harmonious proportions," with long and thick golden hair. She must have an open forehead, blue eyes, a brilliant white skin, a well-made nose, a small mouth, graceful limbs; and she is to be full of grace; and her character is to be slightly shaded with a poetic languor. Albert admits that the condition is not a hard one, save in the difficulty of finding the peerless beauty who is to share his two

thousand a year with him. He goes on an exploring expedition to Angoulême; a great mistake, since all the women there are dark; so dark that a proverb lives on the lips of the inhabitants. They say their women were born when coal was in blossom. He is advised to go to England or Germany. But neither of these countries could supply his want: the golden beauty must be a Frenchwoman. Albert and his friend Maurice have long consultations together on a certain manuscript left by Albert's uncle, in which *blondes* of all climes and times are fantastically treated of, and at length. The manuscript begins in Paradise; and starts with the assertion that Eve had golden hair,—giving Milton as the authority. The Virgin was a *blonde* also. Albert's uncle will have none of the famous virgins of St. Luc, whom he agrees with M. Feuillet de Conches were stolen from Greece, and were base copies of the goddess Isis. Who ever dreamt, he asks, of dark angels! He lays it down that "it is very difficult to be a *blonde*, almost as difficult as to be a *brunette*." "A perfect *blonde*," he says, "should be tall and slender, and her movement like a lily balancing in the wind. St. Evremond has said that languor is the most delicate expression, or movement, of love; consuming us slowly, like a hid-

den fire." Fortunate is the *blonde* who does not live to grow old. Her remembrances of her natural home in heaven should overcome her. It should be said of her that "*le mal du pays*" killed her. He treats Cleopatra not much after the fashion of our own Tennyson. He calls her "a Bohemian *brunette*," and describes her, hoisted upon the back of a stalwart slave, six feet high, wandering about the streets of Alexandria at night, unhooking the sign-boards. She was dark, but the painters would not have it so, and we see her with the aspic in her hand, a dying beauty, with golden hair. Albert's uncle, in his manuscript, shows what our neighbours call "the courage of his opinions." On the universal French theory, that everything that has the remotest relation to beauty most grow in perfection within the limits of the French empire, and there only; the uncle says that France is the country of *blondes par excellence*. Let Englishmen read the rest patiently if they can. Albert's uncle adds: "In Germany the *blondes* are too fat, and in England they are too lean!" A few perfect *blondes*, he concedes, are to be found, wandering here and there, in Spain and Italy.

The dark-haired women, being out of fashion, are treated unmercifully. The Spanish proverb, quoted

by Brantôme, is raked up for the occasion. The Spanish *brunette* says: "Although I am a little dark, I am not therefore to be despised." He maintains that the pure *brunette* has become almost a myth. "She was a new Eve, born outside the gates of Eden," says *Monsieur l'Oncle*. Dark hair, in short, seems, to Albert's uncle, to have about the effect a red rag has upon a bull. He calls yellow a "frightful colour," because *brunettes* are proud of its effects upon them. Listen to him: "When we are bilious, when we are sea-sick, when we are possessed with a great fear, when we are jealous,—four ignoble whens,—we are yellow. Do not the Orientals, who are colourists by instinct, say to their enemies—May God make your faces yellow?" There are few yellow flowers by the roadside, God be praised, and these the asses eat.

Nodier, Count Revel's uncle maintains, has given the best description of golden hair, or of the hair that is called golden, and is adored. He says: "It has a copper foundation, but the colour of copper does not express its variety of tints in the light. They are as various as the tints of ten metals heaped together in a furnace. To get any idea of the varieties of the hues of this wondrous hair, you must

watch the eruption of a volcano from beginning to end."

La Mode Illustrée may well say that this is the hour of vengeance for women with red hair, who have so long been considered "the disinherited children of Nature." It is their turn to be triumphant, and to watch dark-haired women, imploring the chemist to take the black out of their locks, and to make them like their once-despised sisters. Was not Laura, whom M. de Chancel calls "the Madonna of the Kingdom of Love," crowned with tresses of fine gold, according to Petrarch?

How M. de Chancel's "Dream of Fair Women" ends, and how it fares with Albert on his pilgrimage in search of his beauty with the golden hair, let the reader who may care to take up the *Livre des Blondes* discover for himself. The book is only the opening of the literature of red hair.

It is not certain that the golden-haired have so completely had their revenge, as M. Jules Dénizet, in an article called "The Revenge of the Red-Headed," is disposed to maintain. He goes back to Rome in the time of the Cæsars to remind his countrymen that in those days the mad and the bad among women were ordered by the edile—or, as

M. Dénizet says, the Prefect of Police of the period —to wear red hair. Red hair, then, was a mark of degradation. I would ask M. Dénizet, who are the ladies who have brought red hair into fashion again? The red heads one sees in gay Victorias in the Chaussée d'Antin are not those whom Diana would welcome in her train. In vain are we reminded that even thieves in their slang—so general is the antipathy to red people—call the police the *rousse;* and that fashion has in a season destroyed the evil reputation of red hair. The red *chignon* that is proudly set up as a flag of glory has not changed heads much, it seems to me, since the days of the Romans. The givers of the red fashion are not models to be followed in any respect. It may be that through them the rehabilitation of the red-headed may be achieved in the eyes of the vulgar; but what if M. Dénizet be told that what he calls red hair has been "rehabilitated" for very many years, and that only the vulgar, the unlettered, the unartistic, have called it by opprobrious names! With the intellectual and the refined the hair which is now in vogue has always been deemed a beauty. In their mad race for change the ladies who lead fashion from the rear of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette have responded to the taste of the

educated, to the fancy of the artist; and many black heads have been reddened for the delectation of many black sheep.

It is a pity, and this is what must be regretted, that the impudent paintings, and dyeings, and transformations of *ces dames* have influenced decent people, and led foolish women to talk about red hair or golden hair being in fashion, as though the glory of a "golden-tressèd Adelaide" could be bought and adjusted like a bonnet! It would be as reasonable to talk about snub noses being in fashion. Let the Breda ladies dye their hair the colour they may please to wear it,—nay, let them variegate it, as they have already the coats of their poodles; but it must not be said that it is they who have brought into favour the golden-haired. The ruddy gold has always been the fashion—in every studio, in every poem, in every drawing-room. If the present rage for the colour of Venus, of Dian, of the early virgins, does anything at all worth note, it is just to make the beautiful tress a little vulgar.

Now, here are a few of M. Dénizet's reflections on the rehabilitation of the red-headed:—

"The Romans got enormous quantities of hair from Germany. Most of it in the present day comes

also from Germany, as well as Brittany and Normandy. Paris annually exports upwards of 100,000 kilograms (about 200,000 pounds) to England and America. A few years ago its price, from a living head, was from five to ten francs the kilogram, according to the length and colour. Red hair, which was formerly unsaleable, except for dyeing, is this year at a premium; but the rage cannot last long. Hair of this colour is generally coarse and harsh; and taste will, no doubt, soon return to black and blonde, which are twice as fine and three times as soft and glossy. Red hair dries, black and blonde thicken. The first preparation which hair undergoes immediately raises its price to eighty francs the kilogram. In our time the rehabilitation of the red-haired commenced in the 'Juif Errant,' in which Eugène Sue depicted Mdlle. de Cordoville in such glowing colours that, for her charming sake, the hitherto despised shade rose a little in public opinion. How many persons have we known seeking by every means in their power to turn the hated red into brown or chestnut! Oils, pomades, brass and leaden combs, were the supposed remedies, and, these failing, dye was resorted to.

"At school, the red-haired boy or girl was the

butt for every joke, the scapegoat for every mischievous trick and escapade. If an inquiry was made as to the perpetrator of any offence, 'It was the *rouquin* who did it,' chorused the boys. 'It was the *rouquine*,' cried the girls! Children whose heads were dressed in red lost their patronymic at school, and were simply known as the *rouquin* or the *rouquine*. If, as was generally the case, freckles were an accompaniment, the victim was said to 'bear the brand of Judas' in his face! What wonder, then, if with this treatment the red-haired child became sullen and disagreeable, and in some sort merited the reputation given him beforehand? In the tale of 'The Fair One with the Golden Hair' no child could ever have imagined the face of the beautiful Princess framed in red locks! Her hair must have been fine threads of real gold! As to a red-haired Princess, such a thing was never heard of! The fairy tale would have lost all its interest in the eyes of children had such a heroine been possible. Even cooks of this colour were looked upon with dislike. Mistresses pretended that the peculiar odour of their hair lent itself unpleasantly to the sauces, turned the milk, and spoiled the jams!

"Now all that is changed: red hair is the *mode*. The young mother prays that her coming babe, if a girl, may have red locks, and, if it has, its fortune is made. The red-haired beauty is taking her revenge; she carries her *chignon* like a flag, and gathering under it, aided by Fashion, every shade of chestnut, blonde and black, transforms them all into red. But *tout passe, tout lasse;* and to-morrow the *mode* may vanish. However, although the triumph of the red-haired may prove but that of a season—their glory but ephemeral—still there is no doubt that they will never descend to their former disgraceful position. The prejudice of ages having once been removed, they have been admitted to an equality with their more favoured sisters. But now a word of advice and warning; let them descend a few steps of the ladder they have climbed so triumphantly, lest a speedy reaction precipitate them therefrom."

M. Dénizet is mistaken. It is not the legitimate owners of red or golden hair who are exulting. The proud wearers of golden tresses are the ladies who have bought their *chignons*. The saucy airs of triumph are put on by those who have black hair, and can afford to stain it to the fashionable tint.

THE KEY NOTE OF NAPOLEON'S CÆSAR.

PARIS, 1865.

THE book which has been so long and so eagerly looked for throughout Europe is at length before the world, and lies upon critics' tables in every city where there is an organ of public opinion, or a vehicle for the diffusion of learning. Time after time has this work been announced—reports of its progress have been eagerly caught up. We have heard of the august author's secretaries at work in various notable libraries. His aides-de-camp have studied Cæsar's battle grounds, and his learned ambassadors have laboriously examined Roman remains. Neither time nor money have been spared. Imperial Cæsar has been treated in an imperial manner. There has been no haste over any part of his great story. Not one word that is here printed as part of the record of his life, his achievements, and his polity, has been carelessly set in it. Again and again has the work been touched and re-touched with anxious care. Every

page—every line—evidences the scrupulous conscientiousness of the writer. There is nothing in this edition that can be called an oversight which may be corrected in the next. That care which was given with ungrudging labour to the original French edition, has been given under the eye of the Emperor himself, who is master of our language, to the sumptuous English edition, the printing and publishing of which was entrusted by the Emperor to Messrs. Cassell and Co. The pains which have been bestowed on the production of a fair English edition of Napoleon the Third's great work, have been given, through the offices of Napoleon's ambassadors, on German and other foreign editions. So that this "Life of Cæsar" is submitted in a day to the reading public of the world. It is not too much to say that at this moment the volume lies on the table of every thoughtful man in Europe. The Emperor has, in a day, brought his mind in direct contact with all the active intelligence of his age. The long pauses which he has made in the course of his labour are so many acts of deference paid by a great mind to the formidable array of judges whose opinion was to be evoked. There are few men who, holding the mighty position Napoleon the Third occupies, would have the courage

to directly challenge, in one day, all the intellect and the learning of his era. The mind of the imperial historian of Julius Cæsar is, however, exactly shaped to withstand the most furious assaults of hostile criticism, and to be calm and self-possessed were the intellectual world, with one accord, to sing its praises. There is a silent, hidden, concentrated power in the intellectual build of the third Napoleon, that has puzzled and confounded his enemies; while it has, by its triumphs, given to his supporters a confidence in him that amounts almost to fanaticism.

In the very preface to his history, the Emperor takes his subject boldly in hand, and discovers in the light of noon the ground from which he starts. The date appended to this preface leads up to the main idea of the work, while it discovers the patience with which the author has laboured over his every sentence. "March 20, 1862." Three years ago, then, was this short preface written. Over the ideas that are closely packed in it—closely as brilliants in a Dutch merchant's pocket-book—the author has brooded three years. Here is the key note to the history—to the history by which the greatest man of his age has elected to be judged as a statesman, as a thinker, and a writer. The men who look with jealousy and with

mistrust at the awful power over the world's destinies which lies in the hands of Louis Napoleon, have read this short preface with breathless impatience, in the hope of getting out of it, something like a clue to the political system on which the writer has acted; and, more important still, to the system on which he is likely to act in the future. Readers of this preface who are familiar with the previous writings of the same author, must have been struck by the extraordinarily tenacious consistency of the writer's mind. He has not shifted the breadth of a hair from the ground which he took up when almost a boy at Arenenberg. He has had a faith throughout, that has glowed within him; that has borne him up through disasters which would have crushed meaner and weaker men: and this is the only secret of his crowning triumph. This faith in a political system that confides the happiness of a whole generation of men to the genius of one, and at the same time entrusts to this single brain the progress of the world, is a strange faith that is not likely to find much favour in the English mind.

In eighteen centuries, according to the imperial idea, human intellect and human events have had three safe landing-stages: Cæsar!—Charlemagne!—

Napoleon!* We are not disposed to dismiss such hero-worship with a pleasantry; and to say, with the *Times*, that Charlemagne has been thrown in, to bridge over the eighteen centuries between Cæsar and Napoleon. Napoleon the Third goes immeasurably beyond Mr. Carlyle, who has discovered that great men, taken up any way, are profitable company. Such hero-worship as that of our Scotch philosopher and his American double, Mr. Emerson, is tame, and pale, and poor, when set directly against the white glow of Napoleon the Third's enthusiasm. The hero-worship of Carlyle and Emerson is quiet almost to feebleness; that of Louis Napoleon is a flame that can rend mountains—that has the force of Roland's sword, which smote a way through the Pyrenees for Charlemagne. It has cut a *pas de Roland* for the third, as it did for the first, Napoleon. We marvel at this faith—we, who believe that no one man can be great enough to stay, or much accelerate, the march of civilisation. But it has a pulse that throbs, and it breeds a Will that moves mountains. We cannot, in the presence of the second empire, refuse to acknowledge the stupendous force that is bred by

* Histoire de Jules César. Tome I.—Plon, Paris.

such a faith as that which has possessed Napoleon the Third his strange life through; which has borne him, through ridicule and disaster, to the giddy height on which he now sits, the least moved of all the wondering people who contemplate his success. That which he believes to be the reason for the existence of a Cæsar, a Charlemagne, and a first Napoleon, he cannot but regard as the explanation of his own notable appearance in human affairs. It would be impossible for him, did he wish it (and we are certain he does not)—it would be impossible for him, we repeat, to escape from the conclusion to which his theory unmistakeably leads. Most men have, by this time, come to the conclusion that, in force of intellect, in depth of insight into human character, in personal courage, and in the use of the secret of governing men, the third Napoleon is at least the equal of the first. The present ruler of the French has qualities and acquirements, moreover, in which his illustrious uncle was deficient. Louis Napoleon is master of the art of biding his time. He never permits his policy to be guided by his anger. All the precious lessons the school of adversity can teach, he has learned, and he has turned to profit. He shames the Bourbons, if ever man shamed them; for he has

learned much that has fitted him to deal with the rapid events of his changeful time, and he has forgotten that which it was wise and proper to forget.

It has been said, any time the last twelve or thirteen years, that Napoleon is a fatalist; that he wears a talisman; that his courage is a belief; that his career is laid down; and that his end is marked. In short, that he is a machine working to a goal. There is nothing in his career, however, that gives even the faintest colour of truth to this charge. He says the object of his life of Cæsar is "to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to nations the path they ought to follow; to stamp a new era with the seal of their genius; and to accomplish in a few years the work of many centuries. Happy the nations who comprehend and follow them. Woe to those who misunderstand and resist them! They act like the Jews: they crucify their Messiah!"

This forceful way of putting the idea that dominates the life of Cæsar before us, will shock many people. It bears out our argument, however, namely, that Napoleon the Third is not a gloomy fatalist; but that he is, perhaps, the sincerest and completest hero-worshipper who ever breathed. Had he been

insincere in his worship of his uncle, of Cæsar, and of Charlemagne; had he not believed completely that men, like his uncle and himself, were sent upon the earth to do, within the narrow circle of a life, the common labour of centuries, he would not have been where he is. The proofs of his sincerity are under our eyes. Let us say that his theory is false and rotten, if we please; but we must admit that he has pinned his faith to it, and has acted upon it throughout his extraordinary career. He has political enemies (no great ruler, perhaps, has ever had more), who persist in seeing in him only the spoilt child of accident, and who deny that he has genius. But let it be understood that they who detest his political system go the wrong way to destroy it, when they refuse to admit that the third Napoleon is a man of extraordinary intellectual power and resources. They show weakness when they endeavour to present the successful results of his deep calculation as effects achieved by a powerful fatalist.

We are in the presence of an earnest, intellectual hero-worshipper. He is, in himself, an illustration of the force that is in hero-worship. By dint of worshipping past heroes, and endeavouring to see by their light, and to mark whither their footsteps

would have tended in these days, he has elevated himself to be a hero—a representative man. He is not the first historian, by any means, who has discovered a close affinity between Cæsar and Napoleon. But he is the first man who has drawn a line of action from the parallel between Cæsar and Napoleon that was ever present to his mind. Both Cæsar and Napoleon were called upon to deal with a weak republic. Both were generals, and victorious ones, and cut the civil difficulties of a republic with their conquering swords. They were both, according to Napoleon the Third, the warriors for the "final triumph of good." They were the true soldiers of liberty; and the assassination of Cæsar, and the banishment of Napoleon, were the work of a league that disguised itself with the mask of liberty. We cannot refuse to follow out this argument which the third Napoleon lays before us. He, also, is the soldier of liberty; and they are freedom's masqueraders who seek to overthrow him. What are his words of warning? "Brutus, by killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula." The republic was tottering to its base; and it was a question

whether the Bourbon or the Bonaparte should succeed, when the sword of the third Napoleon shone cold and sharp in the December sunlight. We cannot help seeing, in the final words of the preface before us, a direct allusion to the birth of the second empire, and to the mission it has to fulfil.

"Nor," writes Napoleon the Third, "has the ostracism of Napoleon, by conspiring Europe, prevented the resuscitation of the empire; and yet how distant are we from that solution of great questions, from the appeased passions, from the legitimate satisfaction given to nations, by the first empire! Thus, ever since 1815, the prophecy of the captive of St. Helena has verified itself:—'What struggles, what bloodshed, what years will yet be required, that the good I wished to do to mankind may be realised?' "

The second empire we are bidden to regard as established to consummate all the good which Napoleon the First desired to do for mankind—in other words, Napoleon the Third is the fourth safe landing-stage humanity has had to rest upon. If ever man were in earnest, the French emperor is, when he submits this declaration—this explanation of his *raison d'être*—to the world. He has never shrunk

from the acknowledgment of his democratic origin; he has boldly proclaimed himself a *parvenu*. Like his uncle, he is the offspring of revolution. He represents the armed cause of order. But it seems to us that he does himself a gross injustice when he poses himself merely as the dutiful nephew of his uncle. It is not given to us to know what good Napoleon the First intended to do for his species; nor does much that he actually accomplished tend to enlighten us as to his benevolent and far-seeing intentions. We know that he was a great captain—perhaps the proudest man that ever breathed—and a subtle and indefatigable administrator of public affairs. It was, possibly, in order to do good to the entire human race that he desired to have the whole world in his grip; but inasmuch as the universe was not prepared to be Bonapartist, and as even Napoleon, great captain as he was, could not compel it to be so, the human race was never even admitted to a knowledge of his good intentions towards it.

Now, it does happen that Napoleon the Third has had many opportunities of making his good intentions known to his generation. While he has not neglected the opportunity of displaying his valour and his good generalship in the field, he has devoted

himself, with a wisdom his uncle never reached, to the material prosperity of his country. He has raised France to a pitch of commercial power she never before held. He has made her feared and respected abroad. As his power has become consolidated, so he has, over-cautiously, it is true, restored freedom to his subjects. He has never ceased to say that the summit of his ambition is to establish in his empire, on a sure foundation, liberty, in conjunction with order. He has laboured to be the Napoleon of peace—albeit, he has had half a million of fighting men ever at his command. England cannot reproach him with a single disloyal act towards her, which is more than England could say of the deposed house of Orleans. He has been the instrument that has accomplished the freedom of Italy. He has drawn within narrow limits the temporal power of the Pope.

All this is good service to the cause of progress and civilisation, that will give Napoleon the Third a claim on the gratitude of posterity, which will not be conceded to his uncle. We take this life of Cæsar, moreover—this ripe fruit of a great mind—as something that will live to the writer's lasting honour. It is its author's explanation of the proper conduct

of human affairs according to his light. It is his apology for himself, drawn from the lives of three heroes who have preceded him. After years of patient labour, he now sets forth, with his wonted courage, the standard by which the living generation and posterity are to judge him.

ORDER-HUNTING, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

M. Albéric Second's *Chronique* on theatrical orders will teach those unhappy folk among our countrymen who have the power of granting gratuitous admissions to places of amusement that their sufferings are not peculiar to their native country. In quest of an order what will not a man do? Has he once tasted blood?—he is not to be trusted for a moment. Generous and amiable in all other relations of life, he knows no mercy when he sets out to beat up for gratuitous admissions. He will reach your house before you are out of bed. He will waylay you as you enter your study. He will take you by the button-hole while you are caring for your luggage at a railway station. Your card will do, he tells you, with just a date upon it. Promise him, and, amid the many duties of your arduous life, forget your promise! It is quite true that you should not forget;

that a promise should be held sacred, &c. He will not excuse you; his wife will never forgive you; his children (were they not all ready, washed, and curled, and combed?) will curse you. You are the fiend in human shape who prevented them from going to the play. Paterfamilias might have paid, and he would have paid, and cheerfully, had he not tasted blood. But now! he, who can never lavish money enough on the dresses and toys of his little ones, and whose wife has only to hint for money, will not expend a groat, he will not buy that which he can hunt down. Actors, I am told, are not easily managed. It is reported that they are occasionally conceited, and that they have been known to quarrel over a lean part, or to sacrifice Art to self; but they are love-birds, they are cooing doves, when compared with order-hunters. These are irrepressible, omnipresent, insatiable. They tell you that you are so good-natured; that you are all-powerful; that you or your journal is admitted at all times; that the suspension of the free list does not apply to you. If you cannot manage for the Opera, will you oblige them for the Polytechnic Institution?

So, in Paris, M. Albéric Second publishes five model letters written by order-hunters. One suggests

that there must be plentiful room—in the dog days. Another knows M. Second is "*l'Obligeance même.*" M. Second is at least a skilful *chroniqueur*, and whether obliging or disobliging, is amusing. The five letters recall to him a suggestion M. Louis Lurine made to him and other writers, when M. Lurine was director of the Variétés. "Make a comedy of one of these order-hunters," the manager suggested. "Five years have passed!" M. Second muses, "and still I hear the echo of his voice." Said Lurine, "Theatre orders are an influence, a means, sometimes a power. They have paid debts, calmed the ardour of sheriffs' officers, softened discounters. They are arguments with women; they give introductions to suitors; and they pave the way to marriage. Only theatrical orders will tame a *concierge*. There are order-hunters in Paris who supply all their friends, and some of their enemies, and receive a direct or indirect benefit in return. I know one or two rascals who have made a brilliant position in the world by theatrical orders. The man who can command orders for the *avant-scène* may take for motto, "*Quò non ascendam!*" Can he command admissions for first nights, he is a personage in the state. Rich people will commit meannesses in order to obtain gratuitous admissions to a theatre.

Every theatre has a clerk, whose sole duty it is to issue orders. He must be skilful and know his Paris well. He who was worth the best box on the grand tier to-day, may not be worth a back seat in the gallery to-morrow. "There are order-hunters who end by becoming part and parcel of the theatrical establishment. These acquire *rights*. They ask because they have always had; and they receive because they have always received. Theatrical managers wouldn't know how to refuse them. These men are in the stalls on first nights, while men of letters are in the lobby, and have to ask them between the acts how the piece is going."

M. Second, the reader will have noticed, looks at both sides of the question. There are poachers for orders as well as hunters. Those look upon an order as meat and drink and shelter. Orders are hares and partridges and pheasants to them. A pit-ticket is a hare; a box order is a brace of partridges; and a private box is two splendid pheasants at the very least. The traffic in orders, or passes, is, however, better organised, in Paris, I fancy, than it is in London. In Paris, authors take orders in part payment of their dramatic writings. At the doors of a Paris

theatre we find the hawker of passes at a reduction from the prices marked upon the theatre doors.

Let us hope that the British order-hunter—who can no more be put down, it would seem, than the east wind—turns his "bag" to good account, after the manner of his French brother. This reflection may comfort managers and editors who have been run down these many years past. Perhaps two stalls at the Adelphi have made an order-hunter the husband of an heiress; and a private box at the Opera has created, out of another order-hunter, a power in the State. Should this be so, I am quite certain on one point, viz., that neither the husband of the heiress nor the power in the State will ever pay a penny piece to enter either the Adelphi or the Opera, or any other theatre. They have tasted blood!

THREE GENERATIONS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

PARIS, 1865.

M. ABOUT is at once a close observer and a severe critic of manners, in this bright and not over-moral city of Paris. When he moralizes, it is with the air of a man who may throw the first, and the second, stone without fear of the consequences. His hardihood, if it provoke recollections which are unfavourable to his consistency, at any rate gives great variety and piquancy to his writings. Being, as I have said, a close observer, he is able, with the wit and picturesque force which are at his command, to say something bright and good on any subject he approaches. He can play dexterously with dangerous weapons. He is the most courageous of living French writers; courageous in this, that whenever he offers an opinion, he offers a complete and decided one. He is never sparing in his blame because he fears the

consequences of his censure. He lays a heavy lash upon powerful interests and dominant classes. He drives his keen epigrams into follies and vices, whether they be *en blouse,* or radiant in the boudoir of *Madame la Princesse.* His downright speaking impresses his readers with his strength. He sketches with a broad brush, and discovers that ease with power which is all the charm of a sketch. When, some time back, he undertook to paint the life of a finished—well, shall I call her Madame Demi-monde?—in Madelon, he charged his canvas with some powerful portraits. They were so repulsive because they were so true; but it was a pity he painted them at all. Décamps could have painted the gloom and slime of a sewer; but without going into the question of Art for Art's sake, I venture to think it as well he did not pause in the realms of the *égoutiers.*

For this mistake, however, many must be ready to pardon M. About, when they find him bringing his knowledge of the vices of his generation in aid of those who would correct them. He presents the terrible figures that he can produce at his will, in all their naked ugliness, and bids Society see what monsters it is caressing and rearing. Then he puts beside the distortions of modern extravagant and *loud* life,

some gentle presences of the simpler and quieter, and, it must have been, the happier days of old. I came, by accident, a little while since, on three sketches of his, which are in his best manner. He has three figures. He paints first, the grandmother; next, the mother; and lastly, the daughter, who is the fast young French lady of the Second Empire. It is when we contemplate the stately and wise grandmother, that we shudder over the slang of the granddaughter, and ask ourselves what this young lady's sons and daughters are likely to be. Here is the sweet portrait of the old matron of the days gone by:—

"There is no longer any truth (he begins) in the old adage, 'like mother, like daughter.' The further we advance, the less we find the daughters of one generation resembling the mothers of the preceding. In going amongst a rich family, in which three generations are flourishing, I will answer for it that this is what you will see. The grandmother, nine times out of ten, is a kind, exquisitely neat little woman. Born at the end of the Empire, or the very beginning of the Restoration, she has preserved her taste for simplicity in dress, her love for intellectual pursuits and the cultivation of the Fine Arts. Her memory is

stored with fragments of old poetry; she has portfolios full of Romulus and Niobe in crayons; of flower paintings executed by herself after Redouté; she has attempted water-colours and oriental painting; and the strings of a harp are no strangers to her little thin fingers. Her handwriting is somewhat old-fashioned; but in the matter of orthography she might, perhaps, teach something to MM. Noel and Chapsal. Her conversation abounds, it may be, in generalities, and she indulges in too many anecdotes; but she knows a great deal, she is not wanting in intelligence, and she has found time to think on what she says, before giving utterance to it. She is not, perhaps, what you would call *amusing;* but I should be much astonished if an intelligent man would find himself dull in her company. Her mind resembles those excellent little landscapes of 1818, which the *connoisseurs* of now-a-days banish to the garret, as belonging to the style *bonhomme*, but which the curious love to look at now and then for a quarter of an hour, because the artist has thrown in a thousand little details both interesting and amusing to examine."

This is the grandmother; now for her daughter:

"The daughter, brought up under Louis Philippe, is a personage less useless, but at the same time less

agreeable. She has received what was called, about the year 1835, a serious education. She has, perhaps, passed her examination at the Hôtel de Ville; the thing was in fashion twenty or thirty years ago. She can count better than her mother, but does not write so well. She *talks* better, if you like; but she does not *chat* half so well. She is a better musician; but with too much pretension, and too many theories. She has arranged for herself an imposing *répertoire* of literary, artistic, political and religious doctrines. I think her less pious at bottom than her good old mother; but she is much more strict, and more intolerant. Take her altogether, however, this woman has admirable qualities. Her husband, her household, and the education of her children, are serious things to her. If she spends a little too much, if she yields a trifle to the seductions of the milliner and the other brigands of fashion, it is thoroughly against her will; she does it simply to keep up her position, and to pay the necessary tax to the absurdities of the day. It would be very unfair to her to compare her to her daughter, a little person of twenty, who will marry next week, and undertake the happiness of a gentleman without any guarantee from Government as to capacity."

Enter the third generation :—

"Everybody in the house spoils her, and no one has brought her up. Her mother had theories on the subject; but she has been so thoroughly taken up by the duties of society and of her *salon* during the last ten years, that she has never had the time to put them into practice. She only says, sometimes, by way of acquitting her conscience,—'*We* were not spoilt like you, my children. Until my marriage I always had the drumsticks of the fowls, and in my mother's time it was worse;—the bones of the turbot were by right the share of the children. But now, indeed, the breast of the chicken is not white enough for Mademoiselle, and one must serve her her ortolans *boned!*'—This mother, so clear-sighted, and so sensible, has never refused anything to her daughter: it is the fashion; what is one to do? The young lady writes about as well as a cat, and is proud of it. 'It is very fortunate,' she says; 'if I wrote like a schoolmaster, like grandmamma, or made my lines as regular as a regiment of soldiers, like mamma, all my faults of spelling would be found out.' She neither draws nor plays; but she indulges in a heap of charming absurdities on such disagreeable accomplishments. 'The piano,' she says, 'is horribly vul-

gar: *portier comme tout.* I prefer to have twenty francs' worth of good music at the Italian Opera than to go and make a mess of it myself at the piano. As to drawing, I can do without it. Suppose I were put to it and fagged for ten years; should I be, even then, anything to come up to M. Ingres?' On the other hand, she dances beautifully, and is very clever in throwing up her foot—after supper. She rides on horseback as well as Cora. She says herself, however, that Cora is not her style. Perhaps there is rivalry between them? At all events, her ideal of *chic* is Anna Deslions: she considers it a day lost when she fails to see her in the Bois. Last winter she exchanged a few words with Theresa at a concert in the fashionable world. She is not, however, wild about her, and remarks that she has '*trop de chien à la clef*;' for Mademoiselle is a mistress of all kinds of slang. This young person has exhausted three or four governesses. 'They bored me to death,' she observes. She attended, also, for five years, the famous class of M. Tourniquet, who so conscientiously discourses on the ancient dynasties of Egypt to the little Parisians,—needless to say without any profit whatsoever:—and, moreover, she boasts of it. 'If ministers and millionnaires were the prizes,' she

exclaims, 'then, indeed, it would be worth while to grind so as to secure a good chance. But, luckily, there are no examinations to pass for marriage; it is enough that I am pretty, know how to dress, and have a good *dot;* no fear but what I shall be able to buy à husband to my taste.' Her choice is made, or, to use her own words; 'she has found her dupe.' He is a well-preserved man of forty, and has been courting just a month. It is Mademoiselle who hastens on the marriage. 'Bah!' she cries, 'we shall have plenty of time to know each other!' The gentleman has lived gaily, sown his wild oats, and now marries to settle down. Instinctively and naturally his heart also bears its part in the change. He is respectful, timid and delicate;—a moral rehabilitation. Good Heavens! how she laughs at him on perceiving the symptoms! Her jokes on the subject have quite disconcerted him, and they are now excellent comrades; but the heart of the *fiancé* no longer palpitates as he pulls the bell. He sends his bouquet, pays his daily visit, and thinks that after all, perhaps, marriage is not so black as it is painted. The engaged couple are left *tête-à-tête,* and they occupy themselves making lists and adding up figures; they will manage to make a pretty good appearance,—that

is the chief thing. They have found a tolerable apartment, with a coach-house and stable. You do not suppose that Mademoiselle, who has gone out driving with her nurse, now marries to trudge along on foot! They mean to live very simply at home, —or rather they do not intend to live there at all. Every day in the winter they will dine out, somewhere (they have already arranged with whom); then there will be balls, and a subscription at the Opera, and at the Italian Opera. In the summer they will pay grandmamma a long visit, and pass a country life. Monsieur has already changed his tailor at the express order of Mademoiselle; his trousers did not fit him properly, so she said. On these arrangements the grandmother presently lets fall a drop of cold water. 'What thoughtless children,' she cries; 'why all these fine plans for the future will come to nothing as soon as the first baby appears!' They look at each other and then at the grandmother, and then they burst out laughing. It is the first time such an idea has presented itself. 'True,' says the young lady, 'one never knows how soon a misfortune may occur.' And then she laughs again, and takes up a parcel of a long shape that has just been brought to her, and puts it on her grandmother's

knee. 'The problem is soon solved, grandmamma; *you* must take care of the baby.'—'And I am to be its wet-nurse, too, I suppose, saucebox?'—'Oh, horrible,' exclaims Mademoiselle, 'have not the *Bourguignonnes* been invented expressly for the purpose of nursing the little monster?'"

This picture is bitten in with sharp acid. And now for M. About's reflections:—

"What is the difference between this young girl and the creatures who seek their living beside the lake in the Bois de Boulogne? I see but one, I confess; but that is an important one—virtue. There is the same frivolity, the same selfishness, the same vanity, the same ignorance, the same toilette, the same equipage, the same paint and the same false hair! Still there is virtue, and is not that everything? No; not if the word 'virtue' is simply intended to mean a certain special merit—the only one which the Turks appreciate in a woman. Out of charity, I will admit that this young girl will never break her marriage vow. But is this all? Will this alone render her husband happy? A woman may live without passion,—especially as passion is no longer fashionable,—and yet stigmatize, and ruin, and kill by slow torture the poor devil whose name

she bears. It is not pleasant, certainly, to be pointed at in the street as an object of ridicule. But if ridicule attaches itself absurdly and unjustly to the betrayed husband, surely it does not altogether spare the one who looks on, with folded arms, at the vulgar, loud and ruinous parade of his wife! It would be difficult to say which is the worse, the complete but carefully hidden sin, or the daily scandal, giving rise to a belief in a hundred such sins. And the saddest thing in all this is not the mere waste of money, although a man—husband or lover—may be eaten out of house, home, and almost honour, by the little teeth of a pretty woman. The fortune spent and wasted by a father or a son may grow again; industrious hands may set to work, and, although tardily, ruin may be averted. But when—after reading one of Madame de Sévigné's letters, or after half an hour's conversation with one of the few real and true women remaining to us—one suddenly falls amongst a half-dozen of these fashionable *mangeuses*, the effect is startling, and one is almost frightened. It is as if the language, the ideas and the sentiments of the worst society had been brought into the good, by the men who act as shuttlecocks between the two! It has been remarked by critics, that of late years our

stage, formerly the first in the world, has abandoned wit and intellect for the exhibition of legs, millinery, jewellery and pirouettes. This sad revolution threatens to invade the whole vast theatre of society."

This is very severe, M. About; but it is the writing of a man who is in earnest. The painted *impertinentes* of good society who must have their ortolans boned, crowd along the Champs Élysées. The show, and slang, and jewels, and powder, are everywhere; and the simple heart is nowhere! Cora is the observed of all observers. She and her dismal sisters give the fashion to the mothers and daughters of France; and Thérèse's screaming voice has driven the queens of song from the drawing rooms. It is a good sign that a writer of M. About's mark has had the courage to draw the portrait of the young ladies of the Second Empire, whose silly heads are turned with the glitter, and dash, and reckless extravagance of the life which sails round the lake in the Bois, now-a-days, between three and six P.M. In such a time, writer's of M. About's influence have a duty to perform towards the rising generation; and it is pleasant to see that he, at least, is awakened to a sense of this duty.

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOLS.

THE idea of a uniform international education appears to be at length on the point of being realized. It has been in the minds of many educational authorities for years. I remember that some ten years ago a prospectus was issued, describing an academy that was to move, under one principal, from one country to another; so that, under one general system of education throughout, the pupils might completely master the chief European languages. I believe, moreover, that, in a small way, this undoubtedly excellent plan has been acted upon.

But now—under the auspices of such gentlemen as Mr. William Ewart, M.P., Mr. W. Hargreaves, Professor Huxley, Dr. C. Schaible, Dr. William Smith, classical examiner in the University of London, Professor Tyndall, and Dr. J. Young—international educational colleges (which I had the honour of suggesting and advocating years ago), are in a

fair way of being established. The present undertaking dates from the International Exhibition of 1862. In that year, M. A. Barbier, a French gentleman, who is deeply interested in educational matters, placed at the disposal of the Exhibition commissioners a sum of £200, "to be distributed in prizes to the authors of the four best essays on the 'Formation of an International College.'"

As might be anticipated, the subject excited the earnest interest of the late Mr. Cobden. It was he who endeavoured to give practical effect to M. Barbier's idea, by presiding over the early meetings of the association which has now placed the matter in a substantial form before the public. The object is stated in a few words. It is "to establish international colleges or schools, as a means of effecting what has long been felt and acknowledged to be most desirable—namely, the thorough acquisition of modern languages, without detriment to the regular course of studies." Two colleges or schools are to be forthwith established, viz., one in England and one in France—that is, one near London, and one near Paris. The third college is to be presently set up in Germany. The pupils will be received at an early age, and the cost per annum is estimated at

£80. For this sum a general education "of the highest order" will be given; while the modern languages, now altogether neglected or ill-taught in our home academies, will be easily and colloquially, as well as grammatically, acquired.

This is a system which accords perfectly with the spirit of our times. In France, where the commercial classes are awakening to the vast importance of giving their sons a foreign, as well as a home, education, the plan has an assured welcome. It is one that will tend to give the next generation of our neighbours a truer idea of us and of our institutions.

Indeed, politically regarded, there is much hope for future peace in these international colleges. We shall find the intelligent youth of various nations mixing freely in the capitals of Europe. A youth who has been the round of these international colleges, must return to his native country, not only master of many tongues, but also possessed of that enlarged knowledge of the men and things of many races, which makes the travelled man the superior in mind and manners of the untravelled man.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

I have no doubt the statesmanlike mind of Cobden

saw at a glance the good to the human race that international colleges would bring, over and above the spread of language. He must have detected in them so many weapons laid at the root of national prejudices. He who loved Peace so passionately, that he well-nigh sacrificed his reputation more than once on her altars, must have warmed instantly to M. A. Barbier's idea.

Here were a series of peace congresses, to be established *en permanence!* It is in "Levana" (that most eloquent and exquisitely tender of books on the culture of "the young idea"), that Jean Paul says—"Each year renders man less easy to convert, and a missionary can effect less on a wicked sexagenarian than an *auto-da-fé.*" So true is it that prejudices, like trees, strike deeper roots as the years fly over their heads. Mr. Cobden and his brother preachers of peace, speaking to grown men—to men whose hearts had swelled under the nodding plumes, and had been thrilled with the world-accorded honours of Mars—found little sympathy, and met with many sneers. Turn the sword of honour, with its jewelled hilt, into a ploughshare, and go till the grateful soil! Disband the armed hosts that trampled out the food of the poor to the sound of a drum! It is the rapier

that cultivates the laurel, not the spade. You must plough with cannon-balls, to reap the stars and dignities which make the individual man great among his fellows. The world applauds the warrior who smiles at the cannon's mouth, not the hero of industry—the patient servant of God's harvest—who whistles at the plough!

And so were the men of peace—speaking to their contemporaries, leaders of the activity of their generation—so were they answered! They were seeking the conversion of the sexagenarian!

I would fain believe that Richard Cobden—eloquent and courageous preacher of peace among men of his age and degree, who turned a deaf ear upon him—tired of the ungrateful theme after incessant disappointment, found consolation in visions of these international colleges that were to arise in the capitals of Europe, and teach more than schools had been wont to teach to the rising generation. Let us conjure up his kindly face beaming over M. A. Barbier's prize essays. Here is the beginning of the end—of prejudices of race against race—of national quarrels born, in the main, of ignorance. The young of various races will meet at the school desk. The English boy will learn to knuckle down at taw with

the French boy. The Austrian will be the school chum of the Italian. They will learn to understand each other; they will part, brothers! These brothers, become men—will they revive the ancient rancours of their respective races; or will they trample them under foot, as blots of an ignorance and an unchristian spirit that are past? Regarded in this light, may we not see, in the proposed international colleges for the young of all nations, so many temples dedicated to peace and good-will among men? The projectors of them will receive the support of all good men and true, who desire to direct "the ringing grooves of change" to a peaceful and a happy future.

The colleges are dear colleges. It may be necessary that the foundations should be laid on the proposed expensive basis. But there can be no reason why the plan now in operation before the public should not be extended; why the scope of it should not be widened, in order to admit scholars whose parents cannot afford to pay even half eighty pounds annually for a boy's education.

Living is not dearer in France than it is in England. To do all the good that lies bound up in this project, it must be so widened as to make the number of international scholars thousands instead of hundreds;

very few French scholars, or German scholars, indeed, will be found, at the present rate. English parents, who can afford it, will pay £80 per annum willingly for their boys; but how many German parents could afford to send their sons to France and Germany at this rate of payment?

Why should there not be first and second class international colleges; colleges for the children of the rich, and colleges for the children of men of moderate means?

But, here is the germ—and it is a precious one; let us all do our utmost to rear a healthy and wide-spreading plant from it.

A GIDDY FRENCHWOMAN.

In one of his Imaginary Conversations, Walter Savage Landor said: "Women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade." Yet, now-a-days, it is not in the shade they are content to dwell. They affect rather the garish day. According to severe M. Dupin, the homely matron has disappeared, and in her place we have the *femme du monde*—all diamonds, lace, and paint. People avoid the untrodden ways. The race is to be seen, and to be remarked. Admiring eyes are not for the pellucid stream, but for the most sparkling river of brilliants. Lace and feathers, and golden tissues, are cast together. The dress her ladyship wears to-day, costs as much as her grandmother's annual milliner's bill. Madame la Baronne puts upon her lovely form covering of the annual value of 20,000f. A silk dress, in the fashion, is not to be had under £20. The countess being richly

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dressed and powdered with jewels, the baroness cannot be behind her. Credit is easy. Milliners and jewellers will wait—nay, they will accept notes of hand. The snare is admirably baited. The way to the gratification of every whim—every suggestion of vanity, is made easy; until the day of reckoning comes, and with it often, shame and "all-shunned poverty" for husband and children.

Madame de Nacquart sate, in the year of grace, 1865, between her agent and her milliner, on the prisoner's bench, before the correctional police. The daughter of a noble family of Guadaloupe; the wife of a landed gentleman of La Vendée ("a colossus of honour," according to M. de la Roche-jaquelein) — late mistress of the Chateau de Grenilles—the lady had come to this! Her husband had lost some of their fortune in a lawsuit; and more, by extravagances in which she had, we infer, been the leader. They were reduced, at last, to an income of £200! Such an income would just enable them to live softly and tenderly "in the shade."

But the habit of extravagance was too strong upon the lady to be vanquished. She had tasted of the poison of her time. Accordingly, she made her way to Paris, where she had been known in the days of

her splendour. She put up at the Grand Hotel, having contrived beforehand, to borrow some £1,500. But this sum was soon gone. It was a trifle, in the kind of life to which the lady was accustomed. Then came the hour of temptation. Madame had ample credit, being known among the best Paris tradesmen as an extravagant woman of fortune. She yielded. She became an expert swindler of the most dangerous description—and ended side by side with the agent of the dressmaker—her accomplice. We pass over the picture of this fall. An honourable family disgraced; children left with an inheritance of shame, and robbed of their fortune. Our business is with the items set forth in the charges against Madame de Nacquart.

Troops of witnesses—the lady's dupes—appeared before the court. They were fashionable tradesmen. One supplied her with five cashmere shawls; a jeweller sent £1,000 worth of diamonds to her order; a millinery firm sent to Madame, goods to the value of nearly £1,000! In all, the lady obtained personal adornments, on credit, and without exciting suspicion by the extravagance of her orders, to the extent of £6,750! Her success will give the reader an idea of the expenditure that is considered not

irrationally extravagant by Paris tradesmen. The goods which the lady obtained, on credit, she at once pawned, and then lived upon the cash. This was her offence—born of her insensate vanity. Her world—the world in which she was born and bred—was as much to blame as she; and her exposure was a lesson to the young that followed fast on the *procureur-general's* lecture to his giddy country-women.

Most unjustly, the empress has been held responsible for the extraordinary height extravagance has reached, under her gracious sway as the first lady in France. Parisians remark, that her majesty is, perhaps, the simplest dressed lady who takes an afternoon drive in the Bois de Boulogne. May not this extravagance—I may say, this lamentable and demoralising extravagance—rather be justly attributed to the sudden growth of wealth; and to its fall into many pockets that, a dozen years ago, were strangers to a 20f. piece?

The shoddy aristocracy of America exhibit, in a coarse and vulgar and illiterate manner, the same love of display and passion for fine clothes and gaudy equipages, which mark the parvenus of the Second Empire. The emperor cannot be blamed because

the beggars on horseback, who have got into the stirrups by the help of the material prosperity with which he has endowed France, insist upon riding to their proverbial destination. The American men "strike oil," and are at once of the new aristocracy. The teamster of yesterday rides in "a prime bang turn-out" to-day. So, in Paris, the Bourse, a few years since, turned ragged *carrotteurs* into millionaires.

The mania for spending easily-acquired money is no new mania, and it is one that passes. But the worst part of its presence is that it is catching, and is apt to destroy hundreds of honourable families in its course. It brings dissipation into fashion. It is the holiday-season of the Phrynes, whose appearance in the midst of honest women M. Dupin deplored. It puts money in the front rank, and so makes the spendthrift king of the hour.

The case of the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse is one in point. The law admitted him, in his thirtieth year, to the complete enjoyment of his birthright. He had been kept in a state of tutelage on account of his extravagances. And what said M. Allou, pleading for the duke's family against the young nobleman's prayer that he might deal freely

with his inheritance? M. de Grammont announced that he was reformed. "M. de Grammont's conversion," the advocate observed, "cannot have yet struck very deep roots, since he was seen a few days ago at the theatre, in the company of a lovely Helen, whom he had certainly not brought back from Troy." M. de Grammont was of his time; he had the fever.

I have said that the extravagant fever is catching. Have *we* not caught it in England? On all sides, the poor are besought to be sparing in their consumption of meat—by people who live the most recklessly extravagant lives. Madame de Nacquart has English sisters who would risk honour and the fair fame of their family at any hour for a brief period of splendour.

> "She was a princess—but she fell, and now
> Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings."

They reck little of the shame in these days, provided it will bring all the tinselled folly the world has agreed to admire for the time. Carlyle has said of money:—"We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it

wishes to get farther." We have not spurned it; we have taken it to our heart of hearts, until we have erected it into the world's only standard of the admirable. Shall we wonder, then, because, in the race for it, thousands of men and women stumble?

THE SUCCESSORS OF PHAETON.

PARIS, *July*, 1865.

THE strike of the cabmen has brought out M. Timothée Trimm, on his experiences of Paris cabs. Timothy is never at a loss, because he proceeds on the assumption that the smallest incident of his life is welcome history to his countrymen. Soliloquizing before a deserted cab-rank he exclaims—

"During the five-and-twenty years that I have lived in Paris, I have become well known amongst cabmen; I assisted in wearing out two-wheel cabs; I lived on terms of intimacy with the *Manteau bleu*, an intelligent cabman, popular in 1842, who invented the carriage called 'Américaine,' and who, like all inventors, ruined himself; I have had a collision with a diligence on the Boulevard des Italiens; I have been upset on the road to St. Denis; and the horse belonging to my cab took fright and ran away not

two months ago: and yet I take the public and my enemies to witness that, not being a celebrated pianist, this is the first time I have thought it necessary to relate my experiences in the pages of a newspaper! I only mention them now by way of proof that I am perfectly strong minded as regards these successors of Phaeton. I know the character and the temper of the coachman well. He is a man apart, a bit of an aristocrat. It *is* difficult perhaps to remain so long on the box without slightly despising the pavement, and having an opinion of one's own on most things. Ask an aristocratic private coachman if the 'Africaine' is a great success! He will answer, 'M. le Marquis stayed until midnight, but he never remains for the last act of the 'Huguenots!'"

It is made known to the world that M. Timothy of the *Petit Journal,* or M. Léo Lespès of other days, has not escaped the little inconveniences of locomotion in street cabs. He is gentle with the successors of Phaeton! They are admirable to my mind, as illustrating the art of impertinence. They never load their customers with coarse abuse after the manner of the London cabmen; indeed they have none of the humour which abounds in the London successors of Phaeton. But give them a very shabby *pourboire,*

order them to drive you one of the most trying courses in the capital, dispute about the hour with them after midnight, and then you shall see all the resources of the art of impertinence. Hand up a five-fränc piece to a French successor of Phaeton (he very seldom condescends to remove himself from his box) and observe him. With the studied deliberation of the sloth, in a more than usually lazy mood, he withdraws a leather purse from his pocket; then he gazes coolly about him, showing you that you are no more in his thoughts than a hundred other insignificant objects in the street. His hand dips gently into the purse, he rests his elbow on the coach-box, as if preparing for a ceremony that is likely to last some time, and then he falls to counting. A companion passes; whereupon he breaks off his calculation to engage in a slight friendly conversation. At a railway station he refines on the torture he can inflict in the street. You have not a moment to spare, and he appears to have a lifetime of ease at his command. He never thanks you, unless you have given him some very extravagant *pourboire*.

This is the kind of gentleman on strike. I can imagine the aggravating torture he has inflicted on his employers. Master of the art of impertinence,

he is formidable on his box, even with the police at his heels; but I shudder to think of him in a committee room, or as a member of a deputation.

According to Timothy, the Paris successors of Phaeton have enjoyed their peculiar political opinions:—

"Up to 1848, the small newspapers gave out that coachmen were all legitimist in their political opinions. I fancy that was because they had been for the most part employed in the families of the old *noblesse*. The man who drove the coronation carriage of Charles the Tenth, clever as he may have been at *turning*, could hardly have been changeable enough to turn Jacobite on the following day! I am, perhaps, wrong; for according to the *Corsaire* and the *Caricature*, the coachmen were for M. de Montalembert because the police regulations obliged them to *keep to the right*. The public cab-driver is now-a-days usually Limousin, Norman, or Auvergnat. He has above him the Director of the Company, and under him the groom who keeps the vehicle in order. He thoroughly knows three things: his way to all the streets, places and squares of Paris, the gentle trot, and the temper of his horses. Two cabmen will abuse each other, but never fight. 'When the quarrel waxes high,' says,

somewhere, Alphonse Karr, 'they content themselves by cracking their whips at their respective fares.' Besides knowing the cab-drivers, I have also the honour of being acquainted with M. Ducoux, the energetic Director of the Compagnie Impériale. I knew him neither at the Legislative Assembly, nor while he was Préfet of Police, nor yet at the time he published his learned article on Denis Papin. My *souvenirs* carry me back still further, that is to say, to 1842, at which time I was a corporal of Voltigeurs of the 55th of the line, M. Ducoux being surgeon in the same regiment. He was a tall young man, gentle, kind; in spite of his youth fatherly, and held in great esteem by his *confrères*.

The strike of the cabmen has given these invaluable facts to the store of the world's knowledge, viz.: 1. That Lèo Lespès, alias Timothée Trimm, was once a corporal in a line regiment; 2. That the actual manager of the Imperial Palace Cab Company was actually surgeon in the same regiment. Here is an historical coincidence which, I fondly hope, and M. Timothy devoutly believes, the French nation will not willingly let die. M. Timothy tries his hand, but lamely I fear, at a derivation:—

"I do not now care to discuss as to who is right

and who is wrong in this question. I am rather trying to find out the etymology of the expression '*faire grève.*' It occurs to me that the *place* of the Hôtel de Ville was once called 'Place de Grève,' '*grève*' being, no doubt, a corruption of *gravier* (gravel), with which the *place* was always covered. It was here that the workmen out of work habitually resorted; may not this be the origin of the phrase? Mind, I am not affirming, I only suggest. But better to be wrong on a point of etymology than in one's judgment respecting the bearings of a capital question."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS ON —— DUMAS!

Dear old Dumas! His tongue can chatter on every subject. While he is elaborating a romance in the Court of Louis the Thirteenth, he finds time to chat on any other subject, grave or gay, and in some way to connect himself with it. He must be remembered in connection with every incident and event of his time. He must put his mark even on the cholera. Being asked for one of his charming bits of egotism tacked to some subject of the moment, he set up a little literary flirtation with the then prevailing epidemic.

He is not afraid of it. He, the great Dumas! He had it, to begin with, in 1832, and cured himself by swallowing a glass of ether, mistaking it for Kirschenwasser. The cholera departed, but left him, in its stead, inflammation of the stomach. This is not, therefore, a remedy which he recommends. He has a remedy, however, and he intends,

in the course of his gossip, to give it to the reader. But here peeps up the slyness of the great Alexandre, wherein he reminds me forcibly of Mangin, who pattered over his pencils so many years in the public places of Paris. Having arrested the attention of his audience by raising their hopes of obtaining a sovereign cure for the cholera gratis, the *farceur* begs a little patience for a *fait personnel.*

M. Dumas is publishing an historical romance, called "Le Comte de Morct," in the halfpenny journal, *Les Nouvelles.* He has been accused by *Le Figaro* of having sent a lithographed circular to the twelve hundred editors of France on his new work, in order to save the proprietors of *Les Nouvelles* the expense of paid puffs (*réclames payantes*). Dumas, with a smile, declares that, in the first place, he did not send twelve hundred, but only one hundred such letters; and that these were not lithographed, but were written with his own hand. "You may laugh," he says; "it may appear incredible, but this is my ridiculous sensitiveness of conscience, and has always been. On one occasion I was asked for my autograph in aid of the sick and wounded on the Federal side. The applicant wrote to me that my autograph would certainly sell for 1,000f.

I set to work and sent off a hundred autographs, each including an idea, or something like it, and all written, let it be understood, with my own hand."

And now for a superb bit, from the great Alexandre. M. Dumas has done much charitable work in his time, but not by stealth. "The number did harm to the sale, and the lady patronesses only realised 60,000f. by them. They contented themselves with this sum. For myself, I swear to you that I considered my autographs had sold very well. I once proclaimed to the readers of the *Petit Journal* that I was about to publish a volume of *bouts-rimés*, and that every subscriber to the book would receive my autograph. Three thousand subscribers responded. I wrote three thousand autographs! Let them be submitted to any experts. They will be accepted as written by my own hand."

Our lively Alexandre has other instances: how he provided Moué, the Havre sailor, who had saved many lives, with 500f., by writing two thousand autographs, and fixing their price at 25 centimes. They were sold, he tells us, within twenty-four hours. Out of all this he got only the pleasure—he admits that it is a great one—of doing good. His pen is ever at work in the cause of charity; it is he who

tells us so. And then he asks, can there be as much pleasure in writing an article against a man as there is in throwing off a literary trifle to help a sick, or wounded, or poor fellow-creature? For himself, he cannot tell, having only tried the charitable writing. You see, a stealthy way of doing good is not M. Dumas's way. Let us grant him, in justice, this: that he is so good-tempered and kindly over his self-glorification, and he has so ingenious and happy a way of insinuating his point and carrying the purpose of his gossip, even in the teeth of his enemies, that the three syllables of the word "charlatan" cannot rise to the lips of the readers of his gossips. All this gossip, for instance, is to conciliate provincial editors, and to let them know that they are, one and all, the *chers confrères* of Alexandre Dumas; and that this *noblesse oblige*. He would be very much surprised if one of them should refuse to announce to their readers, gratis, the appearance of the "Comte de Moret;" and now, having had his patter about himself, and thoroughly wrapped himself warm in a capacious cloak of self-conceit, he affords the world another opportunity of praising his good-nature.

In his absence, one of his friends has laid a noble

book on his desk. The author knows nothing of Alexandre's generous intentions towards him. He has not been asked, but out of the exceeding kindness of his own heart will he describe the title of the book. The book, I may add, is Doctor Declat's "Nouvelles Applications de l'Acide Phénique en Médecine et en Chirurgie." It is a book, says Dumas, "of life and death." And then, gaily and alertly, as though he were a medical student of the liveliest temperament, the old romancist, the *enfant gâté* of the French press and the French people, dives into all the details of the treatment of cholera on his friend Dr. Declat's principles.

I have said that there is a *bonhomie* in Dumas's most outrageous puffs of himself or others. We are sorry to see the old gentleman parading his little services, and boasting over the value of his autographs, or making a show of himself at the *Petit Journal* office, or puffing some book or establishment. At the same time, we must own that he is the gayest, the most amusing and good-natured Monsieur Puff in the world. By his side all other professors of the noble art of puffing are small and awkward.

Even Jules Noriac blunders, and cannot rise above

the eloquence of an advertisement, and leaves upon his reader only a disagreeble wonder how a man of his position in French letters can condescend to write a puff direct of a linendrapery establishment. I have a laboured effort of his under my eyes. The puff opens solemnly thus:—

"At the moment when these lines will see the light, the venerable Curé of St. Louis d'Antin, surrounded by his clergy, will call down the blessings of Heaven on the palace, which the reader must have remarked at the corner of the Boulevart Haussmann and the Rue Auber. Two hundred boys and two hundred girls, kneeling, will answer 'Amen,' surrounded by a solemn auditory!" For a long time has M. Noriac wondered what that great palace could be. He has watched it rise stone by stone. It was too monumental for a Lycée, too *coquet* for barracks, too mundane for a church, too severe for a theatre. At last he was permitted to enter. "God forgive me!" he cries; "the palace was a linen-draper's shop." Recovered from his surprise, Jules Noriac examined all the galleries; looked at the silks, and velvets, and stuffs; made notes of the new system on which the business was to be conducted; and set out the information given to him as methodically as the

poet of Moses' rhymes round the show-rooms of the Minories. He dishes up his facts with a little fancy. He would be poetic, but the man of business overshadows the poet. He would be subtle; but with all his skill and airiness, the reader never for one moment loses sight of the business M. Noriac has in hand. And a very poor one, indeed, does it appear, —this elaboration of literary *réclames*,—this serving out of an *esprit fin* at so much *per goutte*, to all who can afford to buy it.

The linen-drapery establishment which has been, according to M. Noriac, just blessed by the clergy of St.-Louis d'Antin, is the speculation, I believe, of Mademoiselle Figeac, a lady who has married and retired from the stage.

THE AIRS THE BEES ARE HUMMING.

PARIS, *December*, 1865.

STRANGE, to our ears, are the tunes the imperial bees are humming,—tunes which Echo has carried hither from Compiègne. Thrice has the hive swarmed; and thrice have strange airs wandered to our ears.

In this gay, laughing, wicked city, the songs that are sung, the dances that are danced, and the jokes that pass from lip to lip, are those of light and scoffing, gay and sinful natures.

We seek in vain for modesty. There is no heart in the laughter and the song. Shame arms herself with cruel sarcasm. Fashion gets amusement out of slang, until nothing is sacred, not only to the *sapeur*, but to the princess also. The gaiety is everywhere; and it over-rides things beautiful and wise. The cap and bells are shaken over the heads

of poet and philosopher and moralist; in the porch of the church, in the ears of the wronged husband, and over the wreck of the home. It is a merry world where vices are served up in *appetisants* dishes. Whether the laugh is over the conjugal discomfiture of the Sieur de Framboisy, or with the *sapeur*, to whom naught is sacred, simplicity and modesty, and virtue and learning have ever the worst of it. What a ridiculous figure does the husband cut in this laughing whirl-a-gig world! He is the last to see the fun everybody else sees. What admirable food is he for the farce-writer of the Palais Royal, and for the song-writers of the *barrière* music saloons! What a rollicking, joyous verse is that in which madame falls! Marriage was only invented to afford a laughing world incessant proofs of the gullibility of man! *There is nothing so stupid as a husband!* Was not this a happy farce title—for the Parisians? This is the string on which a thousand tunes have been thrummed. It is the foundation of a hundred romances, and without it the theatres would be empty. The highest and the lowest among contemporary French writers, have added to the comic and the serious literature of conjugal infidelity. It is *the* theme

par excellence. The younger Dumas never tires of it, and quite gloats over it in some of his works. M. About has his "Madelon;" nay, M. de Girardin has presented "Les deux Sœurs" to the world. But the list would fill pages if brought down to the 5th of the present month, when "Henriette Maréchal," a *drame* in three acts, by MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, was produced at the Théâtre Français. The theatre was crammed to the ceiling, and creaked, to quote Albéric Second, like the bodice of a stout lady on her way to an Hôtel de Ville ball.

Now the art of judging nicely the exact point at which dramatist or romancist should stop (and there is such a point, has been proved to MM. de Goncourt, even here), has not been mastered by the authors of "Germinie Lacerteux" and "Henriette Maréchal." When these authors set up the figure of Germinie as the type of the lowest class of Parisian life, they presented, as under a microscope, the horrible figure of a disreputable, immoral, dishonest, and drunken kitchen-maid. Germinie ends in an hospital, and her old mistress says it is well—*la chienne!* In the same spirit, the De Goncourts created Henriette Maréchal. They evidently said

to themselves, Paris has a taste for dramatic intrigues: Paris shall have a strong one this time.

I will not describe the plot of the horrible drama which they thereupon invented, and which they made too strong for even Paris taste,—just as Germinie was too strong for romance-readers.

The shame blazoned upon the stage ends with a pair of pistols. The husband, intending to shoot his wrongdoer and his wife, kills his own daughter. The brutalities spoken on the scene, in the progress of the disgusting plot, were too much for the frequenters of the theatre of Racine and Molière. Got, Bressant, Delaunay, and Lafontaine, to say nothing of Mesdames Plessy and Victoria, braved the storm of the malcontents, and realised with consummate art the detestable objects of their authors. MM. de Goncourt had clumsily over-shot the mark. They showed a lack of that art in which the younger Dumas excels. I think he could have made even their framework acceptable. You see, the immorality, the joke at the homely virtues must be served up with taste—for taste is indigenous to this soil. *Savoir vivre* does not necessarily imply thrift and honesty and modesty. Have taste; defer to the rules of polite society; dress well; talk well; and then do

what you may—only make no scandal. Amusement is the object of society: be you amusing. Import what you please from the outer, the lower world; only be careful to remain yourself far above everything that is eccentric. So may you introduce the *Sapeur* and the *Pied qui remue* into the politest of circles, and reap a rich reward of thanks. Glance at the romances you will find on the *boudoir*-table, and you may guess whether madame would thank you for Sir Walter Scott, or the younger Dumas, or Earnest Feydeau; or again, for Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," or *La Femme à Barbe,* by M. Paul Blaquière, which the renown of Madlle. Theresa has carried into every corner of France. The booksellers and the music-publishers will tell you, however, whither the tide is flowing. The print shops and the photographic studies will indicate the direction of the popular mind, and the stage will reveal to you the false sentiment over which the Parisian will weep, and the horrible jests that will make him laugh. What can the next generation be is the exclamation of every publisher who has tried to spread good, cheap books among his countrymen, and of every thinker who sits away from the world in his closet, and hears the ringing

laughter of the Boulevards. The young generation have even lost the traditional politeness of their race. Thrift is falling out of fashion. The society of decent women is becoming insipid to the pale young loungers of the Boulevard des Italiens. And so decent women are learning to copy *ces dames*, and Theresa is handed into private society, for its amusement; society being no longer able to hold its own against the attractions of the Cafés-Concerts, and the cabinets of the Maison Dorée. There can be no doubt that the evil is sinking into the heart of this people. It is an evil that is systematised, and that is swiftly penetrating into the remotest places. I heard the fishwomen at Dieppe screaming Theresa's songs at the pier-head, last autumn. One gets heartily tired of the London street-songs that break thence over the kingdom. But then these do not permeate society. Educated society in England does not adopt or patronise the coarse pleasures and tastes of the uneducated. The educated are the teachers of the uneducated.

But what airs have the imperial bees been humming at Compiègne? The genius of Madlle. Theresa has directed the music. A princess has appeared before the Court in the dress of a cabman. In

short, the bees of Compiègne have hummed no more edifying airs than these drones of the Boulevard Cafés, these *flaneurs* of the *Barrières*, these mocking, vagabond pleasure-seekers of M. Haussmann's brilliant streets, hum and drone the livelong day and night,—careless of what the morrow may bring, and in earnest only about the pleasure of the moment.

Where, then, shall the people find good exemplars?

A court lady sings a song in the garb of a *cantinière* to the Emperor, who sits before her while she warbles His Majesty's praises as the historian of Cæsar, and so opens a pantomime and harlequinade or comic review of the year 1865!

Mardi Gras, 1866:—His Majesty the Emperor dined in the Louvre with General Fleury, and heard Mademoiselle Theresa's quieter songs in the evening. Said the General, complimenting Mademoiselle: "You have made the Emperor laugh more in an hour than I have seen him laugh in a year before."

THE FRENCH PEOPLE'S BOOKS.

It was in November, 1852, that M. Charles de Maupas, Minister of Police, established a permanent commission, charged with the examination of popular books destined to be hawked about the country towns and villages of the Empire. The enormous quantities of books of the most detestable and harmful description which the hawkers had been in the habit of carrying from hamlet to hamlet; the almanacs packed with the teachings of Matthieu Lœnsberg and Nostradamus, and the prophecies of Joseph Moult, all sprinkled with the coarsest jests and stories and buffooneries; the innumerable handy-books for the ignorant and superstitious, showing how demons might be raised and the dead brought to life; revelations on astrology and necromancy; guides to love and conjugal life of the most horrible and degrading character, with a comic literature—a Bibliothèque Bleue

—with Roquelaure, Briolet, and other kindred spirits for chief contributors; completed by a comic literature of drunkenness, including such edifying works as 'The Little Joys of the Big Pint;'—such were the materials which the Permanent Commission, established in 1852, found in the hawker's pack. In the pack there was, happily, other literature than this. The two great secret corporations into which the working men of France have been for very many centuries divided, have long enjoyed a craft literature, many peculiarities and even beauties of which, we are sorry to see, M. Nisard has passed over. The literature of the two crafts which M. Nisard does notice and quote, as, 'The Arrival of the Brave Toulousain' and 'The Magnificent Festival given by le Sieur Maximilien Belle-Alesne,' indicate the valuable materials towards a social history of France, which are to be found in the humble records of the Devoirants and the Gavots. M. Nisard finds that the literature of these two great crafts was of a higher order in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, than it has been within our own times. And in proof of this he asserts that recent craft-writers have produced only stale and servile imitations of their predecessors. He

refers the reader to Agricol Perdiguier's 'Livre sur le Compagnonage;' but he makes no allusion to this writer's collection of the songs of 'La Tour de France,' a collection of modern songs by working men, remarkable always for their spirit, and in many instances for grace and for beautiful imagery. Again, journeyman carpenter Perdiguier's five-act drama on the Devoirants and the Gavots was worth a passing notice.

The author's pack included dialogues and catechisms on all conceivable subjects. 'The Lover's Catechism,' was long exceedingly popular. The fifth lesson in it taught country bumpkins that the age to begin love-making was at fourteen for boys, and at twelve for girls. These catechisms were accompanied with prescriptions and directions and prayers of the most repulsive and demoralizing character. Then the hawker had model discourses, and funeral speeches, and serious as well as comic sermons. Some of the latter sermons are so coarse that it is impossible to print the titles of them. They are for the most part comic descriptions of conjugal infidelities; and are, in many cases, absolutely shocking from their blasphemy. There are in the list, however, some contributions to popular literature, such as the 'Elegy on Michel Morin, and his Will,' and other emanations

from that gay group of eccentric fellows, who banded themselves together at Troyes, and called themselves Academicians, more than a hundred years ago.

The legends are many; some moral and instructive, some fantastic and unedifying; but nearly all of them are adaptations or caricatures of very ancient stories, or myths, or historic fables, The new and diverting 'History of the Bonhomme Misère,' by Court d'Argent, is a famous and admirable one, with a moral. It has been printed by millions. The Bonhomme Misère has been a presence in the roadside cottages of France for two centuries or more, and before his appearance in France he was, according to some authorities, a traveller in Italy. Misère, it is said, betrays his Italian origin by his allusion to the wine of Susa, and the way he counts the hours, straightforward to twenty-four. M. Nisard, after having read M. de Champfleury's researches on the subject, inclines to the belief that the Bonhomme was born in France, and was carried on troubadours' lips to the sunny south. The Bonhomme has taught content—the offspring of humble desires—in a hundred places. 'The Way to the Hospital' is another lesson for the poor, of very ancient date, and has been borne in the pedler's pack time out of mind. The

moral is, Be prudent, and stretch not your legs beyond your carpet, as the Persians have it. The inmates of the hospital or asylum are roughly and sharply described. Every line is a caution to the spendthrift, the idler and the sot. The road to the hospital is covered with those people who eat their corn green, who keep back the wages of their servants ("for this sin cries for vengeance before God"), who spend a long time in the morning at their toilette, who groom their horses badly, who become security for others, who call their neighbours often to dine with them, and finally, all who swear, gormandize and idle. We may question the justice of a few of the causes given for an end in the hospital; but the many are sound; and this old 'Way to the Hospital' has been a popular ware in the pedler's pack, that has driven a few good notions into the shock heads of French country places.

In the list of the facetious writings offered, through the pedler, to the country people, are many tirades and burlesque poems against husbands, and not a few against the temper and tongue of woman. The miseries of wives, the miseries of husbands, the miseries of servants, were pieces, chiefly in verse,

that sold well. 'The Misery of Servants' is a poem of five hundred lines; 'The Misery of Tailors' Apprentices' is a poem of nearly seven hundred verses, written at the beginning of last century. Poetic complainants were copious, if not original or accomplished. The poet who has dwelt on the misery of the tailors is of a wicked turn of mind, and shows the poor snip ridiculed in his distress by journeymen of every other trade. Each verse ends with the assertion that wine is for every other trade, but water for the tailors. The barber could not shave without wine; and yet he thinks it best to leave water for the tailors—water that wets the frog's back, but not the barber's, nor the clockmaker's, nor the painter's wine. The poet, in conclusion, tells the poor breeches-maker that the proverb says, "Fifteen tailors to one sack of bran." These were not generous sentiments; but in the days when the Gavots and Devoirants were bitter enemies, and when trades were close bodies, they were very general. The shoemaker cried "Water for the tailors!" with much gusto; and the pedlers could get rid of the dreary, ignorant song by scores.

Biographies of notorious rascals and adventurers

have been popular reading in France. Anthelme Collet has occupied among our neighbours a place as conspicuous as that which Jack Sheppard has held in England. Collet was a rascal of a high order, whose robberies and swindles were of a romantic character and conceived on a grand scale. It is true that he died a convict at Rochefort, some twenty-four years ago; but this punishment followed upon a long career of splended dishonesty. He is known in every part of France, and is popular. His *finesse* and his audacity recommend him to the admiration of ignorant readers. He contrived, by his artful disguises and impersonations, to insinuate himself into Court favour, and it is said that he was even appointed almoner to the Duchess of Angoulême. Fra Diavolo has also figured much in the popular biographical gallery of the French people. The most popular of these biographies was written by that inveterate *ana*-monger, Cousin, of Avallon; whose pen travelled over every walk of literature, and, it may be justly added, embellished none. He furnished 'Pironiana,' 'Buonaparteana,' 'Diderotiana,' in short, 'Tout-le-Mondeana,' to two or three cheap publishing houses, keeping their presses

occupied during forty years, and France soaked with his writings. A most prolific literary drudge! And his end? M. Nisard describes it with sharp brevity:—

"On a winter's night, in the year 1838 or 1839, a patrol found him lying on the steps of the Church of Saint-Eustache. This was his last bed, and almost his last sleep. He was reduced to the profoundest misery. He was carried away to Bicêtre (that grim asylum for the aged pauper), where he soon died."

Cartouche must not be forgotton in a gallery of French popular notables. The wine-dealer's son, of Courtille, who was to have been a *procureur*, and was contemporary with Voltaire at the Collége Louis-le-Grand, has made himself a famous name as a rogue of the first rank. He laid the foundation of his glory at an early age, by picking the pockets of his schoolfellows while they were at their lessons. From this beginning he progressed apace, and was, by turns, thief, informer, and head of a band of discharged soldiers. He was betrayed to justice by one of his comrades, and broken upon the wheel; leaving behind him a life that has been related in endless forms on and off the stage. Had he grown up *pro-*

cureur, and reared a nest of little *bourgeois;* he would have been forgotten long ago. M. Nisard gives his readers some fac-similes of the illustrations which have accompanied the "people's" edition of his life. As a fellow-picture to Cartouche we have Louis Mandrin. This latter, a deserter from the army, was a chief of banditti; and even took and plundered towns towards the middle of the last century. The wheel was his end. He has furnished the subject for a tragedy, and he inspired an Abbé to write an epic poem, called 'Mandrinade.' These were the rascals whose deeds were told in all the villages of France. So late as 1852, according to M. Nisard, the lives of Mandrin, Cartouche, Collet, and Lacénaire, were collected into a cheap hawker's volume. "It would be impossible," M. Nisard explains, "to concentrate all that is ignoble in a smaller tome." There are many other lives of brigands in the hawker's pack, but none of them are worth much. The 'Auberge des Adrets,' and 'Robert Macaire,' are, for amusement, worth them all.

The people have had other heroes, happily; the first and oldest among whom is the great Gargantua, not Rabelais' Gargantua, first published in 1535, but

the primitive edition of this renowned Colossus, which was printed in 1528. According to Bibliophile Jacob (M. Paul Lacroix), the first Gargantua was also by Rabelais; but M. Brunet, in a remarkable dissertation on the subject, shows that the original Gargantua, who has been the hero of every French village for three centuries, is very unlike Rabelais' hero. The hawker's famous Gargantua, who put his fifty Dutch and Irish prisoners in safe custody in his hollow tooth, is a hero after the people's own heart:—he is the "incomparable Gargantua." Of another popular figure, who has occupied the minds of the vulgar for some three centuries, in Germany, Holland, France, and England, in various dresses, viz., Tiel Ulespiègle, M. Nisard makes short work as a very sorry and unworthy *farceur*. He will not admit that Rabelais is indebted to him for Panurge. "He is a million of miles off from him." He backs his opinion with that of the Marquis de Pauliny, who describes the romance of 'Tiel Ulespiègle' as one written in the worst taste; worthy of its German origin, and of German readers, in times when good taste was very far away from them.

Of course 'The Wandering Jew' has played a

very conspicuous part in the popular literature of France. For more than a thousand years has he travelled from generation to generation. M. Nisard gives a very interesting *résumé* of the varieties of the legend of the Wandering Jew, taken from Matthieu Paris and M. Paul Lacroix. Whether the wanderer was Malchus, whose ear was cut off by St. Peter in the garden; or whether he was, as many people in the dark ages imagined, Pilate himself, is a bone of contention worthy the picking of a Bibliophile Jacob. Religious and moral books for the hawker have always abounded in France; but they have not sold so largely as the literature to which we have already referred. M. Nisard says, that, as a rule, they are incorrect and repulsive in form; and that since education has spread, and strong minds are to be found in village wine-shops, readers are no longer the blind slaves of *le curé*. He holds that these religious books, prepared for the masses, include no argument, have no elevation of thought, and do not endeavour to lead men by conscience: they rather seek to subjugate the reader through terror, or to put his conscience at rest by prescribing for him various puerile atonements for sins committed. He

adds, that the simple possession of one of these books is often recommended, as though the book were a relic or talisman, that could assure the possessor every felicity in this world, and in the world to come. M. Nisard's judgment will appear an exceedingly mild one to every reader who follows him through the great mass of ignorance, superstition, and positive blasphemy, which are wrapped up in the tenth chapter of his second volume. Added to the *Cantiques Spirituels* in the *Danse Macabre*, with rude drawings of dancing skeletons, which have spread terror along many a roadside. The fac-similes of the rude drawings are admirably executed.

Model letter-writers have formed an important part of the French hawker's wares. Business letters, lover's letters, letters from children to their parents, from servants to their masters, from the poor to their benefactors, are all to be found in the "Indispensable Perfect Secretary," or the "French Secretary," or the "Cabinet of Eloquence." Most of the modern letter-writers have for model the "Miroir de Vertu," by Pierre Hubert, published in 1559. In the more important ones, there is provision against every conceivable contingency, down to the model of an excuse

for not attending duty, for the convenience of National Guards. The sentimental letter-writers, based chiefly on the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and the "Liaisons Dangereuses," are of the most comprehensive description and of the most immoral character. The susceptible swain, with the "Lover's Letter-Writer" in his pocket, need never be at a loss. It provides him even with "a declaration to a young lady whom he has seen in a shop." It includes a catechism for lovers, and will teach him how to be successfully dishonourable. M. Nisard says that nothing more degrading and coarse could be conceived than the Letter-writers which were hawked about the country down to the time when M. de Maupas resolved to clear the travelling book-merchant's pack of its foulness. The chapter which M. Nisard devotes to Argot and the origin of the Argotiers, including a dictionary of Argot, is one on which we should like to dwell, did space permit us. There are now many good educational books in the hawker's library, all of recent date. A B C in every form, religious fables, and moral maxims, are driving out the old, bad, people's literature that the solitary village scholar once read in the chimney corner of the wine-shop, to the

crowd who could not read. The hawker has varieties even of little books of etiquette, now-a-days; in one of which, as a first step towards good manners, the reader is advised to put his fingers to his nose "as little as possible." The last chapter of M. Nisard's most interesting and valuable work is devoted to a review of the fiction which has been spread over his country, from the time when the history of "Jean de Paris, Roi de France," was published, down to the year when French publishers began to pile up that monstrous mountain of wild and extravagant romances now known everywhere as the "*Romans à quatre sous.*" Nearly all the modern fiction of France, as also much foreign fiction, has passed into this form for the reading of the *peuple*. "Fanny" and "Salammbo" will have to travel in this four-sous form before they can accomplish all the harm that is in them. M. Nisard is justly severe with M. Barba, the principal publisher of four-sous fiction. This gentleman pretends, in his advertisements, to be a moral agent, with the "*gaillardises*" of Pigault-Lebrun, announced on the covers of his books!

M. Nisard has, in conclusion, compiled a complete, well-arranged and well-digested review of the wayside

literature which has been current among his countrymen from the earliest days of printing. He has completed and perfected the study of this subject, which he published twelve years ago. The materials that are in his two compact volumes are rich stores wherein the future historian of the people of France will revel.

A TASTE FOR GLASS HOUSES.

PARIS, *March*, 1866.

THE leaders of French society,—the stars, literary and artistic—they who set the fashions, or own millions,—have a decided taste for dwelling in glass houses. I have more than once got together samples of the intrusive quality of the Paris *chroniqueur*. They were samples, it would seem, however, of an art that was in its infancy. They were mere glimpses at the interior of people's houses. We had just a peep at the great man in his slippers, or the notorious lady in her *robe de chambre;* the veil was just lifted, and then quickly dropped. It occurred naturally to English readers, that even these peeps into the privacy of notable people must be offered to the unwholesome appetite of the public at the cost of great annoyance to the people who were exposed. But the French journalism of the present day proves that such an impression is a false one. People have a taste for glass houses. They expect to have their *salon* and dining-

rooms, the dinner they give to their friends, their getting-up and their going to bed, duly set forth in a newspaper. A year or two ago, it was only at intervals that the private life of a known man or woman was served up for public amusement; but now M. de Villemessant appears to have given orders to his staff of writers to set a glass front in the house of every notability in the French capital. A few days since he led one of his writers to the house of Baron James de Rothschild, and having persuaded the Baron to admit his *chroniqueur* into his kitchen, left his scribe with a note-book to follow the Baron's *cordon bleu* and his butler, through the departments of the baronial kitchen and wine-cellar. The *chroniqueur*, with his note-book, seems to have amused the kitchen-maids and scullions as he took notes amid the game, the pastry and the wines; but he did his duty for his master, and came forth with a note, even on the Baron's partiality for truffles and pheasants. He was about to pass through the gates into the street, when he was requested to step into the Baron's bureau for a moment; the Baron had reflected, and begged the *chroniqueur*, whom he had thoughtlessly admitted into his kitchen, not to make copy out of his sauces, his larder and his cellar. The writer says

that he bowed profoundly, but made the Baron no answer; and he printed his notes, justifying himself by saying, that, had he asked the Baron on the eve of the issue of the Austrian Loan not to put it on the market, the Baron would not have submitted to the request of a "*plumitif.*" Then why should not the "*plumitif*" make copy out of the Baron's kitchen? The Baron is timid and too modest.

M. Jules Vallès serves up M. Paul Féval as a public dish, and provokes no rebuke from this gentleman. His table covered with papers, his children playing on the grass in the garden, his bath-room and billiard-room, are the writer's property. We are told that he is threatened with an "innumerable paternity"; for he has already six children, the eldest of which is not more than seven years of age.

From Paul Féval M. Vallès turns to Émile de Girardin's last weekly reception. What an excellent opportunity for painting the late editor of *La Presse* at home surrounded by journalists. An editor in the lap of luxury is a rare and refreshing picture:—"There was a great deal of lively conversation—not broken up into little private discussions, but general. One subject only was discussed, but what that subject was I have no right to mention. I have never

seen the editor of the *Presse* surrounded by more sympathy or listened to with more attention. Never, also, did his conversation take a more familiarly eloquent, decided tone. There were present MM. de Fonvielle and Bekmann, of the *Temps;* M. Hector Pessard, of the *Epoque;* MM. Cohen and Escudier, of the *France;* M. Ducoing, of the *Opinion Nationale;* M. Ganesco represented *L'Europe* and the *Nain Jaune.* M. Émile Ollivier was expected, but his Achates only was forthcoming.

"There was but one deputy, M. Eugène Pelletan, who still talked of Proudhon. The puritan maltreated speech as he had already done his pen. Besides the above-named, there were MM. Lebey, Turgan, Yriate, and many others whom I do not know, or whom I forget. The whole body of the *Press* was there; the contributors, eager and animated, surrounding their chief, who was full of fire and *verve.*

"Very few assembled till ten o'clock, so I profited by my earlier arrival to wander about the library, where the lamps above the books lit up the pictures, marbles and bronzes. Antiquities are not abundant; some of the bronzes are of ancient date, but the greater part appear by their signature to belong to the present day. At the foot of a charming statuette

was the following inscription: 'Rapporté d'Athènes par le Prince Napoléon, 1854.' Close at hand is the portrait of the Prince *en robe de chambre*, by Gavarni. There is a characteristic sketch, by Delacroix, of Dante and Virgil; and one by Chasériau of a woman entering the bath—a perfect episode of the *Tepidarium*. A painting, by Gigoux, if I remember rightly, represents M. de Girardin as a Roman—*décolleté;* he looks like a thin Vitellius. Another canvas portrays him in a black coat; elegant and clever. I saw the name of the Princess Mathilde very clearly written in the corner of a water-colour painting, hanging in the small room which is between the large *salon* and the library. This library differs from most others. It is very long and narrow, like a passage, and, as it were, skirts the house. The books are on shelves, the highest of which is only up to one's breast, so that there is no need to climb steps, or put one's arm out of joint in order to get a particular volume: all are within reach; and in this plan I recognise the simple and practical mind of the master of the house. Another sign is a drawing of a plan for the opening of the Rue de Rivoli, according to the design of M. de Girardin, and bearing date 1832: thirty-four years ago! The proposed

plan has not been quite carried out. In M. de Girardin's design, the pavement was to be raised, and to be reached by steps and a railing. Amongst the marbles, two superb busts of Madame Emile de Girardin, and a statue and a statuette, signed 'Pradier,' are conspicuous.

"The *souvenir* of Rachel is everywhere. A chair has her name engraved on it. In one place is a reduction of the celebrated portrait by Gérôme, also vigorously painted by the same hand. In another is a fine drawing of the great actress; further on a large painting, in the corner of which I read, '*A mon véritable ami, M. Émile de Girardin.*' Then there are the two following letters:—

"'PARIS, *January*, 1858.

"'I embrace you this new year. I little thought, my dear friend, in 1858, to be able still to send you my sincere affection.' "'RACHEL.'

"This was written in January. The next runs thus:—

"'PARIS, *April* 21, 1858.

"'Monsieur,—According to a letter dictated by Mdlle. Rachel on the day of her death, she leaves you, as a *souvenir*, a gold pen ornamented with forget-me-nots.'

"Poor great *artiste!*

"The foregoing notes were not taken yesterday: I was unable to do more than glance round at what I had before taken two hours to examine. It was on the occasion of my first visit to M. de Girardin. I had been begged to wait, and I had been forgotten! But I am not at all angry at the forgetfulness; if I am ever anything, it is to M. de Girardin I owe it."

It is evident that M. de Girardin is not displeased that his debtor should pay him in this coin.

But I have reserved my best illustration of the comfort it is, hereabouts, to live in glass houses till the last. In this instance no less an authority than M. Albéric Second is the writer. He introduces Alexandre Dumas in his kitchen, with great ingenuity. It seems that the culinary knowledge and skill of the author of "Monte Christo" had been called in question. Unhandsome detractors had said that M. Dumas could not serve up a dinner that should be worthy the knife and fork of a *gourmet*—a Monselet. M. Second had been reported as among the great Alexander's detractors; whereupon he writes:—"I had often heard that Alexandre Dumas *père* was as good a cook as author;

but in spite of the affirmation of persons who brought forward the proposition, a vague scepticism with regard to it floated in my mind. Criticise the romancist, the chronicler, the dramatic author, and Alexandre Dumas will allow you to say what you please, without taking the trouble to answer; but attempt to criticise the cook, and you will run the risk of being pierced through by his spit. How the author of 'Monte Christo' knew that I had not a blind faith in his culinary talents I am at a loss to imagine; but he evidently wished to prove to me how far I was unjust in the matter of his *ragoûts* and his sauces. 'I expect you to dine with me on Tuesday next at seven,' ran the note I received from him, 'and I warn you that I shall have a hand in all the dishes. You shall judge from experience.' Needless to say, I accepted; but, instead of arriving at seven, I made my appearance at 107, Boulevard Malesherbes, as the clock struck six, and I had my reasons for this. If Dumas has told me the truth, said I to myself, I shall take him by surprise in his kitchen; if, on the other hand, I find him in his room, his study, or his *salon*, I shall know what to think of it. I entered one of the sumptuous houses on the Boulevard Male-

sherbes, mounted a fine staircase, and rang at the door of an *appartement* on the third story. 'M. Alexandre Dumas?' I inquired. 'Yes, Monsieur,' replied a little groom. 'Can I see him?' again I inquired. 'No, Monsieur; he is busy,' was the answer. 'Ah! he is in his study, no doubt,' observed I. 'No, Monsieur,' replied the groom, 'he is in the kitchen.' Guided by a most savoury and appetising odour, I made my way into the antechamber, crossed a passage, and penetrated into the temple; here I found Dumas, without coat, collar, or cravat, his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows, agitating a large spoon in a dazzlingly-bright stewpan, while giving his orders at the same time to his cook and kitchen-maid, who executed them with the greatest promptitude and intelligence. 'So it is you!' cried Dumas, on seeing me. 'I suppose you know you are an hour too soon? You are not come to excuse yourself for to-night, I hope?' When one is in the wrong the best thing is to acknowledge it. I therefore frankly told him, without any beating about the bush, my motive for being beforehand in our rendezvous. Dumas, who is good-nature itself, pardoned me on condition of my going and awaiting his appearance in the *salon*,

where the other guests presently dropped in one by one. Our host quickly joined us, and at seven o'clock the groom threw open the door and announced, 'Monsieur is served.' O, dear, great man! whatever has been said,—whatever you may have said yourself touching your culinary science,—you cannot have said enough; and I call the guests of Tuesday to witness. What a success! what a triumph! —a *dîner bourgeois,* such as princes do not taste every day! We set out with a cabbage soup, at which Dumas had laboured for two days; then followed fried smelts. To these succeeded a jugged hare, followed by a *ragoût* of mutton *à la Hongroise.* Then came roast pheasants, *écrevisses à la Bordelaise,* and a salad of *mâches,* celery and beetroot. I pass over in silence the vegetables, *entremets,* and *rocher de glace* prepared by hireling hands. It may be interesting to observe that the hares and pheasants had been killed a few days before by our host himself, at a hunting party at M. Joubert's. It was difficult, as will be at once seen, to select simpler dishes, but impossible to eat anything better. I watched Alexandre Dumas when the solemn moment of mixing the salad arrived, as I am myself not without pretensions to a certain strength in this

department, so essential to every well-organised repast. In presence of the *chefs-d'œuvre,* which I saw seasoned before me, and which I tasted with a sensuality full of emotion and respect, it only remained to me to acknowledge my inferiority. I now confess it publicly. If, according to my advice, Alexandre Dumas would open a *restaurant* near the Champs de Mars during the Exhibition of 1867, a *restaurant,* be it understood, in which he would be the cook, I will undertake to say that he would realise 1,000,000f. in six months! Our host does not smoke, and in addition detests the odour of tobacco; so that there were no cigars. In spite of this privation—a greater one than he thinks—it was necessary to turn us out at one o'clock in the morning. Dumas gossipped on, and we were all but too happy to listen."

Dumas's reputation as a cook is now established, and people do not wonder about it here as they would in London. A few days since a friend of mine, a physician, *suddenly* invited two relatives, one of them a physician also, home to dinner. The lady of the house was horrified; not a scrap of dinner was prepared. "Never mind," said the Doctor, "we'll cook the dinner;" and he and his non-professional friend repaired to the kitchen, sent

for a pheasant, and in due time produced an exquisite dinner, including a *risotto* that was pronounced superb.

A friend, who is familiar with the press of Europe from St. Petersburg to Gibraltar, observed to me a few days ago that we should never reach the piquancy of French light literature, because English literary men—being Englishmen—are too reserved. We do not turn every boudoir we enter into material for copy. We take no account of Earl Russell's private habits. He might array himself in all the colours of the gay macaw to-morrow, and the phlegmatic *chroniqueur* of Albion would not give the fact to the world. We afford the world no account of our great men in their dressing-gowns; prudishly believing that our nose, how sagacious soever it may be, has not the smallest right to sniff under the covers of a public man's dinner-table in order to convey the rich vapours to the curious public. Our brother shall be in rags, and we will help him, God knows; but we decline to put his patches under the public eye for our own private gain. We turn no penny on his pain; nor do we put glass doors in his house, when he has a house, and make money by the show. It may be, as my friend says, that we hereby lose piquancy, and

that we are prudish; but then we are eccentric, phlegmatic islanders, and shall remain phlegmatic, in this sense, I trust, to the end of the chapter. We shall not copy the vivacity of M. Paul Féval, who turned his friend's poverty into paying "lines" a little while ago. People have been very severe with M. Féval on this account; but he only imitates the example of his literary neighbours. He lays his friend on the dissecting-table, and the crowd gathers round to learn from the professor where the subject was weak and where strong. Who has not dissected his friend with a lancet-edged pen before now? It is the literary custom of the country. Dr. Véron is a literary surgeon, who has his churchyard full of friends. How many learned knives have flourished over Balzac, Lamartine, the two Dumas, Gautier, Emile de Girardin, and a host of others? Once attract the notice of the Parisian public, and you must submit to the publication of an inventory of your furniture. The public eye watches your slumbers, and counts the number of your children. The beauty of your wife is criticised as freely as the merit of your printed page. Dr. Véron has published his new memoirs of a "Bourgeois de Paris." Well, just as he treats others is he treated. His critic, Adrien Marx, speaks

somewhat to this effect:—"When you are passing some morning along the Rue de Rivoli, while the sunlight gilds the summits of the Tuileries chestnuts, glance up at the balcony at the corner of the Rue Castiglione. You will see a bright old man, with a merry face and a mocking lip. From time to time a smile creases his lips, and a light flashes in the dark eye. He is thinking of his wealth and his fame. He is reflecting that chance only turned him from medical practice. He might have been merely a poor practitioner among the poor. Dr. Véron took possession of the apartment which he now occupies in 1847. Let us take an inventory of it. On his *marqueterie* desk shone two snuff boxes. 'This one,' said the amiable doctor, 'was given by the Emperor to Adam, the composer, who died like Aristides. His widow, anxious to build a mausoleum worthy of his fame, let me have the box for the sum which she wished to expend on this pious work.'"

Here follows a somewhat warm description of the story connected with another treasure that lay upon the doctor's desk; and then the *bourgeois* drew attention to his counterpane, on which was embroidered by Celestial fingers the Fête of the Emperor of China. From Chinese embroidery the reader's attention is

drawn to a portrait of Fanny Elssler. It was agreed by the critic and the author that people could not paint as well as the painter of the portrait, nor dance like the subject of the portrait, in these days.

In Dr. Véron's study a person dressed like a lady's companion, was writing at a desk covered with green cloth. The doctor whispered to his friend, "That is my secretary; she is a very learned woman, who writes to my dictation, for I never write myself. She was starving and wearing herself out at ill-paid embroidery; she proposed to come and help me, and we are content with each other. Now this is my life: I rise at seven, I fly to my balcony and draw in, with all the strength of my lungs, the oxygenised air of the Tuileries; I read the eighteen papers to which I am the faithful subscriber, and then I dictate my Memoirs. I breakfast very frugally, and return to work until two o'clock, the hour at which my carriage waits to convey me to the *Bois*. I trudge, as well as my poor legs will allow me, along the *Allée des Acacias*, and then I return hither to dine. I find waiting for me, especially on Mondays, my intimates, Auber, Albéric Second, Roqueplan, and my blind companion—a daily visitor. I generally go to the theatre in the evening,—above all, to the Opera;

the composer of "La Muette" bears me company, and delights me with his brilliant sallies! I was saying to him yesterday, 'Do you know, my dear Auber, that old age is very tiresome?' He answered, 'My good fellow, find out some new way of growing old.' There is a man for you who carries his eighty years bravely!"

This talk brought the author and the literary gentleman who was taking notes, to the dining-room. The doctor asked his visitor whether he had noticed the lack of pictures in his rooms, and proceeded to explain. "I got rid of them lately," he said, "and why?" The sale of the splendid furniture of Dr. Véron is announced. Crowds of amateurs and dealers precipitate themselves into my home, and peer at my frames. 'Is it possible to have such daubs about one?' cries the amateur. 'I never thought a love of spinach could be carried to the folly of plastering it upon one's walls,' says the dealer. Now these are funeral orations, which I would rather avoid. So I have not even a bit of still-life in my dining-room." But the absence of pictures is, in the estimation of M. Marx, compensated by plentiful and splendid plate. The critic's eye lingered lovingly upon a gold and silver service which the doctor bought, in 1848,

for, three thousand crowns, of Froment Meurice. But we need not linger to count the knives and forks in Dr. Véron's dining-room, since he is himself preparing the history of this dining-room, and will publish it in one volume. He will himself sing his mahogany-tree,—be the historian of his own hospitality. He will recount the deeds and *mots* of three sets of great men who have regaled themselves with the *ragoûts* of Sophie, his faithful *cordon bleu*. Sophie, M. Véron's cook, the good people of Paris are informed, wears a Norman cap, and has a Rabelaisian look. Tufts of hair adorn her upper lip and chin. She complimented M. Marx on his literary style. "Sophie," the doctor observed, "would be a treasure, if she didn't throw so much passion into her political discussions."—"Monsieur," answered Sophie, "one must learn to spice discussions as well as *ragoûts*." M. Véron concluded by asking M. Marx to his Monday dinners; and this gentleman informs his readers that he intends to enter a punctual appearance. So Paris is likely to know how many times Auber helps himself to green peas, and how Albéric Second mixes water with his wine. Decidedly our literature lacks this piquancy.

M. Adrien Marx has, beyond all doubt, outstripped

his fellow *chroniqueurs*. There is no place he fears to tread in search of "copy." The reader has just met him in M. Rothschild's kitchen, for which appearance, it seems, the Baron (who must be behind his time) has not forgiven him. He is unfortunate when he approaches cooks. Dr. Véron's Sophie is not pleased with him. He rejoices in her displeasure; he makes lines out of the Baron's anger. He laughs when Albéric Second tells him that he has caricatured Sophie, "who is an historical personage." "Go," M. Second writes to M. Marx,—"Go, one of these mornings, and beg pardon, and study your judge with all the attention she deserves; you will make the *amende honorable*, and confess your errors."

Peeping Adrien is ready to confess his slips, to ask pardon, and to turn an angry epicure to account; but he is not ready to close his "Parisian indiscretions." Has he not made his way into the schoolroom of the Prince Imperial, and served up the little fellow's chairs and tables and linen duly, to the readers of the *Evènement*, accompanied by a childish sketch perpetrated by His Imperial Highness! If the private apartments of the Tuileries be not closed to Peeping Adrien, what hope is there for people who have no sentinels at their gates?

Poor Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur had left the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, and gone to the Château de By, near Fontainebleau, in the fond, vain, hope of escaping from the pryings and importunities of travellers and indigenous intruders. She calculated without Peeping Adrien. Her porter may say to people who ring at her gates that Mademoiselle has gone out, and it is uncertain when she will return. This answer may turn away modest people; but Adrien only laughs at it. He has his column in his paper before him, and he has not travelled all the way from Paris to Fontainebleau for nothing. He was convinced by the firm denials of the old woman at Mdlle. Bonheur's gates that the lady was at home. He accordingly brought his "reserve battery—a letter of introduction—into the field, and said, "I am distressed that Mdlle. Bonheur is not at By. I have been sent to her on urgent business by one of her friends, who has given me this letter for her; give it to her, with my regrets." The gates were closed. Peeping Adrien was left at By, "where cutlets with anchovy sauce are myths, and where civilization penetrates once daily in the shape of *Le Petit Journal.*" Adrien indulged in the following reflections: "I will take a little walk. During this time Mdlle. Bonheur will read my letter, and, finding it signed

by an old friend, will scold her servant for having turned me away. On my return to the château, I shall be told that Mdlle. Bonheur has just come in, and awaits me with impatience."

But Peeping Adrien was wrong. He was refused admission on his second application. The old servant remarked, "Mademoiselle has not returned. Sometimes she dines at Fontainebleau. Sometimes she goes off for a fortnight, without saying a word to me. You know how eccentric artists are." Now a very young and simple *chroniqueur*, Peeping Adrien tells us, would have given up the pursuit at this point. But Adrien was an old hand. He argued, If Mademoiselle has received the note, she has broken it open. He asked for its return. This was impossible. So Mademoiselle cried out, "You must let in the intruder, who *will* disturb my solitude." In walked the triumphant Adrien, and he was at once taking notes. He saw before him a little, frowning fellow, shielded from the sun by an enormous straw hat, Stooping, he observed a beardless, bronzed face, lit up by "two brown eyes of ordinary size." The nose was fine; the mouth large, showing "in its hiatus" two superb rows of teeth. Long hair hung wildly upon the shoulders. The masculine figure said petulantly; "Who are you? whence do you come,

and what do you want?" The petulant one lifted *his* blouse and thrust *his* hands into the pockets of *his* grey velvet breeches. The hands were little, and so were the feet, albeit covered with rough, hob-nailed boots, made of unvarnished calfskin. M. Adrien Marx observed that he was a journalist from Paris, who wished to see Mdlle. Bonheur. "Look at her then," said the strange figure, lifting the enormous straw hat. M. Adrien at once observed that Mdlle. Bonheur's hair was white, and that her coarse linen shirt was held together at the throat by two diamond studs. The lady now melted, and said, "My dear Sir, excuse me. You must understand the measures I am compelled to take to keep off the profane. I know English people who have travelled 500 leagues to see me, and who, after having stared at me at their leisure, have gone off without saying so much as 'Thank you.' If talent make an artist a rare animal, it is not worth while trying to be one. You must understand, moreover, the loss of time. If you were writing an important romance, would you be pleased if an intruder came upon you in the heat of your subject, and loaded you with old compliments?" Here M. Adrien felt bound to make a feint of retiring; but Mademoiselle would not hear of it, because he was of "*la grande famille*." "Besides,

to-day," the lady added, "you'll not disturb me, for I am sheep-shearing!" Invited to witness this unsavoury part of farm labour, Peeping Adrien was told that if he did not like it the worse for him. "I have got one half sheared," said Mademoiselle, "and if I leave him so he will freeze on one side and broil on the other, and that will hurt him." Under the *chroniqueur's* eyes Mademoiselle sheared seven of her flock!

He then accompanied the lady to see her dogs, and goats, and horses—speaking freely of their breeding qualities by the way. "Do you shoot?" asked Peeping Adrien. "Yes, of course; but I am very clumsy. The only thing I do understand is rearing cattle. I was born to be a farmer, but fatality made me a painter. I am out of my true vocation." Hereupon M. Adrien rallied the lady, agreeing with her that painting was not her *forte*, and that he would look out for a place for her as ploughboy. Then they laughed heartily. Item in Peeping Adrien's notebook.

The thousand and one pretty and curious things in Mdlle. Bonheur's house are not passed over. The gothic chairs, the brass chandeliers, the family portraits, are set forth. The easels are described as covered with studies of stags and horses, preparations

for a great picture—a commission from abroad. "Oh, those foreigners!" the patriotic Peeping Adrien exclaims. Mdlle. Bonheur studies each individual of her great pictures apart, and then groups the whole. "In this way she draws £4,000 out of the coffers of wealthy Albion." Sometimes the lady is wilful, and will not sell at any price. A bit she holds to be superlatively good she keeps, and will not be tempted by gold. M. Adrien saw a sheepfold, with the name of M. de Rothschild chalked in the corner. The artist explained that she intended it for the millionnaire; but that now she had made up her mind to keep it for herself. "Perhaps," Peeping Adrien maliciously adds, "I am the first to give this bad news to the Baron. I am sorry because we have quarrelled since the '*affaire des cuisines*,' and I am afraid this will not mend matters." Mdlle. Bonheur's favourites are Troyon and Corot, and her rooms are full of these masters. At "dewy eve" Mdlle. Bonheur conducted her intruder graciously to her gates, telling him, by the way, that she painted, as a rule, eight hours daily.

Taking advantage of the appearance of M. Dumas the younger's new novel, "L'Affaire Clémenceau," Albert Wolff steps lightly in the wake of Peeping Adrien. But Wolff is as timid as a girl at her first

ball, when compared with the *rusé* Adrien. M. Wolff tells us that he accompanied M. de Villemessant when this gentleman went to M. Dumas's charming nest in the Avenue de Wagram, in order to tempt the author of the "Dame aux Camellias" to sell his new work for publication in the *Evènement*. The conversation between the editor and the novelist is given; and the latter is shown declining the most tempting offers, on the ground that it would spoil his work to cut it into bits for piecemeal publication in a daily paper. He would not sacrifice his art to bank-notes. He had copied "L'Affaire Clémenceau" five or six times "with his own hand," on the ground that he found he went most carefully over it in this way; and if he has now given it to the world, it is because he believes he has completed it in every part to the best of his ability. This will appear to bluff Englishmen very like a "puff preliminary," not at all distasteful to the chief bird in "the charming nest in the Avenue de Wagram." But then we are such a prosaic people, and do not know how to turn our "charming nests," when we have them, to account. We waste our domestic sweetness when we might turn it into solid ducats!

THE CLÉMENCEAU CASE.

PARIS, *August*, 1866.

THE younger Dumas has lost none of his power. His step is as light on the well-trodden ground as it was when first he touched it. He is a daring artist, dealing with a society that has, or should have, if shame were not well nigh dead in it, much to hide. He dissects it, and lays bare the whole disease. In the "Demi-Monde," the "Dame aux Camélias," and other dramatic pages, he has held the mirror up to Nature, in order to show his generation the brilliant, the amusing, the seductive, and the splendid side of vice. In the most masterly of his pictures of strong and startling contrasts he first shows us how divine a thing a woman may be made, only to drag her through the mire. The school-girl is painted in all the sweetness of bright and perfect innocence, only to be developed by a series of events

into the most inexcusably guilty of wives. The various power with which the descent is imagined and described, heightens the reader's resentment. The effect is dismal, and no generous mind will accept the conclusion which it conveys.

Where the younger Dumas flogs the vices of his time and country, where he lays his remorseless finger on the spotted fruit in his *panier à quinze sous*, he does good service. But we tire of one theme, rich and many as the variations on it are. We have had enough of the over-gilt boudoirs, the audacious sallies, the beflowered Victorias, the rapacity and the shameless eccentricities of the demi-monde—the *lorettes*, the *cocottes!*

The reading public are too familiar with the splendid vice of Paris already. A captivating aspect has been given to it: it has become a familiar presence, which the moral must condemn, but which does not shock them as it did when it was kept far in the distance. The *cocotte* lifts her *lorgnon*, in the Bois de Boulogne, at Madame la Comtesse, who is driving out with her daughters; and the Comtesse, in her turn, talks in her *salons* of the gaudy liveries and latest exploits of the *cocottes*. The subject is tolerated, nay, it becomes attractive, for it has a humorous

—a witty side! *Ces dames* provide the *chroniqueurs* with *mots*. The younger Dumas has brought them in vogue as a literary subject. His success has provoked imitation among the leading contemporary writers of France. Edmond About could not resist the subject of "Madelon:" but to describe the followers in the wake of the younger Dumas would occupy pages, not columns. The Second Empire will be marked in the historian's page as one of the literature of social vice. The honest and quiet paths of life are almost untrodden by the living romance-writers of France. Who dwells by the "untrodden ways" is safe from their observation. They gather their inspiration under the gas-lamps of Mabille, and their souls are stirred by the screech of Thérésa. The evil effect of this literature of immorality is only too apparent in the manners of the young generation of Frenchmen. Vanity leads even those whose natural inclination would have directed them safely through an honourable course of life, into the glittering sensuousness that is fashionable; and the *gandin* sports his mistress as he wears his *Gladiateur* collar round his neck.

To read the lighter journals of Paris—the *Vie Parisienne, Figaro,* and the like—the ingenuous

reader would imagine there was hardly a virtuous wife or a true husband within the fortifications. Every kind of comic aspect is given to marital unfaithfulness. What, I pray, are the opinions of that young generation likely to be that is fed upon such literature? Where can linger the respect for the mother in the mind that is hardly permitted to conceive such a thing as the honour of a wife? The young Frenchman finds the husband a comic character on his stage; he is in the nature of things a ridiculous thing—a creature made to be a dupe. "*Ma mère,*" it is true, still survives as an object of worship; but if "*ma femme*" be so disreputable, how can "*ma mère*" deserve such extravagant idolatry?

I confess I had some hope of finding that the younger Dumas had broken new ground in the "Affaire Clémenceau"; and that the force of his undoubted genius had been moved from the skirts of the Marguerite Gauthiers to the company of honest men and women. But here are only variations on the old air. Let the reader judge.—Pierre Clémenceau is a bastard. Born of a fault, he bears its curse in his earliest years. His schoolfellows call him the *beau Dunois,* and draw offensive caricatures "to his address" in copy-books. He is thrown back within

himself; he feels his shame, and the fire of hate is banked up within his young soul. A loving nature, with the wild beast at the back of it:—this is Clémenceau. He is fully and most artistically elaborated, until he becomes the close acquaintance of the reader. The younger Dumas has this power of realizing his characters to a marvellous degree; in this the secret of all, or nearly all, his popularity lies. His wit is not plentiful, nor of a very high quality; Méry, in this, was his master.

The pathetic, suffering phase of young Clémenceau's life is so well told and analyzed, that the reader is made to regret more and more the author's *penchant* for the frailties of women. The master hand that so deftly and delicately builds a temple, has no sooner fixed the cupola and raised the cross, than he begins the more congenial labour of undermining it. He seems to smile maliciously while the world contemplates his work; nor rests he until the broken cross is scattered over the *pavé!*

Pierre becomes an artist. At a ball he meets Iza, a Polish maiden, the child of a wandering great lady, who is seeking a splendid match for her daughter. The great lady is one of those gorgeous perambulating mysteries, which are plentiful in Paris and

other continental centres. Iza is a passionate girl, and she and the poor bastard artist love one another The ambitious mother, not finding a princely consort for her daughter, would sell her. Iza runs away to the arms of Clémenceau, and offers to be his model and his mistress. He marries her. Iza is painted in very warm colours indeed. She is an innocent but vagabond girl: there is gipsy blood in her. She loves Clémenceau passionately. Their honeymoon! Its raptures are set forth to the reader without reserve. The passion is at white heat; but we are told it is pure. Iza gives birth to a child. The artist-husband adores mother and son. To this point does the younger Dumas lead his readers. He has lured them up the height: wherefore? Iza, Clémenceau discovers, is a——well, she has had five lovers already! She sees nothing very unnatural in this. She is not smitten with remorse. We are told that she is a mistress by instinct—not a wife. She has the sensuality of the animal, with every grace and charm that could be found in the sweetest and noblest of women. Her infamy is a mission—which she is bound to accomplish. She smiles through her vagabondage in the realms of sensuous love, and turns mechanically from the deposed lover

to the new one, as the bee flies from the empty flower-cup to the virgin pollen of another.

Of course the forsaken artist Pierre rushes away from the scene of his disgrace. He flies to Rome with his friend Constantin Ritz. He lives a life of anguish. His art is not powerful enough to dispel or soothe his sorrow. The drama is not yet filled up, however. The younger Dumas does not leave a mesh of a web of infamy untied. Constantin returns to Paris, and Iza becomes his mistress. She has ripened into a prosperous courtesan. We approach the end. Pierre returns to Paris, and hies him direct to Iza's house. She owns that she is a courtesan—to be despised; but she tells him that she knows he loves her still. She implores him to be hers again—for a day—for an hour. "In other words, my wife is to be my mistress!" says Clémenceau, and he agrees. She falls asleep in the dead of the night, "calm as a virgin." "Then," says Clémenceau, "I pressed my left hand upon her forehead, pushed her head back, and, with the full strength of my right hand, I plunged the knife into her, under the left breast."

This is the skeleton of the story. It is pitilessly told. The reader is startled over one page, and he

shudders over the next. M. Dumas never could understand the use of a veil. He opens wide the doors, and cries to the world, "Behold!"

I wish, for one, that, with his power of realization, and with the serious mind and intention which underlie his romances, he would paint some honest household scenes; and let the world know that there are happy wives, and simple, virtuous women, left in France.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH ADDISON.

PARIS, *August*, 1866.

ADDISON is not dead—not a *mauvais petit mort*—like Shakspeare, the twin-spirit of Alexandre Dumas. The *Spectator* is to be supplemented by a French volume or two. The spirit of the great man has arisen, according to *L'Evènement*, in order to have the honour of addressing some "New Letters" to M. de Villemessant. "J. Addison" is to survey the Boulevards, comment on the social anomalies, vices, and immoralities of the hour, and, in short, to amuse M. de Villemessant's subscribers. But before making his observations on French men and things, Addison treats M. de Villemessant's readers to a little auto-biography. He betrays a laudable desire to make a clean breast of it. He says he died of dropsy.—

"To have drunk so much whisky, strong beer, gin, usquebaugh, and dozens of Bordeaux—to have emptied

so many generous pints to the eternal health of old England, and to have burst like a skin overfilled with Thames water—was not this a piteous ending! I confess that it is not without a certain posthumous shame, which my countrymen will understand, that I venture to recall the aquatic termination of an existence that was watered with so many generous liquids. But fie on these recollections! After a century and a half of sleep, I find myself alive and as well again as if I were still carousing at the Brothers' Club, with Pope, and Congreve, Samuel Johnson, and, above all, with thee, O my dear Dean of St. Patrick!

"I am Joseph Addison, the poet, the journalist, the Whig, the boon companion; with my tender moments and my sarcastic moments. I need not say how I have returned from those shores which are usually seen only once. I will only observe that I have not been spirited back by an American or a French medium. I decline to be used by any of the thaumaturgists who make exhibitions in your public rooms. I have nothing to do with your Mr. Home, or Davenport, or Dellaage. I come of my own accord, sir, to pass the holiday which has been graciously given me by the director of the great theatre beyond the tomb."

It must be surely conceded that the spirit of Addison, translated to Paris, does not attack the new condition of things *de main morte*. Addison comes prepared to glance at contemporary society in Paris, and to study the manners, literature, and politics of the Second Empire. He promises the naked truth, as befits his independence. He recognises in M. de Villemessant a journalist "to the tips of his fingers." He rapidly recounts to him his travels in Europe, and how he entered upon letters under the wings of Lords Somers and Halifax. He hopes that great personages still deign to patronize poets, and enable them to travel as pensioners. He relates how, on his return to England, he found his former friends in disgrace. He could hardly pay his score at the chocolate houses or at the Kit-Cat Club; but presently the battle of Blenheim was fought, and he made his bargain with Lord Godolphin, obtained his appointment, and presently "The Campaign" was written. It would seem that he was purveyor of incense to the great, and kept very nice scales indeed; and never gave a peppercorn in. "I have said nothing to you about my home," says Addison to Villemessant. "It was the refuge neither of love nor of gaiety. I had enjoyed the dismal vanity of

marrying a woman of rank superior to my own. Haughty, sour, rigid and sad, the Dowager Countess of Warwick always treated me less as a husband than as a serf. She never consented to look upon me as her equal. In vain did I fill England with my name. In vain was I regarded as one of the men of genius of my century. In vain did I win fortune and power. She never ceased to see anything more in me than a proud *parvenu.*" But the poet took his revenge. He says, "I consoled myself by assiduously cultivating the acquaintance of the great spirits of my time. Oh, those delightful gossips, with our elbows upon the table, in clouds of smoke and amid the clatter of pots! How the Calf's Head Club, the Authors' Club, resounded with our Shakspearean laughter! What spirit, what sarcasm, what jollity there was in those haunts where the most illustrious writers of our free England did not disdain to get royally drunk! With what delight we breathed together the acrid but fresh perfumes of the humour —that wild flower of the national spirit! O the glorious times! and how sorry I am to be dead, if London have kept up our traditions!"

M. Addison adds, that his dearest remembrance is that of having been the chief contributor to the

Spectator. He refers to his glorious companion in "labour and patriotic debauchery," Richard Steele, as the real creator of the English Press. He explains how the work was written: "Without asperity, but without weakness, we made war against the absurdities, the contradictions and the vices of our time. Did we correct the public morals? I doubt it; but we suppressed many abuses, and at any rate we solved the difficult problem of amusing honest folk. Were we free from the vices with which we reproached others? Alas! not always. More than once it was at our Bacchanalian meetings,—at the Trumpet, for instance,—while the ale flowed about us, upon us, in us,—that we wrote, our eyes heavy with the vapours of the beer, thundering invectives against drunkards and drunkenness. It is true, that in my time no thorough Englishman disdained the pleasures of Silenus and the excesses of Falstaff. I believe this is no longer the case. But in my time it went to this extent, that lords and ladies of the Court rivalled one another in intemperance, without arousing the indignation of anybody."

With this introduction, Addison promises a new *Spectator*, to be composed, he says, "alas! without

the help of that good and *spirituel* Richard Steele." He declares war against the "grotesques and the *malfaisans*, who at the present time abound in French society and in French literature." He has taken to himself as a secretary and help through this crusade, a well-tongued, honest, learned young man, called Bienvenu. "He has been warmly recommended to me," says Addison, "as a poor devil, who, in spite of his merit, is unable to get a living." The good Addison is surprised that a young fellow who includes so many precious qualities should not be able to get a position worthy of them. He is answered in the slang of the hour, that Bienvenu wants *toupet* and has no *chien*. The innocent Joseph, not knowing that *toupet* means actually "cheek," and that *chien* is equivalent for "go," replied in his simplicity, that if all Bienvenu required were a toupee and a dog, he would provide him with them. Then Addison and Bienvenu opened their pilgrimage, by entering a public reading-room. Addison was astounded at the number and various forms of the periodicals; but on a close examination of them, he found that they nearly all contained the same dishes—re-hashed. He asked Bienvenu how it was that so many papers,

in so many respects alike, appeared. Bienvenu made answer and said, "How is it that there are so many bakers in Paris, where all the bread is made with the same flour?" Next, the difference between great journalism and little journalism is explained to the wondering author of the old *Spectator*. How, for instance, the *Grand Journal*, which will cover a dining-table, belongs to the Little Press. Addison spends half a day in the midst of the Paris papers; whereupon some reflections. Satire should be put aside, because now it can be expended only on generalities. In the last two centuries the writer, when condemning hypocrisy, might unmask the hypocrite. Now, all kinds of precaution and reserve are necessary. Voltaire could no longer write direct at his enemies; and for himself and Steele, if they were to write now as they did in their lifetime, they would have more than enough duelling on hand. Even literary criticism has degenerated. In the good old time, the author saw in the criticism which condemned him, only the free judgment of a sincere mind. But now, every writer who is condemned attributes his condemnation to the jealousy, or envy, or personal animosity of his critic. Every writer who is not proclaimed a man of genius, becomes the enemy of his critic.

Again, Addison falls foul of the French publishers, who issue new books with long unblushing puffs of them, written in their shops. I think most people would agree with Monsieur Addison, that this custom is one persevered in to the shame both of publisher and author. The author of the *Spectator* has not quite got rid of his old habit of confounding hypocrisy, by unmasking the hypocrite. He puts his finger on an instance. M. Dentu has just published a new story, by Emmanuel Gonzalès, entitled "Amours du Vert Galant." The publisher is not at all inclined to wait for the critics. He puffs his own merchandise. "It is remarkable," he says, "for its dramatic interest, as well as for its comic force. It is brilliant and full of energy." "Now let us be precise," says Addison; "this is perfectly ridiculous." According to the publisher, it is just a *chef-d'œuvre;* neither more nor less. From this little lesson Addison turns to a deplorable incident, which has just happened in the French literary world. A young soldier in the literary camp has been borne to the earth under the crushing fardel of his distresses. He died of want, and he is buried. "Surely there is a question that has not been buried in the grave of poor Malbousquet,—a question quite as important as that of discovering whether Paul Blaquière is the

veritable father, or only the godfather, of "La Femme à Barbe!" Malbousquet died in harness. He worked under galling privations, with *Nulla dies sine linea* over his humble desk, till the pen fell from the spent fingers, and the wrist was nerveless and the brain was dim. He lies in a village churchyard, and he has had his five lines in the necrology of the daily papers. And is all said? Monsieur Addison remarks, "I ask for literary men neither pensions, nor sinecures, nor alms of any description; but I desire that they should learn to protect themselves. What! the compositors have known how to create societies through which they are cared for in illness, and provided for when work fails them; and what they do—they who live by our brains—we cannot do for our own fraternity! We cannot be united and strong! Ah! how sad a family are we! I turned to Bienvenu and said, "There are still men of letters in France, then, who die of hunger?" Bienvenu shrugged his shoulders, and replied, 'You see, they are just the Irishmen of France.'"

It would seem that Joseph Addison has come to life again, at the bidding of M. de Villemessant, with all that was English in him wrung out of him. He is Monsieur Addison, possibly Monsieur Addison de

Miston. Should he remain long in Paris, he will be Monsieur de Miston—*tout court;* and we shall see his shadow moving along the Boulevard des Italiens about sundown, daintily nibbling the point of a toothpick! He has already cast critical eyes on the buttonholes of the literary men whom he has elbowed. He must have been astonished at the number of the ribands. He has been bold enough to publish his speculations on the value of them to men of genius; saying that the consciousness of talent is the reward of talent. But he discovers, I think, a sneaking partiality for a red rosette; and while he is pleasant and playful on the crowd of literary candidates who crave the Cross of the Legion, he has become, I suspect, already Frenchman enough to think that the upper left hand buttonhole looks more finished with an honour blushing in it than without one. Be this as it may, however, he has picked up a fair anecdote:—

A feeble, dandified little writer of stories said the other day, "Monselet is too fond of suppers and orgies. I shall be decorated before him. His books recommend him, but his life is against him, while there is nothing against me."—"Except the contrary," replied a very dear friend.

THE FRENCH ART-EXHIBITION OF 1866.

PARIS, *June*, 1866.

MOST of the French critics are agreed that the Art-Exhibition of their country for the present year, which fills half the Palais de l'Industrie, is a tantalizing one. It includes much that is admirable and very much that is execrable. An exhibition that is open to all comers must necessarily contain a great proportion of mediocre works. The Committee of Selection — a representative body—have, after due deliberation, selected 3,338 works of art, as worthy of exhibition, in the present year. This vast amount of Art-work is divided, as meat was by authority divided lately in this city—into categories. Those which the Committee have selected are within the competition for prizes, or within the first category; the second cate-

gory consists of pictures to which the State gives place upon the walls. This latter category includes so large a proportion of the Exhibition, that the traveller through the spacious galleries is worn out with the number of indifferent and bad works that thrust themselves upon his attention. The desert is broad, and the oases are wide asunder. It is only in the chief or square room—*Salon Carré*—that the contemplation of a series of pictures, all good and some most excellent, can be enjoyed. In this room are collected the best pictures of the Exhibition. It is honour, indeed, to be on the line here. It is the happy, fruitful place, with the canvas deserts stretching east and west. Visitors enter the Exhibition between heavy folds of Gobelins—an elegant and appropriate opening to an Exhibition of Art. Some fine tapestry breaking the straight lines of the entrances would lend a new grace to the annual Exhibition in Trafalgar Square.

As usual, on entering this square room, we are in the midst of war-deeds of French valour. Mounds of slaughtered foes, well-known livid green and yellow heads, almost thrusting themselves out of the corners of the frames, with the First Napoleon or the Third dominating the carnage, still abound,

and the public never tire of them. *Piou-Pious* and *Pékins* gloat over them. They are the delight of French boys. There cannot be too many records of French glory. "The Retreat from Moscow," the "Batterie des Hommes sans Peur," "La Garde meurt," every battle, and every incident of battle, of the First and Second Empires, are subjects dear to the pencil of every rising painter. There is a great market for them. The State buys acres of reflected glory. It glows from the walls of prefectures and sub-prefectures. It lights up provincial Art-galleries, and makes—to put the dot on the *i*—a splendid advertisement for the Napoleon dynasty. There is no lack of red breeches, of cavalry charges, of bivouacs and tented fields. On entering the square room the visitor is in the midst of war. Over his head is spread a broad canvas of the Battle of Solferino, by M. Rigo. Napoleon, splendidly mounted, occupies the centre of the scene—a calm figure in the midst of all the turmoil and crash of war. Excited and dusty battle-stained soldiers are presenting him with the torn flags and the guns just taken at Cavriana. The foreground, muddy blue in tone, is heaped with wounded great-coats, and out of this tumbled foreground stands a heavy grey cross, which has not been

turned to artistic advantage by the painter. The whole picture—a dull grey-blue in tone, backed by a flat sky without a ray of light in it—is harsh. There are some excellent drawing and grouping in it, however. Under this great canvas is a little picture, in which we find new treatment of that very old subject, "La Garde meurt." The brave, stern old guards are finely and freely drawn—desperate, determined men, looking, without one touch of fear, into the very jaws of death. While we were looking at poor Bellangé's last work in this world, a group of Frenchmen pressed round, and one pointed to the rest with great glee, saying, "Look, look; here are the English!"—the English being a few red-coated bodies brightening the foreground. This is the work of a most earnest, studious artist. It is a work, moreover, that has an affecting story attached to it. Only a few hours before his death, Bellangé had this canvas put upon his bed, and his dying hand gave it the last touches. You see there is valour that is not of the battle-field. "Le peintre meurt, mais il ne se rend pas." In the Exhibition there is another military picture by Bellangé, "The Repulsed Squadron."

It is a work of great power, both as regards drawing and grouping. The wounded dragoon on the fright-

ened horse, in the centre of the picture, is an admirable conception. War is at white heat. Let us pass the military pictures in rapid review. M. Armand Dumaresq has "The Charge of the Cuirassiers at Eylau." In the centre of the canvas we have a shell bursting in the midst of a squadron. The reader can imagine the dying and dead horses and men. They are in hopeless, confused piles, with a great cloud of clammy, grey smoke spread above them. The picture is crude. The smoke is as flat as a table-cloth. As we were moving away from it, we heard the excited voice of a little boy, tugging at his father's coat-tail towards the picture, piping, "Here, here, papa; here's *another* battle!" The Zouaves are the military darlings of the Parisians. Their thefts and scampish ways delight them; for, above all, the Zouaves are brave. "Le Zouave est un *vrai lion*," says the popular song. M. Beaucé has taken up these popular military scamps, and with some humour. The scene is the encampment of the Third Zouaves at San Jacinto, in Mexico. The gallant fellows, putting their morals in their baggy breeches' pockets, are providing savoury morsels for the *gamelle*. A grim, malicious Zouave, in a cool corner, is watching the capacious kettle warming

over a brushwood fire: and to the right, triumphant marauders are returning laden. The foremost has a little pig held round his neck by the four legs, like a comforter. His black eyes gleam with malicious pleasure; and his companion, who carries three or four fowls by the neck in each hand, is equally vain of the prowess he has shown in a neighbouring farmyard. The picture is firmly and picturesquely conceived. Mr. John Lewis Browne, of Bordeaux, sends a study of a Cavalry School, the figures of which are charming for neat drawing and fresh colouring. M. Cabasson supplies a contribution to the glory of the Napoleons, in the shape of a picture of the "Return from Elba," as sharp and clear and bright as figures on papier-maché. In the charnel-house school of painting there is nothing much more horrible or—it may be, to the Parisians—attractive, than M. G. Clairins's "Episode from *The Conscript of* 1813, by Erckmann-Chatrian." It is a cartload of wounded and dying soldiers, with the proper green and blue faces and bandages; with a corpse in the foreground half-buried in grass, to lead up to the principal horrors of the scene. M. Clairins must have studied his flesh-tints at the *Morgue*. M. Hersent's "Square of Infantry in the Crimea" has no particular merit.

But in the two military pictures of Janet Lange there is some good painting, somewhat after Horace Vernet's manner. The first is a led horse, loaded with wounded soldiers: with a foot-soldier, his head covered with a white bandage, smeared with blood, clutching at the horse's mane. In the second, we have a dead soldier, watched by a faithful dog. At a distance, M. Protais's picture of a wounded soldier looks like a warrior of the line reclining in a gigantic bowl of salad. The harsh, unbroken green, jars against the blue-grey of the figure. The effect, painted on a large scale, may be conceived. Undoubtedly, among the leading attractions of the Exhibition this year is M. Robert Fleury's "Episode of the Polish Insurrection." It is a chapter of horrors. Wives and widows and children are thrown weeping, imploring, and fainting, amid the wounded and the dying of Sigismond's column, as they found themselves at Varsovia, on the 8th of April, 1861, hemmed in by the Russian troops. The variety of character, the truthful studies of expression, the massing of the compact crowd, the stern calmness of the noble-featured Poles, are so many fine qualities in this remarkable picture. The horror is piled up and intensified: The blood, the wrath, the agony, are remorselessly

realized. It is a heartache in a frame: a heartache which was bought by Count Branicki for £800.

Opposite the principle entrance to the galleries, and in the *Salon Carré*, is a picture that occupies nearly one side of the room. It is a startling one, seen from afar. It is divided into three compartments, two of which are painted in thin brown. The middle canvas is ablaze with colour. The figures are all life-size. M. Dubufe's subject is 'The Prodigal Son,' and upon his broad central canvas he shows the flushed spendthrift, "wasting his substance with riotous living." The main defect of the picture is that the eye is not led up to its central interest. Which is the Prodigal Son? spectators ask by the dozen. It is a scene rather of separate episodes than one in which the bye-play leads, as it should, to the dominant interest. To the right, there are gambling and drinking. In the centre, and to the left, are groups of passionate disorderly women: a series of finished Academy studies. Then, slightly raised above these, are the women fawning upon a swarthy young man, clad in scarlet. The colouring of this, the main group—the green and white of the women's drapery, cast about the glow of the prodigal's dress—make the best passage of colour in the picture. The

figure of the prodigal son, however, is the failure of the picture. The swarthy, regular face wants fire and passion. It should explain the scene by its intensity. All the actors in presence should be obviously the creatures of the prodigal son; whereas it does not appear that it is his substance that is being wasted in the riot and the debauch. There is no emotion in his figure. His uplifted arm seems to remain in the air for lack of power to lower it. Some of the studies of the loosely-robed, flushed female figures are rich in grace; but the groups are not held together. The picture wants depth. There are no half-tints in it—no waves of light that pass along the scene. The sky in the background is in lines, like a blue and yellow striped curtain. There is abundant evidence of power in the painter to do a great work. There are great artistic insight and learning upon this canvas; but we cannot accept it as the supreme effort of M. Dubufe's genius. The two brown compartments, that complete the story, are an ugly contrast to the bright centre. To the left, the exhausted prodigal is feeding swine, and would fain fill his belly with the husks that the swine are eating; to the right, the father is receiving home the repentant boy. Here, M. Dubufe has made a

mistake. The father is on his threshold welcoming back his son; whereas we are told that even when the son was a great way off, "his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

There are few remarkable portraits in the Exhibition. Perhaps the finest for delicacy, refinement, and for purity of colouring, is M. C. Jacquand's 'Portrait of the Countess Mimerel.' It is the portrait of an elderly lady, full of dignity and sweetness. Age appears a grace, so well is it borne. M. A. Loudet's portrait of General Renault, senator, is a remarkable work. The head is well studied, and is, albeit highly finished, full of strength. It is an ideal head of a soldier. It is a pity that the eye is led from it by the bright red of the *grand cordon*, and the trousers, and the gold lace. These kill the face. M. A. Tissier's portrait picture, called 'The Completion of the Louvre,' is probably meant to be an historical work. M. Visconti, the architect, is presenting and explaining his plans to the Emperor and Empress, who are sitting at a little table, with their ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting around them. All the figures are wanting in dignity. The portrait of the Empress, with a yellow tint thrown across it,

is a libel; and the figure and face of the Emperor are ungainly and common-place. Now, whatever may be the personal defects of the Third Napoleon, no observer could truthfully say that his appearance was common-place. We have only to contrast this rendering of him with that of M. Cabanel, in last year's Exposition, to see the difference between the wise observant artist, who can select and reject, and the mediocre artist who can only copy from Nature.

Before turning to the landscapes, a few words on the two gems exhibited by M. Blaise Desgoffes. They are studies of flowers, jewels, china, and fruit. The rich colours, exquisitely blended, are delightful to the eye. The finish is wonderful, while every touch is free and sharp. The ivory cup in No. 559 is perfect for texture and beauty of colour. We can give these two delightful works no higher praise than that of saying they are fully equal to the pictures M. Desgoffes exhibited last year. The qualities as a painter which M. Desgoffes possesses, he possesses in perfection. He is a brilliant colourist.

First among landscape-painters in the Exhibition, this year, stands Théodore Rousseau. He exhibits two studies in the forest of Fontainebleau. One is sunset; and the glory of Orion setting in the west,

laying "fiery fingers" through the depths of forest foliage; here leaving deep shades of olive green, and there burnishing the leaves into showers of gold; could not be more delightfully put upon canvas. The full blaze of the setting sun upon a thin row of trees to the left of the picture, where every leaf is a leaf of gold, is an exquisite bit of beauty.—François Bonheur's cattle-piece is a fair and skilful picture, much in the manner of his illustrious sister Rosa.—M. E. Fromentin's charming landscape, full of beautiful bits of light and shade, is enlivened and completed by the march of the wandering tribe of Arabs; some being borne across the stream, and others toiling up a steep, but all in picturesque confusion, and presenting charming accidents of colour.—A view of the Roman Campagna, by M. Lanoue, is a broad, airy landscape, flooded with Italian sunlight.—But what have we here? A horrible bit of patchwork of dabs of colour, without harmony, without beauty of any kind. It is called 'A Turkish Cemetery, beyond the Adrianople Gate, Stamboul,' and is perpetrated by M. J. J. A. Laurens. Would they admit it to the Art-Gallery of the Panthcon in Oxford Street?—But here is something stranger still. A figure closely bound, as in a winding-sheet, in white drapery

patched with gold. The young person is loaded with flowers, as dry as artificial flowers on a lodging-house chimney-piece; and with a face—well, fair enough for such flowers. The catalogue informs us that this is 'Ophelia.' A spectator can only shrug his shoulders and pass on, and be merciful, bearing in mind that the mistake is by a lady.—In the whole Exhibition there is not a finer bit of colour, a sweeter landscape, than that marked 'Le Crépuscule,' by M. F. H. Nazon.—A view of Florence, in water-colours, by Clara Montalba, is a charming study; finished, yet with the strength and freshness of a sketch in it.

In a vast miscellaneous collection of paintings like this, which stretches along the broad galleries of the Palais, it is impossible to avoid doing a little injustice. Unknown genius may be lurking in a corner, and may be passed unregarded. But there is this comfort: genius must prevail; unless indeed the patience be wanting, as in the case of the poor boy, who, at the opening of the Exhibition, finding his work rejected, fetched it away heart-broken, and in the night shot himself. There are many ambitious pictures in the galleries. There is much ambition that has o'erleaped itself. All the scriptural subjects—all

the religious subjects—are poor and mean. Perhaps M. C. H. Michel's deserve exception from this general condemnation; and Mercadé's picture of the body of St. François d'Assise claims mention, not for any power of idealization, not for any dignity that is in it, but for some good drawing. The picture itself is muddy in tone. Ste. Claire, followed by her nuns, is kissing the hands of the corpse—a corpse that suggests the charnel-house, and not the church. As we looked at this picture, our thoughts wandered to that "Death of Ste. Claire," by Murillo, which was lately sold out of the Aguado collection. Between Murillo and Mercadé, of Barcelona, there is an incline indeed! "The First Interview of Machiavel with Cæsar Borgia," by M. Faruffini, of the Academy of Pavia, is a striking picture; both the figures are well studied and conceived, and there is intellectual light in the two heads. Spanish art is more strongly represented than usual, by Antonio Gisbert and Eduardo Zamacois, the latter being a pupil of Meissonnier. M. Gisbert's "First Interview of François the First with his betrothed, Eleanora of Austria," is, perhaps, on the whole, the best historical picture in the Exhibition. The colour is admirably balanced; the figures are all full of dignity, and the two prin-

cipal subjects, the king and his betrothed embracing, are charming. The king appears a most kingly, and at the same time, tender suitor. M. Zamacois has painted the entry of the *torreros*, in their rich and gaudy attire. The fellows are broad-shouldered, with determined, bull-like faces; they are all dissimilar in feature, but akin in expression. M. Meissonnier has a worthy pupil. Apropos of Meissonnier, he should be congratulated on the promising appearance made by his son. Jean Charles Meissonnier has two cabinet-pictures in the Exhibition, of which it cannot be said only that they are full of promise: they are delightful studies, and show the son to be worthy of the father. The picture called "Taking Tea," is painted very much in the manner of the elder Meissonnier. The two figures, an elderly man and an elderly lady conversing across a little elegant tea-table, are both delightful, life-like, graceful inspirations. The texture of the lady's blue velvet jacket against the white satin skirt, and then, again, the white satin against the snowy linen of the cloth upon the table, prove how successfully the son has studied under the father. The rich, transparent brown of the screen behind, the finished details, show a patient skill that promises the world a second Meissonnier equal to the first. Among the miscellaneous pictures, is an excel-

lent one by Charles Moreau, called "Convalescence." The old man's querulous expression is a true bit of Nature, and the entire picture is well painted. The two studies of Eastern women,—the "Armenian" and the "Femme Fellah,"—by Charles Landelle, are two beautiful examples of this artist's genius: the colour in both is rich and clear, and the heads are fine types of the highest eastern beauty. M. Marie's little Italian girl is a rare rich study, worthy of Decamps. M. Marchaux's "Cleopatra," at full length upon the earth, is finely conceived; there is a wild and savage glow in the dark eyes, that burn out of the canvas. It is a passionate face, hoping, waiting, expecting. "The Wife of Potiphar meditating her Revenge" is a picture that should not be passed over. The face of the woman, just risen from her couch, has an intense expression of passion. The entire figure is finely drawn and posed; it is by M. H. F. Chopin. "The Confessional," by J. Tissot,—a mysterious, graceful lady in black, who has evidently had much to confess,—draws a sympathetic crowd. Painted incidents in the life of Buonaparte or Josephine, whether well or ill executed, are never without eager spectators. In M. Viger Duvignau's "Souvenir de Malmaison," the Emperor is presenting a rose to Josephine, who is surrounded by her ladies. A

more lifeless group of dolls, the Empress included, could hardly be painted. Yet it makes impressionable Parisian ladies cry, "Cette pauvre Joséphine!"

The leading nudity of the Exhibition, is the "Femme au Perroquet," by Gustave Courbet. It is already photographed, and in every shop-window. It is a finely-drawn reclining figure of a woman toying with a parrot. The skill and power of the artist are undoubted. He is a master of drawing. But conceive such a subject in the English Royal Academy! There is neither dignity in it, nor classic warrant for it. But this year has been fruitful in subjects that would shock, not only Mrs. Grundy, but very many much less sensitive people. M. St. Pierre's "Sleep of the Nymph," from one of André Chénier's Idyls, is perhaps the purest in tone and treatment of the wholly undraped school. But MM. E. Leroy, J. J. Lefebvre, A. E. F. Lecadre, V. H. Juglar, and Adolphe Jourdan are sinners with their brush, from whose canvas people hurry on apace.

We must not forget two exquisite bits of Breton life, by Eugène Leroux. The "Breton Servant" is worthy of Wilkie. M. Fortin's "Beggar Boy" is an excellent study from life, that would please many English connoisseurs.

The sculpture, thrust this year into a long, narrow place, which the *Evènement* calls a "*cave*" (the writer should have seen our old Sculpture Gallery at the Royal Academy!) includes many works of average merit. The dead Abel, of Feugères des Forts, is the most prominent—we are not sure that it is not the best—of the 300 large and small works massed in the sculpture corridor. M. Carpeaux's design for the Pavilion of Flora, at the Tuileries, is full of original power. The subject is not a little pretentious. It is Imperial France carrying light through the world, and protecting Agriculture and Science. M. Carrier-Belleuze has some works remarkable for those special excellences which have made him a favourite among the bronze-workers of Paris.

We had nearly forgotten a rich bit, among the drawings. It is Epsom Races, by a Belgian artist, M. Van Elven. The drawing is a very fair one. But, strange to say, there is not an English man or woman on Epsom Downs. The women in the front are French from head to foot; and an indecent episode in the corner, completes the foreign atmosphere which M. Van Elven has contrived to throw over our great national race.

A VERY PARDONABLE ERROR.

[The following stories are charmingly told, and are excellent examples of feuilleton literature.]

Last summer, while staying for bathing at a little seaport town on the coast of Caen, I made the acquaintance of Father Monceau, professor of swimming. This man was a miser, whose avarice was notorious. He lived on black bread and the refuse of fish which he himself caught; he drank nothing but water, which in that part of the country costs nothing; and his garments were always of the coarsest and commonest description, and patched, besides, in a dozen places. And yet his means must have been, at the least, easy, to judge from the profits of his various trades. One day, on entering the salle-à-manger of my hotel, the Soleil-Levant, I observed a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, sitting working

at a window. She raised her eyes on my entrance, then dropped them, and continued her work, without further noticing my presence. I saw, however, that she was very pretty, with regular and delicate features. On inquiring of my hostess, I found that she was the daughter of Monceau. "And the true child of her father," added Mdme. A. "You see how she is dressed. Look at her clothes; and yet she is always at work, and earns more than enough to enable her to dress even well."

"The avarice of Father Monceau is detestable enough," returned I; "but in such a young girl it is repulsive."

On entering my room I found there a letter from one of my college friends, Ernest Préaux, who resided in the neighbouring town. Hearing that I was not far off, he had written, begging me to go and see him, that we might renew our old friendship. It was a strange nature that of Ernest Préaux. At five-and-twenty he had the manners of a cold and austere moralist of forty. He was clever; had read much and retained much. We had left college together, and had afterwards met again as students—he of law, I of medicine. He seemed pleased that we should be at once on our old familiar footing together, but

he preserved his habitual calmness and taciturnity. I fancy that the extreme sombreness of his character was in part owing to a disappointment he had met with. A young girl to whom he had been engaged had deserted him, and given her hand to another. Her perfidy had deeply wounded him; he was so young, so inexperienced; and he had now become utterly sceptical with regard to woman and woman's constancy. Another circumstance had also, perhaps, helped to make him what he was. He had lost his parents at ten years of age. They had both died of grief and anxiety at seeing the honour of their house imperilled. His father had been robbed of a considerable sum, and had immediately been declared bankrupt. The suddenness and shame of this brought on an attack of apoplexy, to which he succumbed. The mother, who had been in delicate health, was unable to bear up against so many misfortunes, and in a week followed her husband to the grave. Then came all the long and weary business of liquidation, at the end of which the poor little orphan was found to be the inheritor of the modest annual income of 600f. His prospects as regards education, therefore, would have been of the scantiest, but that his guardian one day received, on his account, the sum of 1500f.,

together with a letter of a few words, bearing no signature, stating that the same amount would be paid annually on that day to the son of M. Préaux.

The next day I proceeded to the house of Ernest's former guardian, with whom he was passing his holiday. He received me most cordially.

"I wanted particularly to see you again," said he, "for a few months later I shall be unable to do so."

"Why?" said I.

"Because I intend to become a monk of La Trappe," he answered.

"My dear Ernest," said I, "I am perfectly aware of your capacity for silence, and it is a precious gift in a monastery; but I have not forgotten the violent onslaughts you used to make against a monastic life."

"I was wrong," replied Ernest. At any rate, right or wrong, I feel now that I require calm and solitude. I want to try and deaden my heart. I must *forget*. This is why I intend to turn Trappist. There are philosophers who cry up memory as the essential base of all intelligence. It is possible; but it is sometimes a very sad gift. To remember is to suffer, either in the past, present, or future. Better at once to forget."

"Come," said I, "I see you are not yet yourself. In love affairs the only cure is indifference: you are at present only at Despair."

"You are wrong," replied Ernest. "I have thorough contempt for the person you allude to; I detest all women, and that one in particular."

I usually paid my visit to Ernest between eight and nine in the morning, but I found several times that he had risen very early, and had already had a long walk when I got there. I proposed, therefore, to go earlier, that I might be his companion on these occasions; but he answered me evasively, and in such a manner that I at once fancied he had a secret connected with these excursions. Although his reserve piqued my curiosity, it was chance alone that discovered to me the reason for it. One morning I arrived at his house a little earlier than usual, but he had already left; and on walking on I saw him, within gunshot, crossing the fields. I hurried after him; but before I could reach him he had disappeared into a little cabin thickly shaded with trees. "Ah!" thought I, "now I shall catch him up. My future Trappist has probably retired there to meditate on the vanity and falsity of all human affection." But the thought had scarcely crossed my mind, when I

perceived the flutter of female garments, the wearer of which appeared to me to enter the cabin. I approached gently, and heard two voices in tête-à-tête; one was feminine, the other was Ernest's. My curiosity was greatly excited, and, I confess it, I drew close and peeped between the cracks in the planks of the cabin. What was my astonishment to discover in my friend's companion, Ursule, the daughter of Father Monceau! Now I have a horror of hypocrisy, and when I remembered the abuse lavished by Ernest upon women and the prudish airs of Mdlle. Ursule, I drew back thoroughly indignant and returned to my hotel, determined from this day to cease my visits to Ernest, and I held to my resolve. A few days afterwards another little circumstance occurred which increased my dislike of Ursule. In the morning, after bathing, I had called at Father Monceau's cottage, not having seen him on the sands. He was a capital swimmer, and, in his professional capacity, I did not wish to lose sight of him. As I entered the door I saw Ursule with an old stocking in her hand filled with sous. Directly she caught sight of me she endeavoured to hide it, but ineffectually. "So," cried I, "you are rich?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur!" she answered.

"But your purse seems to be well filled," returned I.

"What purse?" replied Ursule.

"That stocking that you had in your hand just now," I answered.

"There was nothing in it," said the girl.

The lie and the avarice of one so young seemed to me monstrous.

A short time after this occurrence, Father Monceau came to me, as a doctor, to beg me to go and see his daughter, who was ill, not forgetting, by various hints and inuendoes, to satisfy himself that it was not my intention to demand a fee on the occasion. I found Ursule really very ill; she required the greatest care. I told her father this, and wrote a prescription.

"Will these drugs cost much?" he asked, anxiously.

"Only two or three francs," I answered.

"Three francs!" he echoed; "and where is a poor man like me to find three francs? and besides, will that cure her?"

"Probably not," replied I.

"Then I shall have to buy more? Oh! I shall be ruined, ruined!"

"If you wish to save your daughter," said I, severely, "spare nothing; the case is serious."

I left indignant, but returned in the evening, fearing that he might not have obeyed my instructions. The door of the cabin was open, a fact which indicated great confusion in the domestic arrangements. I entered the kitchen, and was about to go into Ursule's room, when I saw a light shining through the door—which was a little ajar—of her father's chamber. On advancing to call him, I saw him standing before a cupboard, on the shelves of which glittered piles of Louis and five-franc pieces. He was so lost in contemplation of his riches that he did not hear me. I retreated, and then called him loudly. I heard him double-lock his cupboard, and then he appeared in the kitchen, with a decided and resolute look about him.

"Doctor," said he, "people do very well at the hospital, do they not?"

"Yes," I answered; "but people are better at home."

"No doubt, when they are well off," returned Monceau. "But I have an idea, doctor, that Ursule would be well taken care of at the hospital. They tell me that patients want for nothing; that they have good chicken broth, and wine if necessary."

"Certainly, it is true."

"Then I shall decide to take my daughter to Pont-l'Evêque."

"You must remember that she cannot walk, and is not in a state to bear the motion of a carriage," answered I.

"My good doctor, I will take her in a litter; two of the neighbours will help me."

"It is a good five miles from here to Pont-l'-Evêque," I observed.

"No matter; we can stop and rest."

It was useless to urge the matter. Father Monceau had his way, and half an hour afterwards started on his journey.

More than a year had passed, and I had nearly forgotten this detestable family, when I was one day called on to be present at an examination of young girls who were being brought up as teachers. The ceremony was an interesting one to me, as the fate of a godchild of mine was then to be decided. Amongst these young girls was a face that puzzled me dreadfully. It seemed to me to belong to Ursule; but it was Ursule transformed, bearing no trace of her severe illness, her always delicate and refined features lit up with the brilliant flush of excitement. Her bearing was graceful, and, which was still more ex-

traordinary, she was in a charming toilet. She trembled a little in answering the examiners, but her answers were correct, and she obtained her diploma as governess. My god-daughter was not less fortunate. I had seen her talking to Ursule, and I was eager to question her, hoping that she might enlighten me as to the transformation of the avaricious and apparently-ignorant country girl into the elegant and well-educated young lady.

"Mdlle. Monceau," answered my god-daughter, has been in my school two months. She only came to stay until the examination, for she knew more than any of us. They say that she is quite alone in the world. She certainly has contrived to interest every one in the school about her; but she maintains complete reserve as to her position, even to me, her friend."

This was all I could obtain, and I was very curious on the subject. But I knew that Ernest Préaux was at Caen, and I went to see him, hoping that he could give me the answer to this enigma. I found him more moody than ever.

"Sit down," said he.

"No," replied I. "Your manner makes me think you are wishing me a hundred miles away, so goodby!"

"Nonsense," returned Ernest. "I assure you your visit gives me much pleasure, the more so as it may be the last."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied I.

"There is no necessity," he rejoined. "You must know, then, that I am thoroughly decided to enter La Trappe."

"Ah, bravo!" said I. "But your decision does not disturb me much. I know now your peculiar way of turning monk."

"You may laugh; but I am more than ever resolved."

"From your manner of saying that," replied I, "one would imagine that you had fresh motives for quitting the world—that horrible Babylon in which virtue has but one asylum—a cabin embowered in trees, &c., &c."

Ernest slightly coloured, and his eye sparkled; but he kept silence. However, I was determined to make him speak.

"Is it long since you saw Mdlle. Ursule?" I asked.

Ernest lifted his head, and quickly answered, "Ah! then, you have guessed my secret; and that Ursule alone can keep me in the world. Oh, women, women!"

"What! is this one also inconstant?'

"Do not calumniate her," he returned; "she is an angel."

"I must believe you, certainly," rejoined I, "for you ought to know her better than any one, having had so many opportunities of making her acquaintance in the aforesaid cabin embowered in trees."

"What, you know that too?" he cried, with astonishment, "But you know I was obliged to think of Ursule's reputation. People would have thought all sorts of harm if I had not hidden our rendezvous so carefully."

"Certainly, you behaved like a gallant man, as well as a man of gallantry," I answered.

"Don't laugh, and do not judge me unfairly," he returned. "I assure you that my only object in meeting Ursule was to give her instruction—to educate her."

"Your reason, at all events, could not be more moral," said I, laughing.

"I see you doubt my sincerity," said Ernest, sadly, after a moment or two of reflection. "But listen, and I will tell you all, cost me what it may. I love Ursule with all my heart, but she has not the least idea of it. She herself loves elsewhere, and will, no

doubt, shortly be married. But I will begin at the beginning. One day—some few years ago—I was walking on the beach when a little girl of thirteen or fourteen advanced towards me. She appeared nervous and hesitating, and presently said, in a little timid voice, 'Monsieur Ernest, do you not recognise me? I am little Ursule, don't you remember? the child of your father's clerk.' I did remember, but with a certain feeling of displeasure, which at the moment I could not master. I had heard from my guardian that Monceau had had some little share in the ruin of my father. However, Ursule began to talk to me of old times, and appeared to remember any little kindness I might have shown her as a child, with so much joy and gratitude, that my heart was insensibly touched, and I soon found myself talking to her as affectionately as of old. From this time I often met her, and gradually learned to think of her almost as a little sister. I found that she had very romantic notions, balanced, however, by strict right-mindedness. A year or so had passed, when she one day confided to me something that may surprise you, sceptic, but which did not astonish me, for her character was a singular *mélange* of boldness and simplicity. She told me that her father, who was

extremely avaricious, was opposed to her attempting to educate herself. 'He is poor,' said she, 'and says that I must work for my bread, and not waste my time in studying.' 'But why,' I answered, 'do you desire so much to be learned?' She hesitated a moment, coloured, and said:—'Because I love some one—some one who would blush to be the husband of an ignorant girl like me. So I want to improve myself, and to study to become a governess. Then, perhaps, he will be touched by what I have done, and will marry me.' From this day I began to teach Ursule, who made astonishing progress. She has the courage of a heroine. Every morning she used to go to the little cabin, and there I met her, and did my best in helping the development of her mind. During the day she worked hard at her needle, in order to gather together a little sum for her marriage portion. I endeavoured to make her accept my aid; but she was resolute in refusing. 'I must make my own position myself,' said she. 'I hope he will like me the better for it.' As to myself, I love her hopelessly. She has every good quality but gratitude. Would you believe that since the lessons have ceased, I have not heard a word of her? I thought that, after the examination, she

would at least come to thank me; but she is, no doubt, happy with one she loves better than me, She is happy. She forgets me; but I forgive her her ingratitude."

Ernest's voice trembled as he spoke. At this moment a ring at the bell was heard—a timid, hesitating, undecided ring. "It is she!" he cried, jumping up; and he pushed me into the adjoining room with an energy of which I should have thought my future Trappist incapable. He went to open the door, and then I heard the sweet voice of Ursule murmuring thanks. Ernest did not answer, or, if he did, it was in so low a tone, that I was unable to catch what he said. Ursule was the first to break the silence that ensued. In these cases, women generally appear to be bolder than men, in reality because they are more timid.

"Monsieur Ernest," said Ursule, "you appear to be ill. It grieves me to see you so, now that I am so pleased at having succeeded."

"At all events you are happy, Ursule," murmured Ernest, hardly knowing what he said.

"Happy? not yet," answered Ursule.

"And *he?*" said Ernest, after a pause.

"Oh!" returned she, "I begin to be afraid that, after all, he does not care about me."

"Is it possible?" cried Ernest, almost joyfully.

"But you have not told me, Monsieur Ernest, why you are so sad," said Ursule.

"Oh!" as to me, I love an ungrateful girl, who in her turn, loves some one else!" answered Ernest.

"Is it possible?" this time cried Ursule. "And who is this person who might be so happy, Monsieur Ernest?"

"What does it matter?—what do *you* care about it, since I am not the one you love? And, in my turn, may I ask you who is this man who disdains your affection?" said Ernest.

"And suppose *I* answer also, What does it matter?—what can *you* care about it, since I am not the woman you love?" replied Ursule.

This kind of declaration is, perhaps, as good as any other. Certain it was that Ernest fell at the feet of Ursule, and covered her hands with kisses. The poor girl herself was crying for joy. I was on the point of quitting my hiding-place, for my situation began to be rather ridiculous, when a ring at the bell was heard—this time a violent and energetic one.

In a moment I recognised the voice of Father Monceau, and I hastened into the room, in order to save appearances before the eyes of the irritated Father. When he saw me he called out, "Ah, doctor!" I am glad you are here; for I am come to clear my character." And, as he spoke, he took from his pocket and put on the table an old and greasy pocket-book; then sat down and began to wipe his forehead. I was certainly deceived in imagining him to be angry, for his face presently became radiant, as he said, "And the good doctor, too, who thought me an old miser, as everybody else did. But listen, Monsieur Ernest, doctor, my child, everyone! You know that I was clerk to M. Préaux, the father of Ernest. He placed every confidence in me, although he was aware that I had an unfortunate propensity to drink. However, as I was steady enough in the daytime, and only indulged in my wretched taste when work was over, my employer kept me, and contented himself with occasional remonstrances. He knew me to be devoted to him, as I was—I swear it! One day M. Préaux sent me to receive money for him, and accordingly, about five o'clock, I was returning home with a large sum in my pocket-book, when, on passing a cabaret, the unhappy thought occurred to me of

entering, and taking a glass of something and a crust; it is true that I was ready to drop from fatigue, after my day's exertions. At the cabaret I met with two comrades, with whom I was often in the habit of drinking. Chatting now with them and drinking my wine, I lost myself, took too much, and fell asleep, utterly forgetful of the money which was in my care. When I awoke, some hours later, my pocket-book had gone! I had been robbed! You know the rest, Monsieur Ernest. Your father was ruined, and through me! But I swore to myself to repair my fault as much as was in my power. I have every year saved enough from my earnings to send you the annual sum of 1,500 francs, and to-day I come to bring you, thank God, the sum of 100,000 francs, the result of a very fortunate investment, which I confided to a shipowner at Cherbourg, a very honest man, who did his best for me: and now, on my knees, Monsieur Ernest, I beg pardon for my fault." Ernest hastened to embrace the old fisherman, who was about to prostrate himself at his feet, but was unable to utter a word. He could only point to Ursule, whom her father had almost disregarded until then. Suddenly, however, he turned to her, and said, "Ursule, my child, how is it I find you here?"

Ursule looked imploringly at Ernest.

"We waited for you," said Ernest, to Father Monceau, "to beg your consent to our marriage."

"To your marriage! What! you love each other, then?" answered the old man, aghast.

"Yes; we have loved each other for four years," replied Ernest.

"And I knew nothing about it," said the father.

"We did not know it ourselves," rejoined Ernest.

Father Monceau appeared to gather very little from these answers; but, as it is sometimes not necessary to understand in order to give happiness, he seemed to be satisfied; and a fortnight afterwards Ursule Monceau, in the prettiest of bridal toilets, became the wife of the happy and radiant Ernest.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Towards the end of the month of September, 1832, the Parisian *dilettanti* were much disturbed by the rumour that their idol, Nicolo Paganini, had fallen ill. It was hoped for a time that the journal which had spread the news was either mistaken, or had, at all events, exaggerated. But the melancholy truth was soon apparent. A kind of intermittent fever, peculiar to over-studious *artistes*, had attacked the great violinist with such force as to give rise to serious apprehensions amongst his friends. Paganini, whose thinness was at all times ideal, seemed indeed to live but by artifice, and it was greatly to be feared that this frail and nervous organization would give way under the sharp strokes of his obstinate malady. His friends called in three clever physicians—three lights of the Parisian faculty: such is the custom. These gentlemen carefully examined their patient, but could

not agree in their opinion: such also is the custom. "Our Orpheus gets thinner before our eyes," said one; "the cause of which is an abdominal consumption, proceeding from too great a love of music. Our patient does not content himself with *playing* with his violin—it occupies his whole heart and mind. I pronounce, therefore, absolute repose, together with a diet of breast of chicken, and some good Bordeaux; the latter, however, to be given in small doses."

"My opinion is," said the second doctor, "that this sudden illness is the effect of the cholera which has ravaged Paris this summer. Good Bordeaux and breast of chicken are excellent things in their way, I must admit; but with these, *my* advice is to add horse-exercise, and exhilarating amusements, noise, fêtes, and society.

"With all deference to you both, gentlemen," said the third, "I venture to observe that my opinion slightly differs from yours in some points. I am convinced that if our illustrious patient does not entirely give up his art, he is a dead man. The emotions called forth by an evening of intoxicating success; the bravos, and bouquets thrown at his feet by the hands of women—these it is that fever him; the adoring praise of criticism stirs all his being within

him, and is simply destroying a constitution already weakened by early struggles with poverty and obscurity, and by continual want of rest, both for body and mind. My prescription would be a warm and quiet nest for the autumn, surrounded by a large garden, and, if possible, a wood for walking in. He would there pass his days calmly and peacefully—'Carpe diem,' says Horace—and by winter he would be a young man again."

After some discussion, the last opinion carried the day, and quiet, absolute cessation from study, and nourishing food were prescribed; and it only remained to find the necessary retreat. Various villas and maisons de santé were proposed, and the result was that Paganini was taken in a day or two to the Villa Lutætiana, situated at the top of the Faubourg Poissonière. Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember this establishment, so long the resort of the delicate and the distinguished. Surrounding a handsome and spacious house was a beautiful garden, as large as a park, whose flower-beds are now covered by shops. Its acacias, limes, and chesnut-trees have all fallen beneath the axe, and have succumbed to the will of the speculator, who constructed gigantic gas-works in their place. But, for five-and-twenty years,

the shade of those spreading branches was sought, not only by the simple and ordinary patients who came for their baths and their pure air, but by many others whom society and the law frowned at, but did not entirely discard. There was there at one time a peer of France, who had been condemned to prison for debt, but who, thanks to position and pledges of inviolable secresy, lived, walked about, and amused himself in this amateur Clichy. There was a young romantic girl who had run her scissors through an odious contract of marriage, and who was sent there to do penance for a year that might otherwise have been passed ignominiously in a cell of St. Lagare. There were always two or three madmen and as many poets. There were political writers condemned to St. Pelagie for some intemperance of language, but whom a generous government had permitted to expiate their fault in the leafy arbours of the Villa Lutætiana. Everybody lived as he pleased, dined at the common table or apart. Paganini shut himself up almost entirely in his own room; his appearance in the salon being the signal for various stares and whispers, which were, perhaps, due as much to the singularity of his behaviour as to the greatness of his name. There were four or five old maids with whom

he was an especial object of curiosity. "Have you seen the great artiste?" said one to the other. "He takes no notice of any one; he never stays in one place a moment; he swallows his soup as if it would choke him, and runs off if any one looks at him. What a bear!" "Oh, you know that is part of his malady," said the other. "There has been a great mystery in his life—some terrible love affair, which has brought on disease of the heart; and they say he cannot live a year." "That is not it," observed a fourth—"Paganini is a miser. Do you remember the concert got up by M. Jules Janin for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundation at St. Etienne? Well, he refused to play, of course because he would have got nothing by it. Here, you see, if he does not live very cheaply, he has no duties of society to perform, no bouquets to give away, nor opera boxes, &c." Of course some of this gossip found its way to the ears of Paganini, who only the more withdrew himself from publicity. The quiet and fresh air began to restore him by degrees to health, and he now had occasionally his "petits quarts d'heure" of gaiety. Of all the inhabitants of the Villa, Nicette was the only persou Paganini cared in the least about. Nicette was a chambermaid, who waited on the patients—a

pretty girl of eighteen, gay as a bird and fresh as a flower. The charming young Picardienne attended to the wants of the illustrious *maestro*, and in the morning served him, with his breakfast, all the gossip of the house. The autumn drew to its close, and already the wind swept a few yellow leaves along the garden-paths of the Villa. One morning Nicette presented herself without her accustomed smile. The *maestro*, who was occupied in carving a piece of ivory into a handle for a dagger, observed the change in a moment. "What is the matter, my child?" said he; "you are sad, your eyes are red with crying, you have some trouble, Nicette!"

"A great deal, Monsieur," answered Nicette.

"Will you think me indiscreet if I ask the cause?"

"No, Monsieur; but still——".

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the downcast face of Nicette. "Ah, I see," said he, "you are grieving about a lover."

Nicette blushed, by way of answer. "Come, my child, let me hear what it is all about; perhaps I can help you," said Paganini.

Nicette wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Shall I guess what it is that grieves you?" asked

Paganini; "it is the old story, I suppose; he has made you a thousand promises, and has deserted you after all—am I right?"

"Ah, poor fellow," returned Nicette, "he has left me, true, but it was not his fault. He is turned twenty-one, you know, Monsieur, and has had to draw for the conscription; he has drawn a bad number, and is now at this moment at Lille shouldering a bayonet. This is my trouble, Monsieur, and you see there is no remedy for it."

"What do you say, Nicette, to buying a substitute?"

"Monsieur is joking," replied Nicette, smiling sadly. "It would cost more than ever this year, because there is a talk of war, and fifteen hundred francs are not so easily to be got," added Nicette, with a deep sigh.

The great violinist was touched by the grief of his favourite, and taking her hand, he said: "Well, Nicette, do not fret, I will try and arrange the matter for you." At the same time he took out his tablets and wrote down—'*Mem.*; to give a concert for the benefit of Nicette.' Another month passed away. Christmas was at hand; and the maestro all but well. The chickens, the Bordeaux, and the baths had done

wonders. Paganini, looking in the glass one morning, discovered that he looked five years younger than when he first became an inmate of the villa. He had gained a little flesh—he no longer yawned by the half hour together; and he only slept at night. After dinner he now sometimes stayed for an hour in the *salon*, turning over the leaves of an album, or sipping a glass of *eau sucrée* flavoured with *fleur d'orange*. He had not forgotten his promise to Nicette, and was turning over in his mind ways and means, when Christmas eve arrived. Our readers are aware, no doubt, that on this anniversary it is the custom for French children to put their shoes in the chimney corner, before going to bed. The first thing in the morning they rush, with half-opened eyes and little naked feet, and find their shoes filled with toys and bon-bons, sent, as they imagine, by a kind fairy, who comes down the chimney during the night, loaded with Christmas presents for her little favourites. Fairy or no fairy, the custom puts 1,000,000 of francs annually into the pockets of Parisian shopkeepers. On this particular 24th of December, the four old maids of the Villa Lutætiana were observed to be once or twice whispering and gossiping mysteriously together in corners—evidently mischief was

brewing. During the evening, while Paganini was stirring his *eau sucrée* in the *salon*, a noise of voices and heavy tread of feet was heard in the corridor—putting a stop for the moment to the talking and whist. "What is all that confusion?" said some one to Nicette, who just then entered the *salon*. "Nothing, madame," answered Nicette, "but a large case that has just arrived. "For whom?" asked one of the old maids. "I cannot yet tell, madame," replied Nicette, "the address is so badly written; but here it is." A man appeared bearing a deal case, on which was written in black letters, "fragile—with care"—and underneath, "To M. Nicolo Paganini." The maestro, absent and thoughtful, as usual, heard nothing of what was going on, and was only aroused by Nicette, who went up to him saying, "Monsieur, do you not see that the box is for you, after all?" "Box! what box, my child?" asked Paganini.

"Here it is, monsieur!" answered Nicette, as the porter set the case down before Paganini's sofa. "Where does it come from?" said the maestro. The man did not know for certain, but imagined it must have come from Lyons, or perhaps from Orleans. "I do not know a creature in either of these two places," observed Paganini; "it is very singular."

"One thing however is certain, monsieur, "the box is for you," said Nicette, who perhaps had a spice of curiosity as to its contents. "You are right, *mon enfant,*" replied Paganini, drawing a five franc piece from his pocket, and giving it to the porter, who then withdrew. "What was to be done with the box was now the question. The maestro was evidently sceptical still as to its being intended for him, and the word "fragile" seemed to puzzle him still more. "Of course, maestro," it is a Christmas box," said one of the old maids. "Or perhaps a Stradivarius, or an Amati, who knows?" said another. But Paganini became impatient, and seizing the lid of the case with his long fingers, tore it suddenly open. A large parcel was discovered, which was speedily opened, and found to contain another, enveloped in black shiny paper, and sealed with three red seals. This in its turn was opened, and disclosed a grey parcel. After the grey paper, came a white. Finally, in the midst of laughter from some, and the curiosity of all, the maestro opened the last paper, and discovered an enormous wooded *sabot,*—a *sabot* big enough for the foot of a cyclops. "A *sabot!*" said the whist players. "A *sabot!*" said the four old maids, with one voice. "A *sabot!*" said Nicette.

"A *sabot!*" said Paganini. "Of course a joke, in allusion to what is called my avarice. In sending me a shoe on Christmas eve, my friends wish to compare me to a child who is always begging, and never giving! Never mind—the case was supposed just now to contain a treasure, and I will make this shoe by-and-bye worth its weight in gold." So saying, he took up his *sabot,* and withdrew. Three days passed, and the maestro had not re-appeared in the *salon.* Nicette was questioned, and affirmed that he was occupied day and night. A noise of hammering and sawing was heard in his room; Paganini had worked out his idea, and transformed his *sabot* into a violin, light and harmonious, as an Amati! He had hollowed it out, carved it, strung it, rendered it vibrative, given it a soul and made it a *chef-d'œuvre!*

The next day, a blue poster on the walls of the Villa Lutætiana, announced that on New Year's eve Paganini would give a concert in the *salon* of the villa. The maestro put himself down for six *morceaux*—three on the violin, three on "a *sabot!*" The price of admission was twenty francs, and it was added that the proceeds were to be devoted to a good work. This announcement reached the ears of the outer world very quickly, and caused immense astonish-

ment. For three months the idol of the *dilettanti* had been unheard of, and this unlooked-for intimation made the lovers of music thrill with pleasure. A concert, to be given in an elegant *maison de santé*; and variations, played by turns on a violin and a wooden shoe, were of course set down as eccentricities of genius. But, on the day itself, the Faubourg Poissonière was filled with gorgeous equipages, the owners of which were all assisting at a little musical *fête*, that was for a long time afterwards the talk of the town. The *salon* was filled—every chair—every corner. Paganini appeared, smiling, gay and young. He took up his beloved violin, and transported his audience to the seventh heaven. "I cannot imagine how he will manage to do anything with a *sabot*," said one. "Oh!" cried the delighted *dilettanti*, "you will soon see. Paganini has accustomed us to miracles!" Presently the maestro made his appearance, *sabot* in hand, and commenced his impromptu. Never, in truth, was instrument made to utter more harmonious sounds—never were human ears more delicately entranced. Paganini, as if carried away by a greater call on his exertions, was contented with no mere vulgar "air," no common-place "fantasia:"—he chose as his theme, "The Return of the Conscript," and the tale was told in every sweep of his bow—in

every quiver of the strings. You felt the grief of departure and the joy of the return. You divined the tears and then the smiles of the betrothed,—you were a witness to their happiness.

The applause was unanimous, and the bouquets fell in a shower at the feet of the violinist. In a corner of the *salon*, half hidden by a window curtain, sat a young girl, weeping and smiling at the same time. It was Nicette. The concert was over, and the receipts counted. There were 2,000 francs. "There Nicette," said Paganini, "there are 500 francs more than the sum you wanted, but they will serve for the expenses of your soldier-boy on the road home. Stay," he added, after a moment's thought, "you will also want something to begin housekeeping. Take the *sabot*, do what you like with it; but, unless I am much mistaken, it will bring you a pretty little *dot*." He was right. Nicette sold the *sabot* for 6,000 francs to Monsieur H——, a rich amateur. It is now the property of Lord G——,* an accomplished and liberal patron of art, and formerly English ambassador at Paris, who has been heard to declare that the *sabot* is as precious as the pen with which Lord Byron wrote "Don Juan."

* Lord Granville.

FRENCH FISH CULTURE.

FOURTEEN years have elapsed since the Emperor of the French, acting on the advice of M. Coste, established the fish-nursery and breeding establishment of Huningue. It was designed as a centre, whence the ova, or young salmon, trout, and other fish, might be spread to all the rivers of France. Here Rhine and Danube salmon have been bred by millions; and, attracted by the novelty of the experiment, various governments have sent commissions of inquiry. The Dutch, the Belgians, the Germans and the Swedes have officially inspected M. Coste's doings at Huningue; and, according to the second edition of this gentleman's report to his sovereign, have gone home to imitate the generous initiative of France. So far back as 1853, M. Coste's "Treatise on the Propagation of the Salmon" was translated into English, and at once led to discussions and experiments, which have never ceased to the present day. And again and

again have the public been summoned to yield a generous and enthusiastic support to a nascent science, that promised to add boundless stores of food to the scanty supply with which the denizens of crowded cities are now fain to be content.*

Huningue is described, in M. Coste's report, as a reservoir of "animal seed;" large enough to spread salmon—the best substitute for beef—through all the rivers of France. The Danube salmon is most cultivated, for its size and flavour. It will grow to the weight of 200 pounds. It does not require, for its development, a visit to the sea. It will accommodate itself to the most unpromising circumstances. It will flourish in a reservoir. Then why should not this cheap and solid food be propagated to the utmost? We know what has been done of late years with the salmon fisheries of Scotland and Ireland; that their value has risen to at least £30,000 per annum. The Duke of Richmond derives an income of £2,000 out of the salmon of the river Spey. Yet, in England and in France, we are as yet only awakening to the importance of the schemes to which M. Coste and other leading scientific men have devoted their lives. M. Coste declares that salmon are as easy to rear as

* See Vol. II.

fowls in a farm yard. He protests that they will grow in a basin of Roman cement, filled with water from Auteuil. We may presently eat stall-fed salmon. Young salmon may be folded and tended like sheep. M. Coste has grown salmon in his tanks in Paris to three-quarters of a pound weight. He says, "let his petty experiments be extended, and men may have their salmon tanks, as now they have their poultry yards." A friend of his threw some young salmon and trout, that had been born in the *College de France* into a tank of water, which served the manufactory at Sèvres. They lived on what was in the tank, and, at the end of eighteen months, M. Coste's friend ate some that weighed nearly a pound. But this is not all. Another friend of M. Coste reared some salmon in a *bocal,* with the help of crushed snails, and they grew also to be nearly one pound in weight. Hundreds of experiments have followed, all proving that salmon may be carried in little to strange waters, and that they will reward the most indifferent culture with a nutritious and savoury food.

"By all means adopt the Danube salmon," is the advice of M. Coste. This fish grows as much in one year as another salmon will in three years. It is permanently kept in reservoirs, in Germany. Again, the mussel crops of Aiguillon might stimulate the

enterprise of some of the poor population of our coasts. Aiguillon was made a prosperous place by the Irishman Walton, who was wrecked on the coast more than seven centuries ago. He applied himself intelligently to the culture of mussels; and now some three thousand people gain their bread on the scene of his labours by pursuing the industry which he created. There is a lesson in Walton's story that may wander back to the shores of his native land, and give vigour, and enterprise, and comfort to some fishermen who are now depressed and poor. The prosperous fish industries of Comacchio also point a moral, and serve to enforce the opinions of the scientific men who have given themselves up to the study of pisciculture. The value of the fish consumed annually in France averages eight millions sterling; this value might be enormously increased by a vigorous general system of pisciculture, and by better regulations for the deep-sea fisheries.

M. Coste recommends that honorary rewards shall be given, "with a certain solemnity," to fishermen who may invent improvements in tackle, in pisciculture, or the art of curing. He is in favour of loans to the poor fisheries—on the principle, I presume, of the Credit Foncier. The conditions of the fishermen of Finistère and the Morbihan is a melancholy

one. They have but the rudest and poorest tools for the exercise of their calling. Loans might help them a little, but instruction would help them more. The facts which M. Coste puts picturesquely throughout his report would hold fast in the minds of the fishing population of both countries, could they only be brought within earshot. We should speedily hear of demands for new regulations, and of the birth of new enterprises tending to increase the supply of the food that waits only to be netted. Seeing the immense value of fish as an article for human sustenance, and, at the same time, the tens of thousands of people, both in England and France, whose supply of nutriment falls far short of the healthy quantity, it is woeful to mark days, and weeks, and months go by, leaving the discoveries and inventions of learned men, who have made pisciculture a practical science, almost unused. Why should we not hear at once of the culture of these two-hundred pound Danube salmon on a large scale? Doctors have weighed the nutritive values of the varieties of fish within our reach. Experimental philosophers have surmounted the difficulties of artificial breeding, and have invented salmon ladders. A royal commission has pronounced on the regulations which weaken our home fisheries; and

the convention with France, that paralyses our deep-sea oyster fisheries two or three good months in the year. We can get much more that we actually do get out of the deep sea. We can rear fish at home—and that fish, it cannot be too often repeated, which is the next best thing to beef—as we rear poultry under a coop. No effort is made to spread far and wide the knowledge we have gained, nor to grow, wherever there is the smallest convenience for the easy culture, the best substitute for the food that is failing us. We have discussed and experimented enough. We have acquired that "double share of wisdom" which justifies the use of all our strength; to the end that we may make the most of the bounteous store Providence has cast within reach of our nets.

It is satisfactory to know that the Irish salmon fisheries have progressed; but it is not satisfactory to remember that their yield might have been enormously increased years ago, had the great rivers of Ireland been furnished each with a fish-hatching apparatus.

When a French child is born in country districts or among old-fashioned people, it is at once tightly swathed in bandages, until it looks like a baby

Ptolemy, a mummy in the quick. Every inch of bandage expresses so much loving maternal care, but the care is ignorant care. The bandages weaken the puling babe, and it suffers the risk of being killed with a kindness that is blind. In the same way have the fishermen of England and France suffered. They have been in bandages intended for their protection, albeit the bands have been condemned as debilitating. They have fretted and quarrelled. The drift nets have fallen foul of the trawl nets, the circle nets, and the trammel nets. The Long Line has had differences with the trawlers. And now the general opinion among the fishing populations both on the English and the French side of the Channel is that all restrictions are injurious to the fishing trade. It will not flourish under the guns of the *garde-peche*. The French cruisers now and then take a Colchester oyster-boat prisoner into a French port, but the peccant dredgers are not punished. The English Consul can and does refuse his countenance, or rather his signature, to the depositions, and after three or four days' detention, the English boat sails proudly out of French bondage. The French do not enjoy this impunity, and their trade has suffered more than ours. All along the north and north-western coast of France

the oyster trade languishes; in some parts, by Dieppe and Pourville, for instance, it is paralysed. The local explanation is that the squabbles between the English and French Governments, and vexatious regulations, have destroyed, or nearly destroyed, one of the industries of the old Norman city opposite Newhaven, which is said to be built upon oyster shells.

The statistics of the "Annuaire de l'Economie Politique" for 1865 showed a notable decline in the produce of French fisheries in 1863. In the cod fishery the decrease was marked. There was a decrease of 618 in the average number of men employed in this fishery. The produce was 9 per cent. less than that of 1862. There was a decrease in the exportation of dried or cured cod of 35 per cent., and this per-centage may be accepted as the diminution in the entire produce of the French cod fishery of 1863, when compared with the average produce of the five preceding years. The French whaling for the same year was even more disastrous, for it was 62 per cent. below the average yield. The herring fishery, again, was 80,465 quintaux less than in 1862. These were serious losses to the common stock of food—and of valuable, wholesome, and cheap food.

I am glad to find that, according to the same

authority (L'Annuaire, 1866), French coast fisheries showed an increase in 1864, on the preceding year, of 158 boats, 3,629 tons, and 1,106 men.

The human body burns 4,600 grains of carbon daily, and 300 grains of nitrogen. How to get this supply? Deprived of part of it, the furnace slackens, there ensues a loss of strength, of labour, of wealth. How to get this carbon, then, is the first of public tasks—the earliest question to which the political economist turns his attention. The scientific man casts about, with scales and tests, seeking the proportions of fibrin and fat in each substance submitted to him. The human machine must have both the heat and the nutriment, the fibrin and the fat, in due relative quantities. It has been proved scientifically that the common sea fishes are more nutritious than the rarer sea fishes, or than fresh-water fishes. Skate, haddock, herrings have more of the nutritious quality in them than salmon, for instance, although salmon makes the nearest approach of any fish to butchers' meat. But that in which the common fishes are deficient, viz., fat, is usually supplied in the cooking of of them. Hence this food, which swims the seas about our coasts in inexhaustible shoals, is invaluable. The best substitute for meat, according to Dr. Joseph

Brown, and other authorities, is fish, cooked with fat or oil. It is, moreover, the cheapest substitute. It may be made still cheaper than it is, for it lies in unfathomed abundance round our coasts. It may be made daily accessible to the poorer portion of the working classes, whose means will not command daily meat. These common fishes, which Billingsgate salesmen call "offal," and tons of which, in the old time, were cast out of the nets back into the sea, are the fish of the poor. If an impetus be not given to the English and French fisheries, by the unbinding of the bemummying bandages which now oppress them, a valuable food will become dear, and pass beyond the reach of those whose humble means cannot compass, in the shape of meat, the fibrin and the fat which are necessary to their strength, and must be had in some shape.

The Royal Commissioners, who have listened to the complaints of the men who fish and of the dealers who buy and sell the fish, have summed up the complaints of all by a declaration to the effect that the regulations which were meant to protect and promote the fisheries of the two countries have done unmixed harm. The falling off in the French fisheries can lead, we conceive, to only one conclusion on the other

side of the Channel. The French Government cannot be content to see Paris depending on London for part of her fish supply; nor can we be content to see an industry on which millions depend for the only adequate substitute for meat, impeded in its natural development by unnecessary and harmful laws and regulations. The least rise in the price of fish—of "offal"—would be a calamity that would be felt by the poorest classes of our fellow-countrymen. We are burying our beasts by the thousand; at least, then, let us do our utmost to promote the prosperity of the brave and brawny fellows who, in quest of the best substitute for beef, cast their nets about our stormy coasts.

AMONG THE FARMERS.

PARIS, 1866.

THE Opposition in the Corps Législatif threaten to use the distress which now exists in the rural districts of France as a weapon against the Imperial Government. An exhaustive agricultural debate has already marked the present session, and has ended in the triumph of free-trade principles: so that it would appear at first sight impolitic on the part of the Opposition to lean upon the farmer, the shepherd and the ploughboy. But a close examination of the actual condition of agriculture and agriculturists, under Napoleon III.'s flourishing empire, will show that in the villages and hamlets which were once the strongholds of the Emperor's popularity, there is now profound dejection and discontent. The inquiry into the state of agriculture in France would not have been originated by the Emperor, had there not existed a dangerous ferment among the farmers; nor

would the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works have addressed a circular to the mayors, begging them to abolish the octroi tax on meat. I propose, then, to glance at the influences which are said to have brought about this agricultural distress; and, the same time, to touch upon the remedies which M. L. Estancelin, Vice-President of the Agricultural Committee of Dieppe, and other writers on French agriculture, suggest.

"Patience," saith the old proverb, "and the mulberry leaf will be satin." Patience is the official word, which is whispered in the ears of the French farmer. But he will not be patient, we are told, because when his mulberry leaf becomes satin, he must lose by the satin. He declines to be patient, with the prospect of a certain loss before him. He is tired of prefectoral circulars and exhortations; for every week he finds himself in the market-place, a loser. The great inquiry which is now in progress (Oct., 1866), and which will yield very important information to the Government, and to agriculturists generally, does not quiet him. He maintains that there is a national disaster at hand, and that it is the first duty of the Government to prevent it; the second duty being an inquiry into the causes of

agricultural distress. Hope is light food for the starving. There may be plenty to-morrow; but to-morrow poor Reuben will be dead. According to M. Estancelin (a moderate and thoughtful writer), the French farmer is losing all, or nearly all, his crops. He returns from market empty-handed, and is obliged to draw upon the savings of happier days. The tax-gatherer will not be put off—even when the landlord is compelled to be patient. Yet this poor farmer cannot make his plight known. The authorities have discouraged the old agricultural meetings or committees (*comices agricoles*) where landlords, farmers and the notable men of their department discussed the common rural interest. These meetings were of great service to agriculture; they were under strict official surveillance, and, although they brought together men of opinions hostile to the reigning dynasty (or who had been hostile to it), they could never have become centres of any organised political opposition to the Imperial Government. Yet they have been discouraged or dispersed. The suffering farmers are left to grumble apart, and cannot make known their grievances or their wishes to the centre of authority. M. Estancelin has a ridiculous instance of the excessive rigour with which prefects and sub-

prefects ruled harmless meetings of agriculturists. He was at the banquet of one of these committees. The sub-prefect presided, *ex officio*. One of the laureates of the agricultural exhibition that had been held, rose to give the toast of "The Lady Exhibitors."

Thereupon the sub-prefect—a young, over-ardent one—interposed, prohibited the toast, and drowned the murmurs of the meeting by a roll of the drum of the *pompier*, who was at hand! Under surveillance of this kind, not much sedition could have been talked by provincial landlords and farmers, even were they bent upon the triumph of Orleanism or Republicanism, and not on the improvement of their cattle and the increase of their corn crops. Surely their first thoughts were for the prosperity of their homestead. Around them lay the fields their fathers had tilled, and that their sons were tilling; theirs were the lusty oxen yoked to the ploughs. Under the humble roofs around were their wives and children. The land was theirs, and they were met to see how they could better get the fulness thereof out of it, in order to meet increasing rents and increasing taxes. But there are imaginations that turn a threshing machine into an infernal machine, and distinctly per-

ceive in a subsoil plough, a diabolical engine of destruction, contrived by the rebellious bucolic mind to sweep "the Powers that be" from the face of the earth. The arguments of these alarmists have prevailed, and now the landlord, the farmer and the agricultural manufacturer are sullenly apart, suffering, we are told, severely. In former times, there was a Council-General of Agriculture, the members of which were elected from among the distinguished agriculturists of the country; but now the members are mere nominees of the Imperial Government, and the council has lost the respect and confidence of the agricultural interest of the country. It has become a shadow. It has forgotten to hold meetings. *A quoi bon?* The farmer, whether he be Bonapartist or Legitimist, will pay little attention to the advice or opinions of Government nominees; he wants to have his interests discussed by representative agriculturists. He complains at this moment, albeit he cannot give authority to his voice in any channel, that the actual price of corn ruins him. The grower of oleaginous seeds had an almost worthless crop last year, and now he sees oils and oil-seeds invading the market from every part of the world, so that he cannot retrieve his loss on his scanty store by a rise in

prices. The cattle-breeder is obliged to sell his beasts at prices that hardly pay him, although meat is at famine price. Even the butcher is not content with his bargain. Nearly all the grain distilleries are closed. The beet-root distillers have drawn up an account of their sad condition. Only textile crops have brought good profits, and this is in consequence of the American civil war—the cause ceasing to operate, these crops will fall to their old value. To complete the dismal survey, the sale of horses last year was a bad one for the breeders. This is the way in which M. Estancelin puts the case for French farmers and landlords. He admits that poultry and eggs and butter are profitable, but, he asks, "How many pounds of butter and hundreds of eggs will pay a farmer's rent?"

M. de Larcy, an agriculturist of authority, reporting on the wine-growing districts of the south, gives a poor account of his field of observation. We might have learned some authentic information of the condition of Champagne and Burgundy had the Imperial Government not interdicted the proposed congress of wine-growers; but, not being permitted to know anything positive, people naturally think the worst. In brief, corn-growers, colza-growers, beet root-growers,

wine-growers and cattle-breeders have one and all the same story. Their farming does not pay; and they see ruin staring them in the face. Now the bucolic mind is one naturally given to grumbling. In the annals of farming, there has never been a good year; only one year has been better than another. Official statistics contradict the assertions of independent agricultural writers. M. Estancelin, being of this party, attacks the returns of cereal and other exports, as given officially. He sees two distinct modes of farming, viz., that which is practised in fields and meadows, and that which is worked out in the study, by the fireside. This mode is performed with some scratches of the pen. The cost price and the selling price are set forth, often on the most doubtful data; and hence arguments are confidently drawn. It is established, in a bureau in Paris, that the farmers of France must, and do, flourish. If they be short of money—may be they have a natural taste for poverty. If their servants be on short commons, the commons are only a little shorter than usual—but are still that happy quantity—enough. The quill-pen farmer, if you will blindly hold to him in a game of follow-my-leader, will trot you through a maze of figures, to the bright conclusion that French

agriculture, if it does not actually flourish, ought to be flourishing. I take an instance of farming with a quill pen, which M. Estancelin gives.

After a hot discussion, it has been decided that the cost price of a hectolitre of corn is between 18fr. and 20fr. The cost price! The quill-pen farmer counts without paying the least attention to the vicissitudes of the farmer who turns the furrow and sows the corn, and then watches, with unceasing anxiety, every change of the heavens—until his harvest is in the granary. When he sows a peck of corn, he speculates on the weather. He may lose even the peck. Now a manufacturer who buys a given quantity of wool is certain of his result in cloth. What, then, must be the position of the farmer? He must, to begin with, have capital enough to cover the risks of bad years. But this is not all. He must have capital, in order to produce plentifully and cheaply. Is this the position of the French farmer?

I am afraid it will be seen that he has neither the capital to cover the risk, nor the capital necessary to cheap and plentiful production. He is consequently paralysed by the least fall in prices. M. Estancelin describes him as borne down with heavy burdens, encumbered by the octroi, and then drained of capital

and deprived of labour. The capital has gone to the Bourse, labour has fled the fields, attracted by the more remunerative work of the cities which are being rebuilt in every part of the empire. With all these influences against him, the farmer cannot get a reduction of rent. His landlord answers any hint at a reduction by pointing to the high prices of food and clothing, and luxuries which have become necessities. And then the example of England is cited against the poor French farmer.

He is told that he is a barbarous cultivator—that he is deficient in the elements of agricultural science —that his implements are of the worst description—that his cattle are poor and almost profitless—that his land should be drained—that he should reclaim marshes, re-timber mountain sides, and clear the boundless *landes*. Poor fellow, he has enough to do to scrape his rent and taxes together. With capital, he might and would prosper, even now that wages have risen high; but without capital, and with high wages, how is he to buy a subsoil plough and start a steam-engine? How can he compete with England, where agriculture prospers under free trade? M. Estancelin points out the difference between the English and the French farmer. To begin with, the

land tenure is different. In England there is no octroi. Certain branches of English agriculture are protected by high duties; as, for instance, their alcoholic grains, which flourish behind a duty of 10s. per gallon proof. Malt, moreover, is subject to an import duty of 25s. per quarter. But, according to this intelligent writer, the radical difference between the agricultures of the two countries is the quantity of capital which that of England enjoys. While the British farmer has money for improvements, the French farmer has only his labour, and even that has failed him of late years; so that he cannot produce all that might be produced under his antiquated system. He waits for cheap capital, and appears likely to wait in vain—for the present.

He is daily witness of the drainage of capital—even of the modest savings of the poor farm-servant, from the roadside cottage. He finds the tax-gatherer acting as operator of this drainage. Loans, debentures, financial subscriptions, in marvellous variety, drain capital from the provinces, while lotteries take the savings of the poor. There was lately a great lottery for the children of the poor. Did the subscribers or speculators pause for one moment to inquire whether such a lottery might not create new

poor? To tempt the savings of the working classes from the bank or the provident fund into the lottery-office, is to war against prudence and foresight, and to teach the labourer that it is better to gamble for a prize than to save patiently through his lusty years, for the bread of his old age. The many lotteries which have been drawn under the Second Empire have given the million an opportunity of imitating the gambling of their betters. Concierges, domestic servants, farm-labourers, artizans are all on the *qui vive* for that *gros lot* which is to emancipate them from work. Then there are the great lotteries—the foreign and municipal loans. These offer high interest—higher than the poor farmer can afford to pay—with the additional temptation of periodical drawings, by which the possessor of a little coupon may wake up a rich man. The small capitalist has the prospect of heavy interest; and he may, by a turn of the wheel of fortune, win £20,000. These temptations of short ways to fortune have left agriculture to starve, and M. Thiers and his followers put the fault upon free trade. They represent the French farmer as ruined by the abundance which free trade has given to the people, whereas he is the victim of a gambling, over-building era—of an era when men

turn from the plough and trust to dice. Neither high protective duties nor a sliding scale would have saved the French farmer from his difficulties, while protection would have given the people dear bread. There would have been distress in the towns as well as in the agricultural districts, for still the capital would have been drained from the land. No protected agriculture—protected even to famine prices—can compete for capital with great and small lotteries. It may, consequently, be affirmed confidently that protection would have made bread dear in the towns, and have left the country as it is, deficient in both labour and capital.

M. Estancelin holds fast by protection—albeit he sees the disastrous effects which have resulted to the agriculture of his country from the drainage of capital and labour. He maintains that the French farmer could not, even with capital, produce corn as cheaply as that which is imported from Russia, the Principalities, Turkey, Egypt, and Spain. The dearness of labour in France, the taxes, rent, manure, and the price of cattle and their keep, are much more than equivalent to the cost of transport of foreign corn from any of the above countries to the French markets. And the cost of transport is ever on the de-

crease. M. Estancelin is indignant with the president of the Agricultural Society of Finistère, because this gentleman perceives, with pleasure, that the new Russian railways will draw corn away from Odessa direct to the "immense provinces of the empire," which only wait for the corn they cannot produce, to become the centres of a prosperous population. M. Estancelin will make no truce with free trade. Temperate and sagacious in his analysis of the condition of the agriculture of his country, he holds the free-trader in horror. He insists that official statistics which show that the exportation of indigenous corn has been far greater than the importation, are founded on error. He has gone into the minutest details, and his instances of irregularity are at least noteworthy. He complains that the grouping of official statistics—the shifting from the general result to the "special chapter"—produces an inexact, an untrue conclusion. A calculation is made in this way:—Importation, 100,000 kilogrammes of wheat; exportation, 70,000 kilogrammes of flour, equivalent to 100,000 kilogrammes of wheat. Then there is said to be a balance of importations and exportations, whereas there is a suppression of 30,000 kilogrammes which have remained in France; for

70,000 kilogrammes of flour are not the equivalent of 100,000 kilogrammes of wheat—they represent only the flour that can be extracted from this quantity of grain. The second example is much more important. A ship of 1,000 tons burden sails, with 200 tons of merchandise, but she is represented as exporting 1,000 tons. So that ten ships of 1,000 tons, sailing from French ports, each with only 200 tons of cargo, would appear in the *Commerce Général de la France* as carrying away 10,000 tons of exports. From these instances M. Estancelin passes to a general examination of the last official *Exposé de la Situation de l'Empire.* According to his result, 2,721,640 quintaux of corn were imported; while the exportation did not exceed 910,416 quintaux. The importations of flour amounted to 43,096 quintaux; and the exportations to 1,687,126 quintaux. According to this writer, these great importations so lowered the price of corn that the cereal exportations from France in 1865 actually exceeded the importations. The French farmers, he maintains, were compelled to sell at a disastrous loss. And he reaches a conclusion which will assuredly remain a true one—while farming in France is deficient in both capital and labour; while labour is concentrated on Boulevard building and

capital on Bourse gambling. His conclusion is that, since foreign corn is destined henceforth to compete with native corn in French markets, it is impossible that prices can rise high enough to yield a profit to the home producer. He forgets that it was under protection that labour and capital left the land for the city and exchange. Had protection continued, all classes in France would have been in a state of distress, far more deplorable than that which is the lot of the agricultural population.

M. Girardin has estimated the cost of a hectare of wheat at 395½fr. The product is given as 20 hectolitres, and its value, straw included, at 480fr. M. Estancelin combats these figures. M. Girardin has under-estimated the general expenses, and he has taken the price of wheat at 20fr. the hectolitre. The price has, however, varied from 15fr. to 17fr. of late years; hence, according to M. Estancelin, the French farmer has lost nearly £3 on every hectolitre of wheat he has grown. He calculates that the loss on every hectolitre of rye has been £1 10s. He contrasts the prices on the 1st of January, 1866, with those of 1861, when corn was enfranchised. In 1861, wheat was at 22fr. the hectolitre, and rye at 14fr. The difference between the prices of the two years explains

to him "clearly and precisely the brilliant position of our cereal producers."

He will not even take comfort in the prospect of a great food exportation to this country. He sees in our London corn market, corn arrivals from Dantzic, Konigsberg, Rostock, Silesia, Pomerania, Russia, Denmark and Holstein, the Rhine, Belgium, America, but from France only flour—in competition with that of America. No, wheat should be between 20fr. and 30fr. the hectolitre in the French market, say an average of £1. This price would pay the French farmer, and would be a reasonable one for the workman to pay. The protectionist complaint is, that while the price of every other product has been rising since 1850, that of corn has been going down. So, the solution of the difficulty—the relief from distress—is an artificial rise in bread—bread being eaten, according to M. Estancelin's own showing, in greater quantities in France than in any other country!

Dear bread would enable the farmers and farm-labourers to buy manufactures, and so the difficulty would be settled. There would be prosperity all round; whereas the cheap loaf means prosperity to foreign manufactures, and disaster to native agriculture and industry. From corn the protectionist

turns to oats and barley. He grants that there is profit in the exportation of these cereals; but it is inconsiderable, since the great proportion of the produce goes to feed the beasts of burden that are necessary to the farmer. If there be profit here, let the French farmer increase his oat and barley crops; but the protectionist should remember that there is profit only because free trade is the principle of British commerce — the principle that has been recently adopted in France. From cereals, the protectionist turns to "oleaginous crops"—as linseed, the olive, colza, &c. Olives can be cultivated only in the south of France; but colza has been extensively grown in the north. Under these heads, it is alleged, there is now a positive loss to the farmer.

The culture of colza was originally carried out on a great scale in the northern departments of France. It gradually spread to the west and to the central departments. But it is in the ancient provinces of Flanders, Picardy and Normandy that this plant has found a home. In Flanders and Picardy flax also is grown extensively. This fibre has yielded good profits to the growers since the American civil war broke out, but there was only a poor crop of it last year. The demand for flax has been extraordinary, and it

was imported into France last year in enormous quantities—yet prices were maintained; and M. Estancelin admits that it may be still grown "with a certain profit." The farmers have been unfortunate also with their colza crops, which have been eaten up by a worm, that has swarmed over them. In the north, the crops were ploughed under. The loss was heavy, since it costs the farmer £28 to sow a hectare of this seed! Vast importations supplied the void. In 1865 no less than 215,896,299 kilogrammes of foreign oleaginous seed were received into France. The supply came from the most opposite directions: from Egypt, Roumelia, Anatolia, Syria, from the Indies and Africa, from Russia, the shores of the Danube, Prussia and Denmark. The supply appears to be boundless. Oils are losing their old value, and in some parts of France the olive can no longer be grown with profit. Olive groves are being torn up by the roots in the south, for the growers have found that they must spend 24fr. to produce the oil, which fetches only 20fr. to 21fr. in the market.

Colza has found a formidable rival in petroleum. It is not, then, here that the distracted farmer can turn for consolation. Flax remains to him, but there is every likelihood of a great fall in prices, now that

the American war is at an end. Hemp yields a profit, but it is not largely grown.

There appears, in short, to be but a poor prospect before the farmer, in the growth of corn or colza. Again, he is besought to turn to England for an example, and to note Mr. Gladstone's view, namely, that England, becoming the greatest corn market of the world, will herself become more and more a meat-producing country. The meat production of France is already very great. According to the latest returns, there were 10,000,000 horned beasts, 4,000,000 calves, 35,000,000 sheep, nearly 1,500,000 goats, and about 5,000,000 pigs in the country. The demand from England for French cattle is greatly on the increase. Two lines of steamers for the importation of cattle from Honfleur and St. Malo are established. Yet, according to the French protectionists, there is no bright prospect in this direction, for the French farmer.

The French system of cattle-breeding differs essentially from that adopted in England. Horned beasts accomplish two distinct destinations. They are first grown for labour, and then, when their labour is over, they are sent away to fatten in rich, grazing cantons; or they work, and are fattened on

beet-root farms. Again, sheep are bred for their wool. Of the 35,000,000 of sheep now in France, 26,000,000 are of the merino breed. According to M. Estancelin, except in the localities where butter and cheese are the main produce, the prices of animals of all ages are generally governed by those of fat beasts. When fat beasts are dear, lean beasts are dear. The question then to be solved is, whether beasts can be profitably fattened. Just now, the fatteners, the butchers and the consumers are complaining. The price of meat is high, yet the producer of meat cannot, he says, get a fair profit. M. Estancelin explains in his own fashion that the cause of the French breeder's distress is the arrival of German beasts at Sceaux and Poissy. There were imported into France last year 1,200,000 head of cattle. To aggravate the butcher's distress, grease and leather have come under the disastrous operation of free trade! The most important part of the butcher's profit, being "the fifth quarter of the animal,"—in other words, the skin, fat and offal—free trade in grease and leather has reduced his profits, and he is forced to raise his prices. The temporary prohibition of foreign fats have, it is true, carried the price back to the old figure, but this must

be regarded as an exceptional state of prosperity for the butcher. He can no longer rely, as in the old protectionist days, on the fifth quarter of his beast. Fat and hides being of reduced value, native breeders are no longer able to cope confidently with the breeders of the borders of the Rhine. They are assailed by competition from the Steppes of Russia and the Pampas of South America. In South America, the beasts are slain for their hides and tallow alone. According to M. Estancelin's calculation, while a Norman breeder cannot bring a fat beast of a given weight to market under £18, the German breeder can grow the same beast for £14 14s. It is obvious that, if this calculation be correct, the Norman cannot compete with the German. Still, the Norman breeder can carry his produce to the most profitable market. If he can see no profit at Sceaux or Poissy, he can turn to Honfleur or St. Malo, and get his price in the London market. Moreover, the German supply is limited; and the German will send his beasts to the most profitable market. His object is not to oppose his French neighbour, but to get as much as he can for every beast he rears.

When M. Estancelin turns to the merino flocks of his country, he still perceives only woe and disaster.

There is Australia, with her cheap wools looming in the distance. Fine wools are down to the old price of common fleeces. And capitalists were induced to embark their funds in merino breeds! In the first six months of last year, France imported foreign wools to the value of nearly £9,000,000, while her wool exports during the same period were only £1,200,000!

So, according to M. Estancelin (and his opinions are backed by many authorities), there is loss, *sur toute la ligne!* In Normandy and Brittany well-conducted dairy farms may still be made to return a profit; and the fat poultry of Bresse and Mans are unrivalled. But these are secondary products in exceptionally favoured districts. The fat valleys of Normandy are privileged places. The sugar-growing districts are rather prosperous, but these are not important. The tobacco culture prospers, but it is permitted in only certain favoured departments. I agree with M. Estancelin, that the restriction put upon the growth of this plant appears anomalous under a free-trade *régime*. The farmer who is in distress, should be allowed to make choice of the crop that gives him the best hope of retrieving his losses.

This rapid survey of the present condition of

French agriculture, will give the reader a just idea, at any rate, of the general grievances of French farmers and their friends. They complain of over-taxation, of the unbridled speculation which has emptied their pockets, and of foreign competition. Of the taxation, M. Estancelin gives an example:—An individual buys a property for £12,000, which yields an income of £400. The *fisc* appears, and modestly demands the *dixième* of the purchase money, or £1,400; and you are fortunate when he does not set his own value on the property, assert that it is worth £2,000 more than you gave for it, and insist upon drawing you of another £400. His £1,400 is £60 a year income at once taken from you, so your revenue from your property is reduced to £340. The *impôt foncier* must be paid next, say £48, leaving you £292. Repairs, taxes, &c., at least £40—balance £252. Policy of assurance, £8; your balance is now £244. Manager's salary, £28; balance, £216. And so your £12,000 gives you an income of £216 per annum.

M. Estancelin, insisting on the different conditions under which farming is carried on in England, relates that one day, when he was talking to Lord Leicester, his lordship said that he never accepted a tenant-

farmer who could not show him that he commanded a capital of £10 for every acre of the farm. "This is not our condition; we are far from it," M. Estancelin cries, addressing the Minister of Agriculture. "We have no vast conglomerations of artisans who have gorged the home markets with their products, and must have foreign markets at any price. I see around suffering industries of every kind; factories closed, and furnaces blown out. We are an agricultural, not a manufacturing race. Twenty millions draw their bread by daily labour on the soil. Why continually point to England as our example, when you will permit us to copy among all her institutions only her free trade? Our agriculturists are suffering, and you will not allow a meeting of wine, or hop, or cabbage growers, for the discussion of their distress, with a view to its removal! Are English farmers obliged to address themselves to their Government for permission before they hold an agricultural meeting or establish an agricultural association?" It seems that when M. Estancelin was in this country, he was the friend of Lord Palmerston, and had a lively conversation with his lordship in the summer of 1862 at another noble lord's dinner table. M. Estancelin gives his lordship's words *verbatim* (they engraved

themselves, he says, on his memory) as illustrative of the care with which England minds her own business, and allows neither her agriculture nor her trade to suffer from Quixotic expeditions. Said Lord Palmerston to M. Estancelin:—"Oh! you'll get into Mexico. The difficulty will not be in getting in, but in getting out. I thought, for my own part, the best plan was to disembark, and then quickly re-embark, our 800 men, wishing you luck. Go to Mexico by all means; my prayers will attend you, and our trade will follow in your wake!"

A DANCE OF DEATH IN PARIS, 1855.

SINCE the 2nd of March, there has existed an *entente cordiale* between the French and the Governor, whose capital is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Styx. Henceforward, King Death will have his old deeds forgotten. The French will pardon him the cholera war of 1854; the English will consent to bury the memory of the plague for ever, in grateful remembrance of the 2nd of March, 1855. On the night of the 2nd, King Death was decidedly a rare old fellow; and if his enthusiastic admirers did not confine themselves to his coal black mine, it was, probably, because the evening breezes were chilly, and the grateful punch was brewed. I shall never forget the looks of incredulity with which "the lean fellow's" victory of Nicholas of Russia was at first received. People pleasantly joked about the probability of another Tartar being caught, and declined absolutely to put any confidence in the new game. But, when

at length the report grew to an absolute certainty; when the *Moniteur* gave the report the proportions of an official fact, the wild dreams that filled the mercurial heads of our allies rose at once to something quite frightful. Every blessing that had been thought of for years past—every project for the establishment of a sudden fortune that had laid dormant in consequence of the darkness of the political horizon—every political millennium—took wing at once, and basked in the sunlight that seemed to make its way to the human family under the fall of the dead emperor. "*Il est bien mort,*" men on the Boulevards exclaimed to each other, rubbing their hands. Peace would be concluded—not in three weeks—but in ten days. Of course, an armistice would be a matter immediately arranged by electric telegraph. And then the Paris Universal Exhibition! Why, it would be a perfect glory! Its success would intoxicate Paris. In the autumn, Paris would retire from business, having made a colossal fortune. Bourse men were perfectly mad with excitement—they grumbled all night long upon the Boulevards; and we were actually told that the rentes went up two francs, at two in the morning! All classes were eager for a plum from the great pie. Waiters on this

memorable day were as eager as the agents, whose *canettes* they uncorked. King Death had a rare day of it! Some few people grew sentimental, and declared the general joy to be bad and wrong. The man was gone; and the peace of the world should mark the worst man's grave. He was a tyrant; he was the scourge of Europe; but being dead, his sins should be forgotten—his memory be respected. This expostulation was drowned, however, in the wildness of national rejoicing. King Death had a *fête* he has not enjoyed for many a long year. His victory was proclaimed, not only in the stately palaces of successful financiers, but also in the *cabarets* of the *Banlieue*. His grim Majesty was, for the time, the most popular sovereign in Europe. People, in the joy, got intoxicated; and on the morrow there was a reaction. Doubts and fears began to agitate the jaded mind. The soda water, congenial to the morrow of so wild an orgie, brought with it a fall in rentes—and with the fall at the Bourse fell the popularity of the new ally —Death. After all, the dead emperor was not Russia dead. His spirit survived, in all its ferocity, in many of the chiefs he had left behind him. In Constantine—in Menschikoff, still lived the deadly passions of the departed czar. Nicholas had left

behind him his countless hordes of fanatical barbarians—and leaders as savage as the meanest of his subjects. All this flashed upon jaded Paris with Saturday's morning light.

"Nothing is changed!" were the words that flew along the telegraphic wires to Paris, from the Imperial Boulogne hotel, where Clarendon and Drouyn d'Lhuys had concluded their conference with Napoleon the Third. Still, the guides were to pack up their glittering uniform; still the sky-blue of the cent gardes was to be carefully stowed away, safe from the effects of salt water. The guides are under orders to leave Paris on the 28th inst.,—but, say the imperial exhibition commissioners, the emperor *does not* leave for the east. Hence the irrevocable opening of the universal exhibition of the 1st of next May.* It is March, and there is one exhibitor in the Palace! But when they do set to work, the French people make great efforts in a few days. Statuary of lath and plaster—fountains of magical effect, seem to spring ready-made from the earth. Thus, even the exhibition was said to be greatly favoured by this, the most popular death of the century. What its real effect will be upon the

* It was ultimately put off till the 15th.

politics of Europe, is a question upon which each Boulevard *café* has its peculiar view. Some have no faith in the strength of Nesselrode and the German party; others think that civil war will destroy the Muscovite gang. Private letters are quoted to illustrate both propositions. The nobles are said to be in distress; the people are said to be worn out with the disastrous levies on the one hand, on the other, the resources of Russia are said to be boundless. Zeal for the Greek faith is believed to amount to a popular passion; and a hatred of liberalism of Western Europe, to possess the nobility before every other sentiment. All these *café* speculations must at last be wound up with—"Well! we shall see!" And the game of dominoes played out—the remaining lumps of sugar stowed away in their pockets, the *café* frequenters wrap their mufflers over their faces and encounter the east wind that sweeps the Boulevards, and at night seems to find the marrow of the bones. Thus, although King Death had a short triumph, it was a famous dance while it lasted.

OUR PAINTERS IN PARIS, 1855.

I AM afraid that our painters will not get well out of Paris. The cuticle of a Frenchman's vanity is so tough, that it is no easy matter to make the slightest impression upon it. He starts upon every journey with one conviction, viz., that his own country is, beyond dispute, the most enlightened of all nations, upon every conceivable subject. Once concede him this pedestal, and place yourself modestly at his feet, and forthwith he will become a very pleasant fellow. From his raised position he will cast you a sugar-plum every now and then: but try to jump up beside him, to enjoy the familiarities of equals, and at once you see the gentleman with whom you have to deal. He will tell you that he is infinitely your superior; and that if he allows you a peppercorn or two of praise, the contribution proceeds rather from the

tenderness of his heart than from his brain. For, in sober truth, you are infinitely below him. It has been said that English cottons are superior to those of France:—well, all he asks of you is to compare those of Manchester with samples from Mulhouse or Rouen. People have long acknowledged a preference for English over French cloths:—again, all he asks is, that you will endeavour to cast unprejudiced eyes upon the samples from Elbœuf in contrast with those from Yorkshire. And then, when your trembling tongue pronounces the word "Art," his chest swells with unchecked pride; there is disdain in his fiery eyes; he is prepared to look down from his lofty eminence upon the nape of your neck. Bow very low, sons of Albion; be very humble, pale students from Germany; be meek as lambs, contributors from Belgium and Holland; and then, perhaps, from the bountiful benevolence of your master, kind syllables of tender patronage may flow. You must strew his path with flowers of rhetoric—each flower must hold within its golden petals some incense grateful to his greedy nostrils. You must be happy to see that he deigns to tread lightly over these flowers, for the full pressure of his heel would destroy them utterly! Therefore, approach Paris humbly. Hang up your

pictures, artists, from the fogs of London, with many scrapes and bows, as you pass by the Salon of Ingres —the temple of Horace Vernet. You have not come hither to compete, for that would be preposterous assumption, but to submit. You shall wait the verdicts upon your infantine labours, with the meekness of pupils. Happy if you make your way back to London with a good mark.

The above is no exaggeration of the spirit in which the artists of Paris were prepared to receive Maclise and Landseer, Mulready and Stanfield, Creswick, Millais, and Holman Hunt. It is a spirit which they can hardly set aside. Theophile Gautier has been writing articles in the *Moniteur*, on English Art, in which he appears to find it difficult to give up prejudices which were deeply rooted, in the presence of facts which are incontestible. It is obvious that, before the 15th of May in this year, he was not aware that there existed anything like a school of British painters. He is awkward, at first, when compelled to praise palettes held by Englishmen—so he tells his countrymen that "English art is always aristocratic and *gentleman!*" The precise meaning of this eulogium is a puzzle which I have endeavoured in vain to unravel; I leave it to the intelligent reader.

But the explanation of the generally flattering tone adopted by Gautier towards English artists, has been explained to me, as owing rather to the alliance than his convictions. You see that our neighbour's must account for even the least crumb of praise cast towards us. Our Art is so unlike theirs, that they hold it self condemnation to say much in our favour. They call it eccentric, "bizarre," raw, and oily. They take exceptions to our subjects; they hold the general effect of our collection to be "*mesquin*," just as a writer in *Figaro*, addressing his journal from London, informs his readers that Buckingham Palace is a place with which French infantry would be discontent as a barrack-room. Another French writer, passing a haughty judgment of British Art, seems to take Sir George Hayter as one of the great men of our school. This mistake is easily understood. Sir George Hayter is a court painter, who unfolds a very little genius on a very large canvas—but then he reveals Royalty entering the bonds of wedlock; Therefore his is an attempt at high Art; whereas, Holman Hunt and Millais, dealing with Shakespeare upon small panels, must, of course, take their places far behind the courtly Sir George. But to any man who has lived long with the French; who has studied

the elements of the French mind, it was obvious, before the 15th of last May, that the English school of painting would make no very great effect here. That it has surprised French artists, is admitted on all sides, and this is something; and there are even artists in Paris who think that it will greatly influence the French school;—but let not our painters in Paris forget for a moment that the praise accorded to them from men who arrogate to themselves the position of universal teachers. It behoves us, however, to be on our guard; and to claim for our school of painting the fair rank it deserves. It is, as I have said, distinct from every other school; it is as peculiar to England as are her Kentish landscapes. Yet it is strong and healthy. It borrows little from abroad. It deals neither in the cold classicalities of Ingres; the warriors of Vernet; nor the horrors of Fleury; and others of the school which may be fitly called the Morgue School. It has more affinity with Decamps, Rosa Bonheur and Meissonier! It can afford to take an independent position, to oppose its healthy life, its humble scenes sweetly painted, its broad landscapes full of real nature, its poetic studies, to the correct drawing and the severe colours of its self-appointed masters and patrons. We cannot be

anxious to return to bad imitations of David's time. We cannot wish to turn our artists from nature—to Paris! I am far from denying that in the Art academies of Paris there are excellent principles to be mastered; but I do deny that we should do well to turn the learning of our young painters from the nature they are inclined to woo fervently, to the old classics of Art, where they may learn to imitate—to paint scriptural scenes like those in the Belgian Gallery (which look like poor copies made in the Louvre); or to produce meaningless studies, as faultless in drawing as they are barren of human interest.

THE EMPEROR'S HEAD-ACHE, (1855.)

If an argument were wanting to prove the advantages which a constitutional government has over one purely despotic, that argument is to be found in Paris at the present time. Here the Rente falls every time the Emperor has a head-ache. Now, we have often been reminded of late that an absolute government is a better government for war purposes than a free, constitutional government. The republican armies of France is a sufficient answer to this assertion. Never under the best of her kings did France win the laurels that she won under the red cap of her ferocious Liberty. Military strength does not flow from royalty.

"Nul talent n'est fils de la faveur royale."

said Chenier, in his glorification of the Jeu de

Paume. We may follow out this idea at the present moment, from the tremendous story now being told. The war will not succeed or fail at the will of any man or set of men. If any man or set of men fail in the performance of solemn duties, nations will be true to their trust. We are fighting for no dynasty—for no faction;—we have not in England even a peace party worth naming. But our neighbours, determined to carry on the war to a successful conclusion, are at the present moment in the hands of a party; a strong, a powerful party, it is true, but still only a party. Representing most faithfully the opinions of a large majority on the war, it cannot be said to represent so large a section of our allies on all other points. Absolute in its government force, it frets the public spirit on questions independent of its military administration. It presents no future to the country. For the moment, the imperial government is one, the vigorous war administration of which leaves little to be desired. As a temporary instrument it is excellent—even so excellent that its real enemies fear, at this moment, its loss. This fear is the result of its strength and of its weakness—of its strength for war, and of its weakness, or of its supposed weakness, for peace. Thus, while the war

lasts, people tremble at the slightest sign indicative of its cessation. And thus an imperial head-ache suffices to ruin hundreds of people—for the nation depends upon this head: the derangement of a single stomach is a national calamity! Yet in the face of this concentration of national interests in one person, this weight of responsibility suspended by the feeble thread of a single life, you really and truly find people talking about—and not in the open yards of Bedlam or Hanwell—talking about the advantages of absolute government in the conduct of a war. The argument might hold if the life of the absolute governor could be assured to the end of the war. But let him die while the war rages, and leave behind him an unpopular successor: and then how fares the war with war a raging for the dead monarch's palace? This is the question which the French ask themselves, whenever the Emperor Napoleon is indisposed. Opposite the Tuileries is the Palais Royal. In the Palais Royal lives the successor—the ostensible successor of his Majesty. But no reasonable person believes that he will even be permitted to put his foot upon the first step of the vacant throne; for, at the present time, he is the object of the unsparing ridicule of every café. He is better known as Plon-Plon than

as Prince Napoleon; and, whether with reason or not, he is believed to have exhibited a snow-white feather before the troops at Sebastopol. We need not pause to inquire into the truth or falsehood of this accusation; nor to determine whether or not he is a proper person for ridicule. It suffices to know—and to know beyond doubt—that he is unpopular, and worse than unpopular—regarded with contempt. Well, this contempt, gives importance to the Emperor's head-aches.

Thus, I was not surprised to find that the recent headache of His Majesty created profound sensation. Then he was bled once—as it appeared—as many people here are bled—in spring time—in Paris. But the lancet that touched the imperial arm, touched also the imperial heart. Rumour-mongers, who thrive upon despotism, soon had it upon authority that His Majesty had been bled once, if not twice, in the course of the day; and that the Empress had passed the night by his bed-side. This rumour found its way rapidly enough to England, and the surprise of its concoctors must have been very great, when, on the morrow, His Majesty took his drive as usual, accompanied by his consort. Paris breathed again. The expected storm had passed away once more.

And thus, always expecting a storm, Frenchmen are compelled to persevere, under existing circumstances, to hope that good health may remain to their emperor. While he lives, the war will be vigorously conducted; France will remain in a condition to humble Russia. But, say our neighbours, with a tremor they cannot conceal—should something happen; should death lay his lean finger upon the imperial heart; to whom should we turn? All the black blood now gathering in the veins of the discontented, would be poured upon the public streets; the action of our armies would, for the time, be paralysed. The issue of the struggle is darkly hidden in the womb of time. And yet political connoisseurs, drawing on their faultless gloves, give in their opinion that an absolute government is the government for a war! This is worse than folly; it is raving madness, beyond the control of the Commissioners in Lunacy.

Yet there are phases in the conduct of the present war, in which the imperial government has undoubtedly had the advantage of the constitutional government of England. But why? Not because England has a free voice and France is gagged, but because England fell into bad hands, and having a free voice, bellowed loudly in the ears of its enemies, telling

them to depart to their native wilds, ornamented like a lady's dainty puppy, with a blue riband. Had England been under absolute rule, with Lord Aberdeen in a position similar to that occupied by the French emperor, England would have become either a province of France, or a second-rate power, to be henceforth held of little account in the international councils of Europe. Absolute government may make war well, if the absolute monarch have a genius for administration; but the whole question lies in the point I have endeavoured to illustrate by reference to the present political aspect of France. The destinies of a nation should never be in the hands of a single man; and no nation can be certain, even in war of a success, when it depends entirely, for its own internal peace, upon a single life. Therefore, constitutional government has, in my opinion, immeasurable advantages over an absolute government, even for war purposes. Party vices may serve for a time to raise the wrong man to power, but as surely as he rises must he fall, to make way for his superior. Again, the people having a voice in the conduct of the war, see its legitimate object clearly before them, and that object they will attain. Let dishonest ministers endeavour to turn them from it; let them attempt to

sacrifice the interests of the public to those of a class or section of the public, and at once their arms are tied. An absolute monarch may make war to suit his family interests. A constitutional monarch can go to war only when his people clearly see that their interests are to be served by recourse to the horrors of contending armies. The above is, I think, a fair lesson to be read on the Emperor's recent headache.

AN ARMY OF TAILS.

THE success of the French loan (January, 1855), astonished all classes. Eighty millions were within reach of the French Government in the course of a few days. Demonstrations had been made against Nicolas—but none so significant, so potent, as the *queues* that passed nights in Paris streets, waiting to subscribe their savings in aid of the war.

The army of tails in Paris was a mighty army. It was full of ardour; and, although it sniffed the battle from afar, it impatiently contributed the money by which the brave men before Sebastopol were enabled to fight their way into the devoted city. The great capitalists who had been wont to control governments by the simple process of opening or closing their coffers—the gold kings, who would lend to their country's enemies as freely as to their country's most patriotic servants, gnashed their teeth, as their bullion was cast back upon them. Stock-jobbers and huck-

sterers of state necessities were wild. The future, to them, was dark and menacing. Five francs had been beaten by five centimes. The profits that might accrue from the loan of 20,000,000 would not fall into the parlours of the Chaussée d'Autin, but it would be spread in little profits of some few hundred francs throughout the country. The army of tails that kept its vigils all night at the subscription bureaux, had an undrilled look; but a stronger force never appeared in any country. Foreigners stood aside to contemplate the wondrous spectacle. Men in blouses buying rentes! The proceedings appeared absurd; but all people who had studied the developments of French commerce—who had examined the commercial laws of the country—who had watched the crowds about the Bourse—who had noted down the returns of the French savings banks and who had been curious about the chances which French working men enjoy—understood the proceedings thoroughly. In England, the unlimited liability of every man who entered a joint-stock undertaking had kept any small capitalist from the market. In England there was, at the time, no investment at once lucrative and safe—*for shillings*. Only pounds could take care of themselves—pounds having passed the laws which regulated capital.

Thus, at the time, the English laws presented few inducements to the working classes to save.

In France there were few, very few, who earned regular wages, and did not save something. The domestic servant in Paris put by a certain sum a year, I should say almost without an exception. There is hardly a second-rate hotel in Paris which is not rented by a man who began life as a waiter. A habit of saving is general; and a habit of finding good and sound investments is also general; for the small capitalist is an excessively cautious investor. The agents of the *bourse* complain that the *carotteur*, or small speculator, is the most exacting, the most searching customer they have. Thus, many jokes have been poked at the *carotteurs*, who attend the *bourse* in their working blouses, to place their 50 or 100 francs in a secure and profitable quarter. Yet, these men are shrewd fellows, and proceed, in spite of the mockery of more adventurous speculators, to realise the instant they have a profit. It is said they will buy a single railway share, and sell it directly they see a clear gain of five francs upon it.

These, then, are the men who added a considerable length to the armies of tails before the subscription bureaux, during the Crimean war. Depend upon it,

they understood the operation they were engaged in as clearly as the scowling bankers who were kept out of it. They parted with their money as freely as the discounter, who has ample security in his cupboard. They clearly understood that they would be able to realise at a profit. It must not be therefore supposed that the army of tails was so much a patriotic, as a keenly speculative force. Still, this consideration in no way takes away from its power. There was the money, without the aid of exacting bankers, or of clever exchange dodgers. The people, seeing the advantage of the investment, freely opened their purses. Accustomed to the protection of that limited liability which is the best feature of their commercial code, they had none of those fears which then afflicted the small capitalist in England, when he sought for an investment. In England, a loan offered to the people, with all its attendant advantages, should be eagerly taken up; but it is a question for grave dispute, whether such an appeal, unless made under very exciting circumstances, would not be a failure. Our small capitalists are not accustomed to turn their money freely to account. They are always pursued by that hungry spectre, unlimited liability! They are afflicted at every turn by visions, in which the spectre

snatches their slender capital from their purses. Whereas, as I have endeavoured to show, the French small capitalist is full of confidence. He knows the extent of his risk, and calculates accordingly. It is not to be wondered at, that the great commercial firms of Liverpool should have declared an opinion in favour of unlimited liability, for this liability gives them a monopoly of the money market. The great industries, supported in France by the shares of prudent men, who have saved and carefully invested, have no parallel in England. In the same way, no small capitalist in England seeks an investment on 'Change. He is overawed by the men of tens of thousands (and the pompous men of straw), who frequent that modern temple. France has many institutions—many laws, no liberal man would like to find in England;—but she boasts, at least, this law of limited liability, and to it she owes much of the prosperity she enjoys. There are fewer colossal fortunes in France than in England;—but in France there are hundreds of thousands who enjoy moderate incomes, saved, and sagaciously husbanded. It is said by the French, and with truth, that England is the land of large fortunes, and France that of small fortunes. The reason is obvious. When the small

capitalist is fairly dealt with, he flourishes:—when he is subjected to unfair risks, he becomes either a desperate gambler or a ruined man.

Thus the army of tails may be fairly accepted as a demonstration made by petty capitalists against large capitalists. Such a demonstration cannot fail to exercise a wholesome influence. The people have bowels. They will throw their capital into the coffers of the state to support a popular war; but they will never yield up their five franc pieces, in aid of extravagance or corruption.

SOME FRENCH FORMS OF CHARITY.

THERE is in France a delicacy of form, a nice regard for the honourable susceptibilities of the unfortunate poor which might be imitated with advantage, especially in many of the manufacturing districts of England. Examples of this are to be found in most of the French manufacturing towns. They are conspicuous at Lyons, Amiens, and Lille. But I think I may state with confidence that there is no manufacturing city in the empire that is endowed with so many peculiar and admirable charitable institutions and aids to thrift and industry as Mulhausen—a great centre, as all the world knows, of French cotton and linen manufactures. The citizen workmen of Mulhausen are a peculiar race of men. The town has a mixed population that is strongly Protestant, and is on the borders of Switzerland and Germany. It is much influenced by the laws and customs of its neighbouring States. For instance,

in some of the Swiss cantons, and in some of the German districts, a man cannot marry a woman who does not belong to his native town without losing his right of citizenship. This absurd law or custom in many instances makes marriage almost impossible to Swiss or German operatives living at Mulhausen. The natural consequence of this barbarous impediment is a highly immoral one. It is one that is to be got over, of course, by payment of an indemnity. But then this indemnity is generally beyond the operative's means. Such a difficulty as this opens a fruitful field for the operations of dishonest speculators. A set of fellows set up at Mulhausen and drew the operatives freely of their money, with promises of exemptions from the forfeiture of citizenship on easy terms. These agents were only so many knaves. Their operations have, however, been counteracted by the formation of a society to facilitate marriages under difficulties among the operatives.

That which is particularly admirable in the direct and indirect charities of this great manufacturing city is the happy way in which they are adapted to the character and wants and foibles of the working classes. Enlightened men like M. Dollfus have

never ceased to watch over the progress, moral and physical, of their workpeople. The names of Koechlin and Dollfus have been honoured in Mulhausen since the birth of its manufacturing prosperity, created by their forefathers more than a century ago. They have been constant students of the art of alms, and as intelligent as constant. I am sure it will please a large section of the English public to take a rapid survey of their peculiar labours, and to see how much may be done in the way of charity with little money; and how with firmness and forethought and true kindness charity may be made to raise and dignify, and not humiliate and debase, its recipients.

The position of Mulhausen makes it a refuge for poor workmen from Switzerland and Germany. A constant arrival of immigrants (many of whom find it prudent to put the Rhine between them and the justice of their country) keeps down wages and tends to increase the price of provisions and lodgings. It is, in short, an ever-shifting population. These nomadic Swiss and Germans will travel far and wide in search of better wages. From Mulhausen they often find their way as far as Spain. It is more difficult to satisfy the exigencies of such a population than it is to devise help for a settled race. But the

task was undertaken long since; and, albeit great things have been done, the Christian workers at it will not admit that it is near its completion. I propose briefly to describe some of the original forms which the charity of the well-to-do in Mulhausen has taken. They are all, or nearly all, devised with the intention of helping the poor to help themselves.

"The Inn of the Poor" (L'Auberge des Pauvres) is a hostelry for the penniless wayfarer—a hostelry that makes out no bill against the guest. The idea of establishing such an hotel—an hotel for shirtless Lazarus—was conceived by that enlightened benefactor of Mulhausen, M. Jean Dollfus. Every tramp, every wayfarer in search of work, may—and he has not a red liard in his pocket—knock at the inn of the poor, and it shall be opened unto him. He will have supper and bed. In the morning soup will be served to him, and he will be sped on his way, with a lump of bread and four sous. This is his welcome to Mulhausen. The inn contains separate rooms for poor women; also an infirmary. Some of the poor travellers who were sent forth in the morning in quest of work have returned in the afternoon (having found work) to give back the four sous distributed to them in the morning with the bread. This intel-

ligent form of charity has been a great success, while others have failed through small mistakes.

An asylum for the aged (Asile des Vieillards) was established by a subscription among the Mulhausen manufacturers. Some firms gave £20, some £400. A commodious, airy asylum was built, containing 45 beds. The internal arrangements were even elegant. So pleasant did the place look with its charmingly laid-out gardens, that it was thought the superannuated operatives would eagerly contend for the privilege of taking up their residence in it. But the founders were mistaken. They have never got more than 15 pensioners at a time within the walls of their asylum. There is a Mulhausen institution which I would especially recommend to the attention of English employers of labour. It is one that has been established in the face of failures. An endeavour was made to establish a home for unemployed single factory girls. These girls could find lodging, washing, and food at the rate of 10f. a fortnight; but they, like the old men, would not submit to regulations, and, for a long time, the factory girls' lodging-house was a failure. Then there is La Cénobie, where girls are trained to household duties. But these are small matters, and, in

fact, unsuccessful ones when compared with the humane and far-seeing system for the treatment of married factory women, which was devised and put in action by M. Dollfus. The importance and wisdom of this plan will strike every reader.

Every factory woman is allowed, by M. Dollfus's system, her full wages during six weeks after her confinement, dating from fifteen days after her lying-in. The only condition imposed upon them is that they shall remain at home to regain their strength and attend to their infant. M. Dollfus saw that the poor women were so anxious to get back to the factory that they could not be persuaded to wait until they had regained their strength. The consequence was that their health was destroyed and their infant was neglected. The infant mortality was alarmingly great. The Dollfus plan has proved so successful—its economy being as clear as its humanity—that an association has been lately formed among the Mulhausen manufacturers for securing in common the comfort and health of their female operatives after childbirth. This association secures medical attendance, and gives the mother her full wages while she remains at home suckling her offspring. M. Dollfus, in a justly liberal spirit, extends

his plan to unmarried mothers—holding that the child has a paramount claim. This is no encouragement to immorality, be it observed. There is no gain to the mother; her child is left to be kept by her. Only the child is benefited by the opportunity given to the mother of giving it motherly attention on its first appearance in the world. On the other hand, strong inducements are held out to the young hands to legitimatise their union. M. Bourcart, for instance, gives to every factory girl who has worked five years in his factory the sum of 100f. on her marriage.

French manufacturers, indeed, and especially of the district immediately under notice, closely tax their ingenuity to help their operatives, without degrading them by destroying their independence or individual energy. They have devised many plans which have failed, and have candidly acknowledged, their failure, and have profited by their experience. Some of them specially retain the services of a doctor for all their hands. Dollfus, Mieg, & Co. pay 4,000f. a year for a factory doctor, and keep a carriage for him to make the round of his patients. In another factory old hands are cared for thoroughly in sickness, and receive half their wages. In M. Bour-

cart's establishment any workman who is injured at his work receives medical attendance at the cost of the firm, and is paid full wages throughout his illness. In one establishment there is a daily dinner of 12 *couverts* for convalescent workmen. The varieties of kindly help are almost infinite. There is one factory where the employers reward their young workmen of good conduct by paying their exemption from military service.

Men of enlightened charity, like these Mulhausen manufacturers, were sure to have charitable wives and daughters. Madame Nicolas Koechlin established an orderly system of visiting the poor throughout the city. The city was regularly divided into six divisions. For each division there is a separate visiting society of ladies, with a doctor and a sister deaconess, who superintends the pharmacy. The object of these visiting societies is to "help those who are on the point of falling." The object is to prevent families who are in trouble from falling into a chronic state of mendicancy. This is done by domiciliary visits paid by the ladies of the *œuvre*, who make a report to the committee on each case. The six visiting societies of Mulhausen spend a thousand a year on their poor; but they do more

than this. Each visitor takes one or two families under her superintendance, and gives the comforts of kindness and advice, as well as food and money. Be it said, to the honour of the rich folks of Mulhausen, who are all or nearly all, Protestants, that they distribute their charity in no narrow sectarian spirit. Indeed, did they not give to all, without distinction of creed, their charity would be very restricted, since three-fourths of the working population are Roman Catholic.

The efforts which have been made, not only in Mulhausen, but in other parts of the Upper Rhine provinces, have made but slow progress. In times of scarcity the manufacturers, having bought supplies while prices were low, sold flour, wood, &c., to their hands at cost price, and this boon lessened the general misery. The Mulhausen manufacturers endeavoured to give a permanent character to their economic operations as it regarded bread. They established an economic bakery and grocery store, where the workmen could get bread under the retail market price. But they patronize it only to a very limited extent, and for this vicious reason—the economic bakery exacts cash, whereas credit can be got in the town. It is this credit system which is

the operative's curse. He loses much of his wages for having to pay heavily for this credit. The enlightened and charitable landlord of the Inn of the Poor, never discouraged by little failures, has set up near the economic bakery a cheap *restaurant*, which is open to all. By strict economy and buying advantageously in the market, this *restaurant* is able to sell all its dishes at an average price of a penny each. A basin of soup costs one halfpenny. A quarter of a litre of wine is three-halfpence. A portion of boiled beef is a penny. A nutritious workman's meal is to be had for between threepence and fourpence. The establishment has only one luxury—that of perfect cleanliness. And here the rich promoters of the establishment may be seen occasionally taking their meals among their workmen. This cheap restaurant is not, however, so fully useful as it might be made. There is an economic restaurant at Grénoble that has a valuable feature which is absent from that of Mulhausen. The French working man is, when he is not addicted to drink, very fond of pleasure. He is very improvident with his wages. Being usually paid only once in 15 days, he finds himself on pay-day in possession of a fair sum of money, which he is very apt

to squander. To meet this case, the promoters of the Grénoble alimentary establishment have established the ticket system, which prevents many a working man giving way to temptation on pay-day. He and his wife can go to the *restaurant* and buy tickets for provisions that will last them the fortnight, so that the food of the family is secured. These tickets cannot be converted into wine, or brandy or tobacco. In 1859, more than a million tickets were issued.

It is really remarkable to see how closely the wants of the working population of Mulhausen have been studied by their employers, for we find that eleven of the principal firms have subscribed together between £16,000 and £17,000 as a fund to provide pensions for their superannuated workmen. They proposed that the men should submit to a deduction of 3 per cent. from their wages to entitle themselves to an old-age pension. In order to encourage them to this provident arrangement, the masters actually bound themselves by law to pay to the workmen's pension fund a sum equivalent to 3 per cent. on the total wages paid by them in the course of every year, but, of the 7,000 operatives employed by the associated firms, sixteen only now

avail themselves of the pension fund after fourteen years' trial. In these ten years the masters have paid over to the fund, according to their deed, about £18,500, while the workmen in all that time have hardly subscribed £1,500. The manufacturers soon saw the complete failure of their scheme, generous as it was. Even when they offered to double out of their own pockets every workman's savings, only sixteen in 7,000 responded to their call. The principle of co-operation, strange to say, has in the provinces of the Upper Rhine sprang from the masters, and they find great difficulty in forcing it upon workmen. They have been obliged to become storekeepers for their workmen. It is only now that the principle which has long triumphed at Rochdale is being understood among the manufacturing population of France. The co-operative store of Saint Vaast-la-Haut is a success the news of which will spread fast and far. If French operatives be far behind those of England in their organisations, at least the French operatives are, in centres like Mulhausen, better housed. In this city workmen's dwellings have been raised on an immense scale, and nothing can be more cleanly or gayer than the groups of workmen's houses, encompassed by gardens, which have been raised on a great

scale by such men as Dollfus and Koechlin. The enlightened and kindly manufacturers of Mulhausen combined in a Société Industriel, have, in short, laboured for many years at the noble task of promoting the physical well-being and the moral elevation of the workmen committed by Providence to their care. Every petty want of the workmen has been considered, and a hundred forms of charity and of help have been tried from time to time. In this French manufacturing district which I have hastily surveyed there are many curious and many most admirable little charities, and *œuvres*, and associations that deserve the attention of humane employers.

THE SHAME OF ART.

THE quarrels of sculptor Clésinger and his employer and reproducer in bronze, the famous Barbédienne,—whose artistic bronzes are known in every part of the civilized world,—have just (December 1866) culminated in a trial. The details are both piquant and instructive. They are a flat contradiction to the estimate made of the worldly affairs of artists by the romancist and the dramatist. Let an artist hit the public taste, and his way, not to competence, but to fortune, becomes a broad and easy road. If he be a sculptor, the Art manufacturers in bronze take him up, and "vulgarise" his works, to his great profit. Indeed, so weighty may the sculptor's pecuniary interests in a bronze manufactory become, that he shall be able to dictate to the manufacturer with a high hand, and bind him down under the severest conditions.

The transactions of MM. Clésinger and Barbédienne afford so remarkable an insight into the actual

Paris world of Art, that I need offer no apology for setting them forth plainly and briefly. The sculptor Clésinger was the aggressor. He brought an action against M. Barbédienne, disputing in the first place the defendant's accounts; charging him with having "forged in letters bronze," and asserting that divers disadvantageous agreements had been imposed upon the plaintiff unfairly — unhandsome advantage having been taken of his necessitous predicament.

The sculptor alleged that in selling certain of his works to M. Barbédienne he did not also sell the right of reproducing them by the well-known Colas process of reduction—a process which was said by the plaintiff to be stigmatized as "the shame of Art!" With these knotty questions in hand, the lawyers soon stirred a storm in the realms of Art. M. Léon Duval began it. He argued that Barbédienne owed a great part of his fortune to Clésinger. He read some of the defendant's letters written in happy moments of artistic triumph, encouraging the sculptor to new labours and new distinctions. Surely the following passage was delightful to the sight of the sculptor!—"If you should happen to conceive for me some draped subject that would succeed like

the Sappho, or the Penelope, I could make *rentes* for you with your copyright for the reductions." The reductions in question were those made by the Colas process—"the shame of Art!" Here is another puff of the liberal bronze-publisher's incense that must have been grateful to the nostrils of the sculptor!—"the little Sappho has the grand and sweet simplicity of the statuary of old. We will try to make money for you with this morsel, perfumed as it is with antique poesy."

These were the honied words distilled for the sculptor in that bronze-worker's manufactory in 1856-7. Two years before, the sculptor had fallen on evil days, it would seem. In deep sorrow, over a domestic bereavement, he had brought forth a work of unequal merit—his statue of Francis I. I remember very well its brief appearance in the quadrangle of the Louvre. It was condemned. The sculptor was deeply in debt, and sought relief from his creditors in a temporary exile. The artist naturally went to Rome. In those dark days of his career, Barbédienne advanced him large sums of money, and seems to have made him a regular monthly allowance of 3000f. "Aye" cries the sculptor, "but he profited by my unfortunate position at his feet, in order to

make me sign ruinous agreements." The sculptor is now delivered from his creditors and takes the earliest convenient opportunity of having his revenge. He calls Barbédienne *parvenu*, and accuses him of fraud. He pretends that the agreements by which he sold certain works to the bronze-worker were only sham bargains, made in order to protect his works from the clutches of his creditors. There is not much "grand and sweet simplicity" about this, at any rate. There is genius that can keep a solid foot on *terra firma*, and has a keen eye for a ledger as well as for the line of beauty. The evidence about the sale of a superb bull in marble is conflicting enough. But the balance is decidedly in M. Barbédienne's favour. His object throughout appeared to be to Clésinger's interests, as well as his own. We now light upon some interesting facts and figures. Clésinger was at work upon his Cornelia, for which M. Barbédienne was to pay £1,400; two busts—Paris and Helen—priced at £360; and another bust, for which a rich connoisseur was to pay a high price. And now the sculptor intimated that he would not part with his right of reproduction— of reproduction by the Colas process—"the shame of Art." M. Barbédienne replied that in this case he would give

up the Cornelia, on which he had made already large advances, together with the busts; and he now stopped the monthly payment of 3,000f. to the sculptor. The sculptor's lawyer exclaims, "Here is the tradesman's greedy triumph over the artist's necessity. Observe that the moment is come when the poor sculptor must sell his right for a dish of lentils!" The sculptor struck his flag to the bronze manufacturer; and, in his terror, according to M. Duval, offered to the greedy Barbédienne the right to reproduce any works he might create in the future.

And now we turn upon another phase of Art life. M. Barbédienne had obtained the opportunity of submitting some of the sculptor's marbles to the Emperor, and His Majesty had bought two of them. "You must thank the Emperor," wrote the manufacturer to the sculptor. "If you like, just sign your name at the bottom of a sheet of paper." The sculptor was content to do this, and to leave M. Barbédienne to speak for him after his own fashion. Then M. Barbédienne writes to Clésinger: "I have given your letter to the Emperor, to M. Mocquard. You have heartily thanked the Emperor; you have said that your French heart and your chisel will always be inspired for the glory of our dear country,

which the Emperor has made so great and so respected. Finally, on the subject of the recent *attentât*, you say that you thought you had stifled in your group the last monsters who threatened the imperial family." M. Duval was too skilful an advocate not to make plentiful capital out of this; observing, that a man who would allow another to put words into his mouth in this reckless manner, would not be very particular about his stamped or other agreements. Afterwards the great charge was gone into. M. Barbédienne was accused of having forged in bronze; because, in reducing Clésinger's statues by the Colas process, he had also reduced the signatures which were on them. I need not say that this charge at once fell to the ground. By way of peroration, the sculptor's lawyer fell savagely upon the Colas machine. It has been said:—

"Mud not the fountain, that gave drink to thee."

But M. Clésinger does not respect this injunction. He says through his lawyer, in order to damage M. Barbédienne,—"This machine, which is the shame of Art, can reproduce the large masses of a statue very well, but cannot finish the extremities or the flowing folds of drapery. Hence, in our days, there are

sculptors of nails, of hair, &c. The machine is so unsteady, so untrustworthy, that two reproductions made by it, and intended to be exactly similar, are seen, at a glance, to be unlike. Imagine the Venus of Milo, with something more or less than the proportions of the Greek marble, and say, is not this a profanation? It is an outrage on 'sovereign beauty.' The finishing touches of the sculptor must vivify and give a soul to the marble. The product of the machine is hardly more a work of Art than are common figures in ginger-bread."

In his fiery denunciation of poor Colas's machine, M. Duval declared that there were sensitive connoisseurs who kept away from M. Barbédienne's side of the Boulevarts, lest they should see some of its work in his windows. He was very severe on the sculpture of the Boulevards; and, truth to say, much of it is meretricious, and some of it indecent. But if there be an establishment on the Boulevards to which this condemnation does not fairly apply, it is surely that of Barbédienne.

M. Barbédienne's defence was simple. M. Sénard, who spoke it, presented what he called a "correspondence, written kneeling," by M. Clésinger. In it the sculptor declared that he owed his bread, and his

deliverance from misery, to M. Barbédienne. It must be admitted that the logic of facts turned up strongly in M. Barbédienne's favour. It was proved that between 1856 and 1866 the defendant had paid to the plaintiff close upon £14,000. At the present time, the defendant has marbles in his shop to the value of £6,800. According to M. Sénard, there is no ready sale for this Art property. The biting part of the manufacturer's reply followed. M. Barbédienne had reduced seventeen works by Clésinger, and one only had returned a profit, while five had about cleared their expenses; the rest had not covered half the cost of producing them. Of some, not a copy had been sold. As far back as 1860, M. Barbédienne wrote to M. Clésinger: "The public is indifferent to your statues; and, as for those which I have reduced, they are so much lost capital." The correspondence presented to the tribunal by M. Barbédienne's counsel, showed that this gentleman had been in the habit of accepting bills for the plaintiff, and had even been security to the plaintiff's tailor. The correspondence proved throughout tender consideration for the exigencies of the artist. While M. Barbédienne was paying money out of his pocket, he was advising the plaintiff to work with courage, and regain "that

esteem among men with which no one can dispense." M. Sénard's final stroke was decisive. He declared that the object of the trial was to bring M. Barbédienne's Art manufactures into disrepute, in order to prop up a rival establishment about to be started, with the support of Monsieur Clésinger! The Imperial Advocate summed up against Clésinger with cutting severity. There was no ground whatever for the charge of fraud, or sham bargains. The manufacturer openly bought Clésinger's marbles, in order to reduce them by the Colas machine. Clésinger had lived on the moneys paid by Barbédienne, in anticipation of the profits to be realized by the process which the sculptor now stigmatizes as "the shame of Art."

The trial ended in the complete triumph of M. Barbédienne, and the condemnation of the sculptor to the payment of all costs in the suit.

The reader may readily imagine the commotion these revelations, of which I have given only a faint outline, have made in French *ateliers*.

ENGLISH WORKMEN IN PARIS.

May, 1861.

It is true, and it is curious, that neither the Great Exhibition of 1851, nor the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855, produced a *rapprochement* between the workmen of Paris and the workmen of London. Hardly a blouse entered Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace; and I cannot call to mind above a dozen British workmen who visited the Palais de L'Industrie. The merchant, the manufacturer, and the artist had their triumphs and their gains. The great cotton-spinner bore his council medal proudly back to Cottonopolis; the builder of a gigantic machine was complimented in a splendidly ornamented Commissioner's report; the great artist saw the Cross of the Legion of Honour upon his breast. But in these palaces of industry, in the pageants in honour of the workers of the world, scant was the reward given to the workman for his skill. The great employers of

labour wore the crowns that had been won by some poor grinder at his wheel, or some pale weaver silent and unknown at his loom.

We may say, then, that foreign workmen appeared in neither of the great International Exhibitions which the two foremost nations of the world have held. The British workman's share of the Paris universal show was borne in his master's workshop; but he tasted not of the sweet fruit that hung about his master on the great day when the Emperor, from the steps of his throne, said, "You have deserved well of the great world of industry—*ecce signum!*" Yet one of the most useful lessons to be got out of industrial tournaments is, that the interests of the English, the French, the German, and the Belgium workmen are identical. To perceive this, it suffices not to gather together the wonders of men's skill from the four quarters of the earth; the wielders of the hammer, the delvers of the soil, the throwers of the shuttle—from north, south, east, and west—the skill itself, in short, should come with its product. The prejudices that intimate relations, for instance, between the English workman and the French workman, would destroy, on both sides of the channel, are incalculable. At the present moment the French

workman scowls at his English brother. Let us not shun the question because it is an unpleasant one.

When certain British operatives met together to see whether they might not bring Paris within the reach of their class, they found many difficulties in their way. To begin with, they had no personal knowledge of the French capital; and therefore they could not determine the price at which an operative might spend four days under the rule of the French Emperor, in the great city of Boulevards. They set manfully to work, visited Paris, conferred with men who were authorities on the capabilities of Parisian hotels, and drew up sensible regulations for the guidance of their excursionists. They worked hard—their resolution once taken; and I am here, witnessing the remarkable result of their labours.

Between two and three thousand British workmen and workwomen are at this moment airing themselves on the Boulevards or in the Champs Elysées, unnoticed by the Parisians, except where, here and there, a sturdy Briton gives hoarse vent to his admiration in downright English; or where the lady on his arm exhibits a remarkable display of incongruous clothing. These eccentricities of the "bizarre islanders" are remarked now, as they have always been

remarked, with a shrug expressive of pity. Beyond this, our countrymen are left to themselves.

Yet there is enough novelty in this first excursion of British working-men to Paris, to attract special attention, and command a recognition. It is a most hopeful sign of the times in which we live, and to which we are tending. It is the beginning of a thorough understanding between two great peoples. And still the French, in the presence of their two thousand visitors, are silent! I have been at some trouble to analyse this silence.

"To begin with," said the most eminent of French pamphleteers to me yesterday—"To begin with, the working-classes of Paris are, at this moment, in a miserable condition. They want work and they want bread. Their industry is nearly all applied to the production of elegant superfluities; and these are not the times when superfluities are bought. Houses that, sometime since, sent the worth of millions to America, have not now orders for a single Bandanna. We are, then, in the presence of profound distress—we may be on the eve of very serious disorders. Men will not starve, and faint helpless to the earth, before they have made a desperate appeal for bread. Unfortunately, and most

illogically, the sufferers attribute the greatest part of their distress to your compatriots—to these English workmen, who arrive here at this inauspicious moment. While the Faubourg St. Antoine is sad at heart because children are hungry-eyed, and the workshop is silent as the Morgue, your British workmen are in the holiday streets of the town, airing their great prosperity. When the French workman sees this prosperity elbowing his adversity, and while he believes that the prosperity represents so much extra money drawn from his pocket by Mr. Cobden's treaty, we cannot reasonably expect him to cry 'Hurrah!' as the excursion-trains reach Paris. The moment, in short, is inopportune."

It is sad to perceive this belief in the Protectionists dominant among the working classes of Paris. But we must accept facts; and while they are based on error, we must do battle with them to our utmost strength. Paris is Protectionist to the back-bone. I heard a gentleman, well able to judge, say yesterday, that he believed the Emperor Napoleon was the only Free-trader in his own capital—Michel Chevalier being absent, of course. *I* should have excepted also M. Arlès Dufour, who has long since proved

himself to be one of the most enlightened manufacturers in France.

If I had an opportunity of appealing to Parisian workmen as a body, I should ask them to pay a visit, with me, to the shops of the Palais Royal; to the establishment of the great upholsterer on the Boulevards; to the galleries of Susse and Giroux. I would even conduct them to the bonnet-shop of Lucy Hocquet; to the marvellous establishment of Siraudin (where preserved violets for ladies' lips may be bought); to the vast lamp factories about the Faubourg Montmartre. They should take note of the thousand-and-one forms of the famous *article, Paris,* whether gorgeous with gold and paint upon a drawing-room clock, or severe, and in the shape of a bronze tooth-pick stand. I would remark the inexhaustible resources of the Paris art-workman: no subject is too intricate, and again, no design is too simple. Here rosy Cupids support a clock; and there it rests upon a monkey's back. For a brooch, here is an enamel rose-leaf, upon which a diamond dew-drop of the purest water has settled; there a death's head, grim and ghastly. Make a list of the designs for *bonbonnières;* enter the luxurious offices about the Chaussée d'Autin, and remark the gor-

geous paper-hangings. Let us have our catalogue complete of the many matchless industries that are the bravely-acquired property of the skilled and tasteful Parisian workman.

The catalogue finished, I would take it under my arm, and invite my Protectionist friend in the blouse to step across the Channel with me. He would find his dear *article, Paris,* all over London. He should penetrate the more fashionable shops of the West-end of London, and see for himself whether our British workmen are the destroyers or purloiners of his work. He would perceive, I apprehend, without much trouble, the completeness of his mistake. Our gloves are French; Frenchwomen have the monopoly of fashionable dressmaking; the opera-house is filled with Duvelleroy's fans, and redolent of the perfumed realms of Piesse and Lubin. A Frenchman dresses the Queen's hair. I am told that much of the royal millinery goes to London from the French Empress's dressmaker; French cooks are getting up restaurants in every part of London; his lordship's valet must come from Paris; her ladyship's maid must be from the banks of the Seine.

In truth, my noble Parisian workman—you who cry out for prohibitive duties, that not an inch of

British calico may be upon the back of your *belle* France—have a fine time of it in London, and I take leave to add in New York and other great foreign cities. Suppose that our working men, upon whom, in your error, you turn a cold shoulder to-day, were to clamour for custom-house sentinels to be dotted about our seaboard, that your ormolus and laces, and scents, and toilettes should not reach London. Suppose you obtained the concession you desire—or, as I put it to you, the retrogression you desire—and that Napoleon were to consent to build up the custom-house wall between us a foot or two higher, should we despair? It seems to me, that without a Duvelleroy fan life would not be altogether a blank. One's heart would, I opine, beat its

"Funeral marches to the grave"

peaceably, and with content, uncheered even by the cosmetics of your country-men now located and flourishing in Bond Street. Yet we make no plaint; while your dressmakers, and barbers, and cooks, and toymakers invade us, and leave only the shabby walks of these art-professions to our tasteless folk at home! We say, an open field for all; and you take leave to pass into our *enceinte* with considerable

alacrity, and in something like numerical force; but when we approach your gates, you cry, "Who goes there?" We answer loyally, and you treat us *en ennemi!* Is it handsome? We have repealed our navigation laws for your ships, and you cry to arms when we show a cock-boat at Asnières!

"A grasp of the hand, hastening on," is all our brave workmen, who are spending their savings in your midst, asks from you. That you are suffering grieves them, but the wrong is not at their door, nor do they turn a farthing by it. This grasp of the hand is not for this visit. Well, we will wait. Acquaintance will improve the feeling on both sides. We will hope to see English and French workmen, arm-in-arm, pacing the Boulevards, *en frères*, some of these days. All that is wanted is that they should know each other. How I hated Jones by reputation; how I love him now that we have broken bread together, and come to know one another!

THE EXAMPLE OF LONDON.

SIXTEEN years ago the French government acknowledged the importance of instituting a commission for the inspection and regulation of the unwholesome dwellings of Paris. In May, 1857, the sanitary commission, or *commission des logements insalubres*, was re-constituted in consequence of the aggrandisement of the capital from twelve to twenty *arrondissements*. No dweller in "the centre of civilisation" can ever have had the least doubt as to the propriety of vigorous inquiry into the condition of its back streets and lanes. Bright and sweet are the highways, the boulevards, and the public places; but behind the architectural splendours lie narrow streets and horrible *cités*, and vast encampments of tramps, and thieves, and ragmen. Millions have been spent of late years on the drainage of Paris; nay, so spacious and free from noxious emanations are the new main sewers, that dainty princesses have been led along them on a tour of inspection. But there is Paris of the left bank, as well as Paris of the right;

and Paris of the left bank could at any rate, only a few years ago, have beaten Cologne in a competition of odours. The Montagne Ste. Geneviève alone could have shown a dangerous rivalry. Where the drunken rag-pickers abode, hunting the gutters by night, and lying drunk in them by day, were to be seen stacks of houses composed of the foulest *garnis* it is possible to conceive. It is only of late years that the French government have seriously taken in hand, with a view to their improvement and sanitary reform, the unhealthy dwellings of the French capital.

We find (Nov. 1866) by the report of the Unhealthy Lodgings Commissioners for 1862-3-4 and 5, that within this period they have dealt with no less than 13,950 cases. They have been engaged in blocking up open sewers, upon the cleansing, ventilation, and other sanitary arrangements of workshops; and upon the improvement of the habitations of the rag-pickers. The rag-picking interest in Paris is a vast one. Its produce is calculated annually by millions of francs. We do not, certainly, exaggerate when we venture to affirm that the rag-pickers of Paris are as numerous a body as the dustmen of London. The Paris rag-picker is, as a rule, a sot of the coarsest description. He sets forth at night with his

lantern, his hook, and his basket, after each house has disgorged its daily refuse upon the public way, to rummage each dust-heap, and gather what he can out of it that is of the least value—as rags, paper, iron, &c. His basket full, he finds his way back to his horrible *garni* in the small hours, and sleeps on his pestilent heap of rubbish. If he be a first-class rag-man, he will sort the contents of his basket in the morning, and so sell to better advantage. But if he be dry-throated, like the mass of his companions, he will carry off his night pickings to the rag-dealer, and get what he can for them. The larger proportion of the proceeds he will probably spend in rag-man's brandy, or *camphre*, as he calls it. The rag-men of Paris are a great class, composed of the unfortunates of all classes of the population. Rag-picking is the last resource of the incurable *mauvais sujet*. The gipsy life, the freedom from all restraint, from all responsibility, recommend the calling to the idle and the dissolute. Once taken up, it is never relinquished: once a rag-picker, always a rag-picker. The danger of allowing such a class to grow in the midst of a great city appears at length to have struck the French commissioners. In their report they dwell on the evils which are inseparable, it would seem,

from the rag-picker's vocation. Each rag-picker carries his selection from the refuse of the streets, into his room. These rag-pickers herd together (other people being naturally not anxious to have them for neighbours) in hundreds, so that the emanations from the vast quantities of refuse they collect infect the air far and wide. Living together in great numbers, they brutalize one another. They are a people apart. They keep up a quiet warfare with society. They are in Paris, but not of it. They are noxious parasites, that have been cast off the body social; and have been massed together to still further degrade one another. It is, indeed, high time that they should be dispersed; and we are not surprised to find that the commissioners in their report just issued, dwell at length on the condition of these rag-pickers, in order to prove the necessity for their disappearance from the working classes of Paris.

It must appear strange to the Londoner, who is ignorant of Paris life, that to this hour the only way the Parisian housewife has of getting rid of her rubbish, is to throw it into the street after dark. Walking home from the theatre, the Paris pedestrian finds a series of unsavoury dust-heaps dotted along the streets, one before each door, with here and there

a rag-man raking with his hook. In the early morning, carts travel round and collect the heaps, and sweep the streets. These little heaps make the narrow streets in Paris almost impassable at night to the sensitive traveller.

Both Lyons and Strasburg have seen the barbarism of such a system, and have abolished it. In these two great cities of the empire, every house is provided, as in English towns, with a dust-bin, and the dust-carts go round at stated intervals to collect the rubbish. The commissioners direct the attention of the government, or of the municipal authorities, to this reform already accomplished in the provinces, and they recommend its adoption in Paris. Next to a good and copious house water supply (a point to which the commissioners appear to have given great attention), this dust reform is the most important sanitary improvement recommended by the commissioners. Its adoption is undoubtedly fraught with many difficulties; not the least of them being the numerical strength and the proneness to turbulence of the rag-pickers. Many readers may just remember the revolution of the Paris water-carriers, when their industry was threatened; and the *chiffoniers* are certainly not so orderly or sober a race as the *Auvergniats*.

The rag-pickers have in their own mind a vested interest in the nightly dust-heaps. We expect that whatever may come of the recommendation of the commissioners, it will not be at once adopted for every part of Paris. It may be taken up, as the water-supply has been taken up, and modified; and by degrees, a dangerous, demoralising, and unhealthy industry will disappear.

The French commissioners, who form, indeed, a Paris board of health, have visited all the rooms of the primary free schools and the asylums of the capital, and have seen them placed in a sound sanitary condition. They report that, of the 1,403 institutions which they visited, they found only seventy-eight in an unhealthy state. They have also paid a round of visits to the *concierge's* lodges, or holes, and have insisted upon all kinds of new sanitary provisions in them. It is only justice to these sanitary commissioners, who have now been sixteen years at work, to give them credit for the improved public health of Paris. If the cholera have done less havoc in Paris this year than it committed in 1832, the welcome fact is attributable in great part to the efforts which have been made of late years to remove open sewers, and to give the inhabitants bountiful supplies of sweet

water. The broad ways that have been opened up through the crowded parts of the capital (as, for instance, the boulevard that has been cut from the Strasbourg railway station to the Pantheon), have given fresh air and new life to the crowded working population.

The commissioners' report is interesting, not only in its descriptions of the unhealthy quarters which still exist in the capital; but also for the liberal spirit that pervades it. The commissioners desire a healthy as well as a splendid Paris. The example of London is before them. It may fairly boast of having taught our neighbours the value of fresh air and good sewerage. The splendour of their capital outrivals that of ours. We have nothing to show the foreigner that can equal, as a *coup d'œil,* the Place de la Concorde; but the great main sewer that has been of late years erected under it, is something which the gay Parisian has borrowed from the prosaic Londoner. If we could only borrow the Parisian's taste for awhile in return (he might try his hand on Leicester Square, to begin with), we should be even more content than we are, to see the sanitary doctors, modelled on ours, busy by the banks of the Seine.

END OF VOL. I.

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